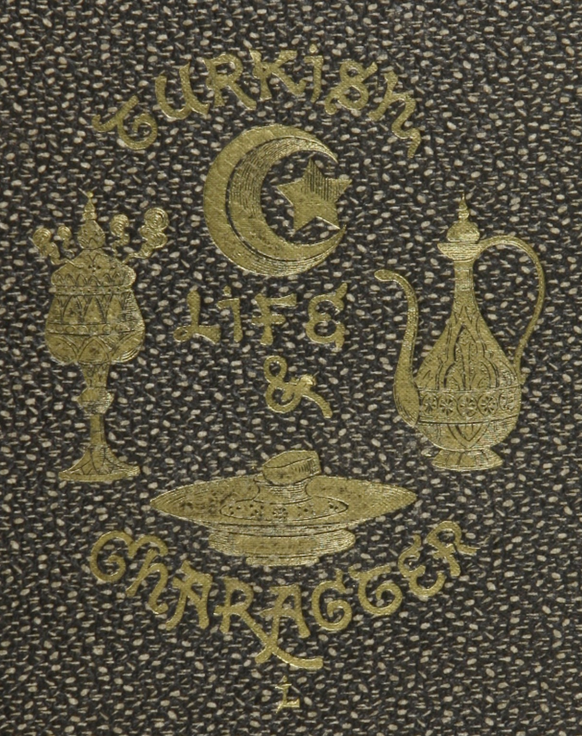
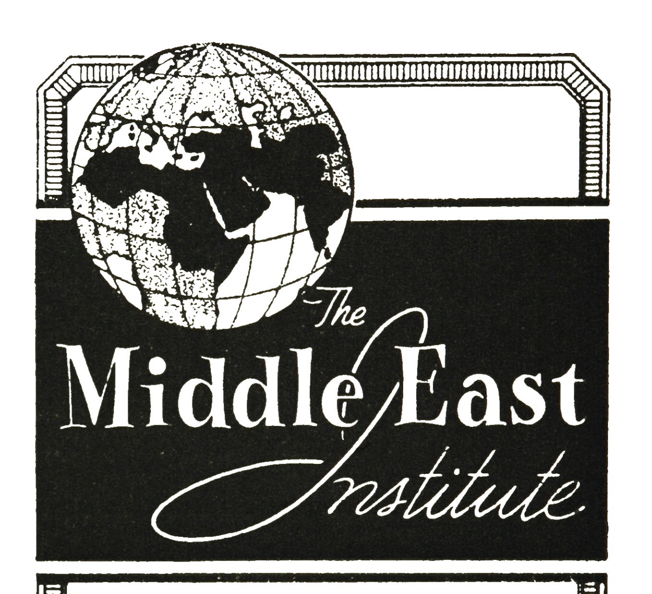
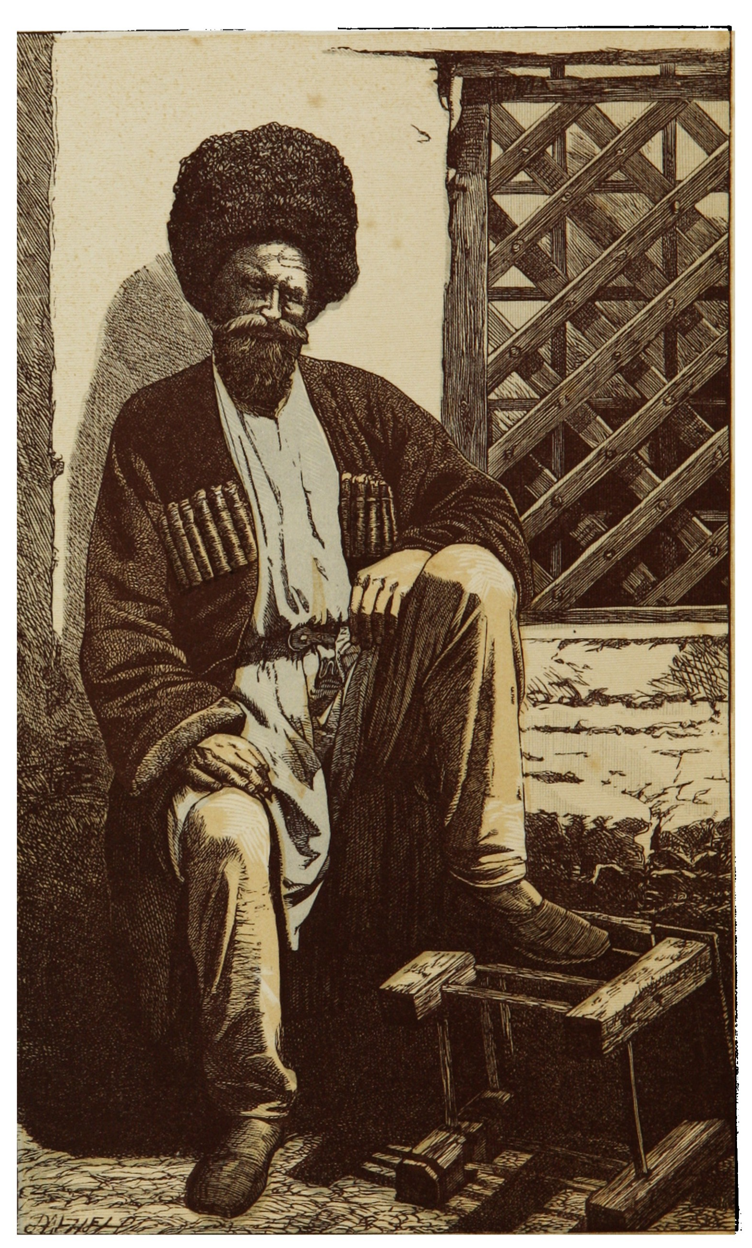


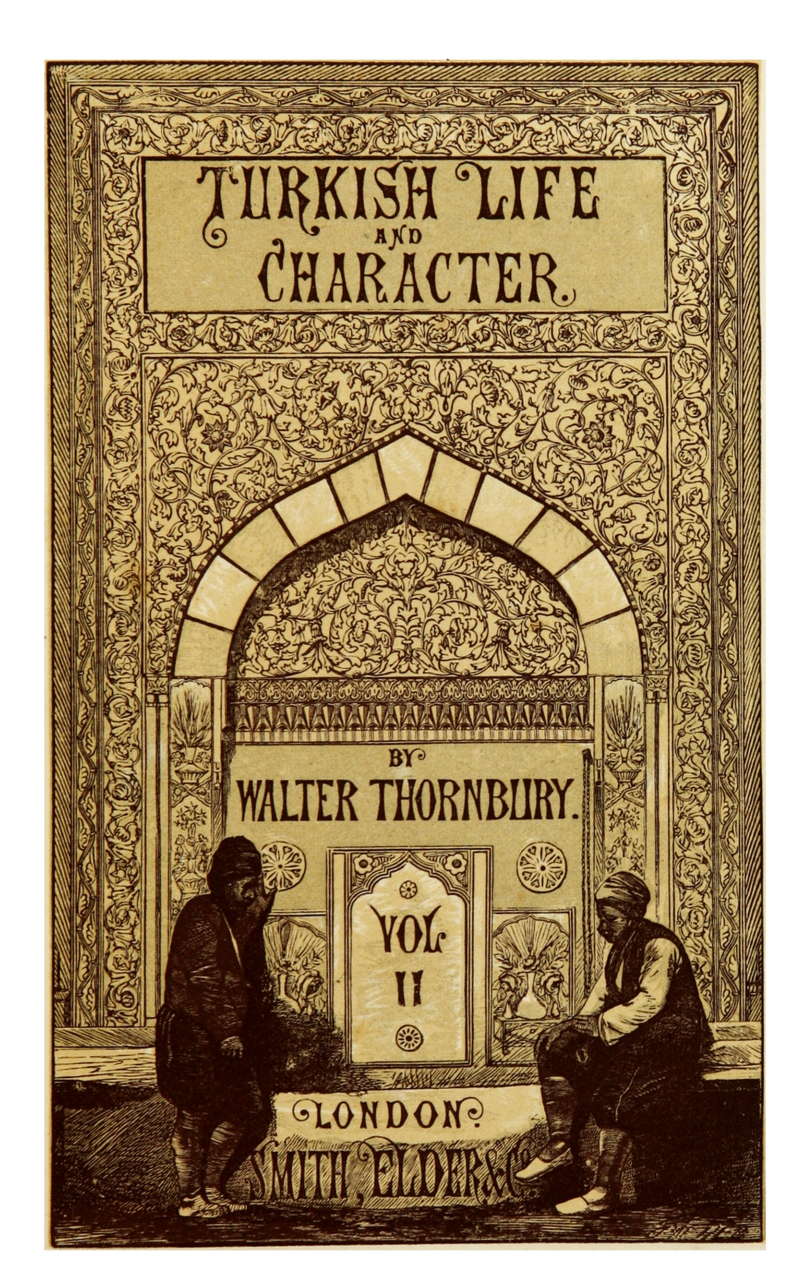
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CIRCASSIAN EXILE.



TURKISH LIFE
AND
CHARACTER.
BY
WALTER THORNBURY.
VOL
II
LONDON.
SMITH, ELDER & Co.

TURKISH LIFE

AND

CHARACTER.

BY WALTER THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "LIFE IN SPAIN."

"A malignant and a turbaned Turk."—*Othello*.

"Entranced by the magnificent spectacle (*i.e.* of Constantinople), I felt as if all the faculties of my soul were insufficient fully to embrace its glories: I hardly retained power to breathe, and almost apprehended that in doing so I might dispel the gorgeous vision, and find its whole vast fabric only a delusive dream."—*Anastasius*, vol. i. p. 68.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.

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OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

TURKISH LIFE AND CHARACTER.

CHAPTER I.

A TURKISH STEAMBOAT.

I NEVER shall forget the shudder that went round the table at Misseri's, nor the chattering chorus and gabble of alarmed dissuasives that followed, when I announced to my friends at that Perote hotel my intention of going for a day or two to Broussa, at once the Cheltenham and Malvern of Turkey.

Broussa! What, Broussa in Bithynia, at the foot of Mount Olympus! What, the very nest of infectious diseases and den of fever! Why, I must be stark mad! The sun had turned my brain, to prevent it burning! No one ever went there and came back without fever—a party of five last week, to wit! But the pack of talkers soon forgot me and my expedition in silly rapture at some bazaar purchase of Windybank's; so off I stole up to my room, leaving word to be called in time for the

early steamer, I and Gadsting, the young Irish traveller, just fresh from Damascus and a terrific fever, which had not improved either his complexion or his temper.

I have an hereditary touch of the bookman's disease—hypochondria,—and I confess I secretly felt rather alarmed by the dinner-table's bodings of evil. I was not well; I had a nasty, choking feeling at my liver, and a periodical dry colic that no camphor or ginger essence would remove, for I had been nipped by the old Constantinople complaint through falling asleep at an open window at sunset. After a hard day's walking I had got chilled, and I was not my own man at all. But I am rather a bull-dog when once I clench my teeth; so go I would, were a coffin at the end of the journey. Gadsting and I, being both old travellers, knowing the country was wild, were not going, not we, to burden ourselves with luxuries. Into two Syrian saddle-bags of Russian leather we crammed our nine-alls, a guide-book, some linen, and some brandy. We were still debating, next morning (Gadsting never did anything else but debate and brag), when the porter of the hotel knocked at the door, and said, in Turkish, it was time to start.

No breakfast! But that may be redeemed on the boat. Away went the stolid Turk with our saddle-bags, and we, with whips and umbrellas, followed down the hill. In the bright hopeful sunshine I began to despise the croakers at Misseri's. The

Perotes never see anything, never go anywhere, never know anything correctly; they live on rumour, and are as unenterprising as Turks. Nonsense about fever! Ah! bah! the fever? Mouthfuls of sunshine will cure fever, or anything else, outside the mind.

It was about six o'clock; the terrible hill already crowded; burdens struggling up, burdens struggling, opposing, down, with shouts and screams, up the stone steps and down them, like provisioning the Ark, I should think. Stolidly imperturbable, the ragged Turk strides to the watering-place, and throws our saddle-bags into a caïque. It takes more than all my Turkish to explain to him that we have no change, but will reimburse him for his trouble as a guide on our return from the Turkish "city of waters." He clutches the bags to his dirty breast, and manifests a strong desire to return with them to Misseri's, unless ransomed by many piastres. I call out to him all the words expressive of future time, such as "To-morrow, my ally;" "the day after to-morrow, my friend;" "Monday week, my succourer," &c., which so bewilders him that he throws down the bags (breaking my pomatum-pot), mutters a curse, shakes his head, addresses the boatmen in a short harangue against the treachery of infidels in general, and vanishes unpaid up the hill. We get into the caïque, and are pulled out half a mile, to the supposed Broussa steamboat.

Far away on the blue water, we see the Turk turn back upon the hill to take a last fond look at us, shifting his kidney-shaped knot, adjusting his turban, and wiping his forehead. Stupid as a deaf old English labourer is Bedreddin, and I know he heaped woe and ill-luck on us, but with no particular result, I think, except that I and Gadsting quarrelled perpetually, that we were in danger of our lives in a boat fight at Gimlek, and that I was nearly lost on Mount Olympus; only so far did his Turkish curses roost on our English (and Irish) heads.

"Bad luck to the mother's son of him, the thief ot the world," said Gadsting, who had been threatening to injure the boatman because he did not pull quicker.

We did pull quicker, and soon found ourselves under the side of *Petro Paulovsky*, a Russian steamer bound for Odessa at two o'clock that afternoon.

"Roosa!" "Roosa!" the boatman kept calling out, to intimate that it was to a Russian vessel the angry hammal had told him to pull us to. "Away back for the Broussa vessel," we said, dreading to find it gone. But no; hurrah! there it is, puffing, broadside to the wooden bridge, about twenty yards from where we took boat.

We are there, and have still half an hour to wait. Nothing Turkish ever pretends to be punctual. The cargo is not yet half in, and passengers arrive mo-

mentarily. Waiting is tiresome; but there is much to see, and I take out my note-book to sketch some of the motley crowd passing to and fro on this great central bridge of boats, while Gadsting is comparing the Golden Horn unfavourably with Dublin Bay, and the minarets with those chimneys of burnt-down Celtic factories—the round towers.

I was very hungry, and it was very broad daylight, far away from all twilight fairy time, or any other accident or enchantment. I was ill, cross, hot, and thirsty, yet I think I could have stopped five hours looking at that human river, where they seemed all Haroun Alraschids and Calender Brothers going to spend Arabian nights together. Six in the morning, and all the city alive! No late hours here—no drunkenness—much quiet, old-fashioned industry, were my reflections.

There were all sorts of wonders, as native to the climate as minarets or red fez caps, peripateticizing up and down the hills of that billowy wooden bridge, with its separated lines of quivering pathway. There were straining ox-waggons, never making more than three miles an hour. Greek boys, selling fresh lemons, with the glossy aromatic leaves still on the stalk; Turkish women in slouching yellow boots, and loose unwrinkled wrappers of blue, red, and dove-coloured satins; children, pinched up in orange-dyed pelisses; half-naked Turks, selling scorched chick-peas to wandering Greeks; itinerant vendors,

with round loaves strung on a rope; Greeks, with silver-butted pistols or gilt cartridge-boxes fastened at their waist-belt; and men, with panniers of peaches, their pipes stuck down their back, flitted before me in many-coloured panorama.

In the steamboat itself the passengers were varied enough, and Eastern enough. There were mountaineers, wrapped up in great white shaggy capotes, resolving themselves to sleep wherever they could crawl out of the way; there were irregular soldiers, with rude dagger swords, busy catching fleas in the interval of conversation; and round the mast, gravely, each on his square of prayer-carpet, sat, cross-legged, some Turks, with their water-jugs beside them, and near that their pipes and swords; one in a quilted rhubarb-coloured garment reaching to the heels, and a white turban, and another in a green pelisse lined with fur, specially attracted my attention.

Some Greeks, with neat trim legs, and huge black calico knee-breeches, falling down in heavy folds to their ankles, were ordering coffee of the dirty truculent-looking cafegee of the ship, who was beating the boy who served as waiter, and, at the same time, reading what a dumb Turk was writing down on a small slate. Breakfast, I soon found out, there was none to be had, and I and Gadsting groaned deeply at the news, for five hours in a burning sun, without food, is no laughing matter. There was not much chance of comfort either, for the deck was too crowded

for walking, and our quarter-deck was heaped with ugly old Turkish women, who filled all the seats, and scolded if we dared to look at them as they munched their chick-peas, divided their pippy pink pomegranates, or tore to pieces their rings of bread.

I had done watching a wild dog who had made his home in the scaffold-work under the bridge, the dragon-fly caïques with their gilt carvings, the Turks playing at draughts in the cabin on deck, the bundles of men rolled up like cargo in their white capotes, which were starred down the front with red cloth, from which grew long blue strings; and Gadsting, indignant at my indifference to his discussion as to the superior merits of Bush-mills or Kinahan whisky, had retired to a quiet corner to forget his grievances. The steamer was just snorting its angry warning to tardy passengers, the paddles beat up a froth on either side, an effervescent path was whitening out behind us—we were off. The cypresses of the Seraglio gardens, the striped red walls of St. Sophia lowered and lowered, lessened and lessened; the minarets became no larger than darning-needles. Stamboul sank behind us to a toy city, to a town built up by children with cards; Gadsting said, "Bedad, he preferred Dublin after all," and subsided again into a state of fretful torpor, suggestive of vexed hunger and an advanced liver complaint. The few mouldy frigates that form the

Turkish fleet, we sighted, came up to, and passed; we were driving fast across the Sea of Marmora, hot, thirsty, and without food. I am afraid that I and Gadsting were most unphilosophically ravenous, and irritable as wounded bears, both of us resenting all allusions to scenery as insulting and irrelevant affectation.

I was sitting with my back to the ship's bulwarks, just opposite a lady and gentleman, who appeared to be Franks; but I would not have spoken to them, no, not if you had put a pistol to my teeth! I felt so hungry and disarranged—I was dozing, torpid with fatigue and with the heat. Vexation of Tantalus! they open a neat basket, and begin to lunch! I clench my eyes, for fear I should look at them piningly or suggestively.

A voice, straight levelled at me, rouses me: it is Dr. Legoff, the Georgian doctor, whom I now first make acquaintance with. With the true, courteous kindness of a gentleman, he has, somehow or other, detected my hunger, and read my story in a moment. His eyes, and those sensible, frank orbs of Mrs. Legoff, are upon me. Without fuss or parade, he begs me and my friend to share the lunch he and his wife have had the good fortune and forethought to bring: a fowl, some snowy bread, and some peaches and cakes, are all at our service. I am overwhelmed with gratitude, I apologize, I regret, with such (I am afraid) evident fear that I may be taken at my word,

that I think I must have appeared a pitiable spectacle of embarrassment. The literally craving for food, the almost leap for joy at suddenly having it bestowed, is a new sensation to me, and comes as physic to my pride. But how can I hesitate? They evidently have enough—they give it with sincere kindness written in their eyes; why should I be such a proud brute as to refuse it? I accept it with a superb bow, and a thankful look, I trust, even more unmistakeable. I hurry to Gadsting, who receives it as if he were every day fed by miracles; he grumbles at the fowl's tendons, but falls to with the eagerness of a starved cannibal. The fowl melted in our fingers—that animal disappeared from the earth in about three minutes!

I now went as a deputation to thank the doctor and his lady, just as a bold, bare, rocky shore came in sight, and we tried to distinguish villages. The doctor, we found, was bound, like ourselves, to Broussa, to examine the mineral water and analyse its contents. From there, he should ride through Asia Minor, to Smyrna or Ephesus, if the roads were "tolerably" free from robbers. Whatever he did, Mrs. Legoff, the calm and sagacious, would do too. Would I come and see if his luggage were all safe? Would I! Why, after that blessed fowl, I would have fought three Turks hand to hand for him! We left Gadsting telling Mrs. Legoff about the beauties of "Faynix Park, Dublin," and the

magnificent timber (*i. e.*, hawthorn bushes) that adorns that pleasant locality.

The doctor and I threaded our way through patches of smoking Turks, bundles of sleeping Albanians, and chatting Greeks, with their enormous swagging trunk-hose, and found the luggage in the after-part of the boat, safe enough. Such a mountain of it!—dear good doctor!—gun-cases; large sarcophagi for Mrs. L.'s gowns, that must not be crumpled; great wooden cases, full of empty glass calabashes, buried like ostriches' eggs in sawdust, intended to contain waters of the different hot sulphurous spring of Asia Minor; then, large Russian leather saddle-bags, and umbrellas in cases, riding-whips, and saddles (male and female), sewn up in matting. I tell you that mountain of luggage filled up half one end of the boat, yet the doctor flattered himself he had come in quite a light cavalry trim, with "impedimenta" portable and adapted for a country without roads, and where the carriers' caravan of pack-horses had been only last week stopped and plundered by robber matchlockmen. Kind man! I had not the heart to undeceive him, but I did say, "Heavy, doctor?" Upon which he said, "No, no, but requiring great care in the transport." Good, mistaken man, where was he to find vans in Asia Minor?

The doctor was one of those sturdy, phlegmatic men whose irritability never squibs out into a blaze, but keeps always burning, like an asbestos fuse, at

a steady, undeviating white heat. He took a kind, tolerant view of human nature's aberrations, yet was always prepared for old Adam's craftiest and basest tricks, moving as if at war with the common world, yet standing chiefly on the defensive. Beyond a certain line of concession he would not budge an inch. There he drew his sword and would fight it out. Not to concede something, he seemed to think base; to concede too much, the act of a poltroon. I soon saw the doctor with his quills up, and bristling like a porcupine, ready for what he seemed always to have expected.

One of the greatest annoyances of Turkish travelling is the Moslem custom of separating the two sexes. The women on board a steamer, whatever be the place they have taken, always congregate together on the quarter-deck, where they gossip at their ease, away from the jealous eyes of their lords and masters. No concession will quiet them. They scold, and tease, and wrangle, and push, and slap you, till you leave that quarter of the ship in disgust. Old or not, if you look even near them, they draw closer the white yashmak's folds, and frown and jabber like angry monkeys that are being teased. Having changed our seats once or twice, we refused to move any more, which made these fanatic crones more angry than ever. They sent for sailor after sailor to warn us from the quarter-deck, which they considered their preserve.

Dr. Legoff would bear it no longer. The first sailor, who took it for granted we should obey, he waved off with a regal air of contempt. No. 2, a more pertinacious man, he took no notice of at all, but went on discussing a case of spinal disease he had recently been studying. But when No. 3, the mate, came up, angry and threatening, goaded on by the chattering of all the women (their nails stained orange-red with henna) speaking at once through the white visors of their yashmaks, he resorted to stronger measures, to show he was not to be trifled with; he then roared, "Bah!" and, flinging open his black coat, exhibited a broad, shining, black-leather belt, in which hung a grave-looking revolver. Compressing his eyes, crossing his arms, and planting his legs in a Henry the Eighth attitude, he asserted his right to remain in the place he had paid for; and, upon seeing this, the sailor shrugged his shoulders and shuffled off to coil up some stray rope, and the women, exchanging curses, lifting their eyebrows, and clutching their robes closer together with their dark orange-stained fingers, lapsed into a lower and more quiescent witch-like jabber of settled petulant disgust.

In due time we sighted Moudania, the landing-place where we were to take horses for Broussa. I and Gadsting, afraid of troubling the doctor—our pride, perhaps, a little afraid of receiving more favours—agreed to land before the doctor could

get together his mountain of luggage, which he and his servant, a raw-looking Greek, in manner like a runaway recruit, but with a happy, dull, faithful air about him, were now sorting.

We had heard of the difficulties of landing, and of the cruel black mail the boatmen compelled you to pay; but we laughed at difficulties, because we had no luggage. We were in no hurry; we would find out the tariff, and pay that, and no more. The doctor, I could see, was haranguing like a Cæsar the boatmen who gathered round him as a special prize. He was in battle array, and not to be discomfited.

The Turkish women are being let down like so many nuns, bundles of white robes, perilously, without steps, into a tossing boat. Every moment I expect to see one of those henna-fingered crones who so tormented us, go plump into the turbulent green sea. The boatmen here are not the conciliating, bland sharks of English watering-places; but fierce, rough men, who seem to think it a favour coming off for you at all in such a surf. They offer to drag Gadsting to the boat; and when he squares his fists they look irritated, and offer to go. They look more like pirates than boatmen. They see fewer Christians than the Stamboul men; and therefore, I suppose, suspect them more. As to price, they disdain to say anything, but laugh sardonically, in a way that bodes us no good.

Nevertheless, go we must; so Gadsting, with an Irish howl of delight at reaching our destination, which makes the boatmen's eyes roll, starts, for the turbans were running over the ship's side into boats, and we were nearly the last, barring the doctor and his mountain of "traps." We get in a boat with our saddle-bags, from which stick the obdurate handles of hair-brushes. I have my brown plaid with the blue stripe, and my umbrella, which is so indispensable in an Eastern noonday. The great green waves lift us like leaping horses new to the saddle; now we are in the trough—the green valley between the hills—now diving down from the top of a watery hill. Gadsting says the motion is worse than it is in the "Bay of Dublin," and looks white about the lips. On we go, rocking and tossing, up and down, see-saw, no nearer, no farther; a horrid suspicion comes over us—the infidel rascals are keeping us out in the heavy swell to force more money from us. We see other boats landing—we order them to pull straight in. The nearest man, resting his oar under his leg, hollows one hand, and pays imaginary piastres into it with the other, grinning insolently, and pulling us again, with lusty chest-strokes, away from the shore. Gadsting grows violent. I, in my best Turkish, command instant landing without additional charge. I point to the other boats now breaking through the surf. The men pretend to comply, but just outside the breakers,

much to the delight of the other boats, again poise and rest, and wait for fresh offers.

"By my sowl!" says Gadsting, "I'll brain them!"

"As sure as I live, I'll knock them overboard," said I, forgetting that I should have been, on landing, instantly torn to pieces by the turbaned crowd on shore.

Gadsting, seizing a boathook, caught firm hold of a passing boat that was driving fast in, intending to leap into it. The boatmen shouted and drew away, still making no sign of going in through the surf, declaring that their boat drew too much water, and that they must lie off. I don't know how long they might have kept us, had not I first flung the saddle-bags into the next boat, and then seizing a spare oar, shortened it, and run in at the boatmen, who, intimidated, or afraid we should leap overboard, as I threatened to do, and was resolving to do, pulled a few strokes in through the curling froth, through which suddenly appeared two brown men wading, who told us to leap on their backs. We leaped on, kicking them as if we wore spurs, and then jumping off with a half-indignant push, we landed in Moudania, a feat which ten minutes before seemed impossible.

A jostling, laughing crowd of fishermen, beggars, and idlers, received us rather dangerously and threateningly, I thought, till I had paid them a shilling for each of us—half what they asked. Of the doctor

there were no tidings yet; but then he knew the place well, had his servant to defend him, and all his hill of luggage to give him dignity. He must have paid so much in the steamer that he would be passed on by the captain to the boatmen as quite a sultan.

A turn or two from the landing-place, and we found ourselves in a long, dirty street, with some butchers killing a sheep in the centre of it at one end, and at the other a long string of some thirty saddled horses, waiting with their guides beside them for hire. We were five hours' journey from Broussa, the Turkish watering-place, and the sooner we took horse the better. Thirty horse proprietors laid hold of us. Thirty horses with dirty blue rugs, high-peaked Turkish saddles, and stirrups like shoe scrapers, were moved up and down before our eyes. It was like a Turkish Tattersall's. Sixty voices vociferated round us in Turkish, demanding sums varying from fifty to two hundred piastres.

Suddenly the doctor appeared, a little flushed from recent battle and victory, but still grave and triumphant.

"Give no more than ——," he whispered; "we shall meet again at Broussa."

And he strode off, wife, servant, mountain, and all, to some retired nook, where he retreated from the first assaults of the crowd of cheats, and blow-flies, and carrion crows he so despised. Now the

attack on us began fiercer than ever. We recite proverbs, much to the crowd's amusement. We haggle. At last we close with an old Turk, mount his horses, and clatter off; but we have not gone twenty yards before we are requested to dismount, and a sort of man like a rascally English horse-dealer, with a wideawake on, who keeps saying in English, "Good 'orse, brown," and nothing else, mounts us on two fresh steeds, and with a neat-limbed stripling with bare legs to act as guide, we break out into the vineyards and desert tracts of the open country of Bithynia, hoping to reach before night the TURKISH WATERING-PLACE.

CHAPTER II.

THE GREAT CIRCASSIAN EXILE.

SOME months ago, Constantinople was filled with exiled Circassians; a brave nation had succumbed to the power of Russia; another race had been absorbed by the great creeping glacier that turns all it meets to death. Ten thousand dagger-wearing, woolly-capped Tchirgees, as the Turks call them, were swarming in the bazaars, coffee-shops, kibab stalls, and khans. They were to be seen, rude and sullen, chafed and spirit-broken, at every fountain, and under every mosque wall. The Sultan had received them as guests, and had lavishly given each man about fourpence a week for his support: an ample, yet not a fattening largess. He had also cleared out a huge khan or barrack, a vast building that would hold thousands of people, for their use. Some restraint was laid, I think, upon their silver-ringed matchlocks, for the sake of the safety of true Mussulmans; for the Tchirgee is a good marksman, and is of a choleric and rather tigery nature. Besides, a man just escaped, bleeding and rib-broken, from the gripe of a bear, is not in the best of

humours. Therefore, when I relate that these mountaineers sometimes used their broad daggers a little hastily—about so small a thing as even a smoky kibab, or a damaged melon—you will not allow your opinion to be lowered of a brave, devoted, and unfortunate people.

Constantinople—never a convenient or luxurious place for the promenader, with its narrow wells of streets, its want of side pavement, and its loose bouldery *trottoir*—was rendered still more irritating and uncomfortable by these bands of proud exiles. You ran against them at fruit-stalls, and at the corners of streets. They gaped about, at the pearl-sewn slippers, and the rich kincob stuffs in the bazaars. In their choleric pride and their savage dauntless bearing, they reminded me of how a Clan Chattan man must have borne himself in Edinburgh streets in the Flodden time. As for mere Franks, they elbowed you and walked you down, and claimed the wall as insolently as the Turks. They evidently thought a Circassian beggar a more honourable being than an English Christian in a cramped-up coat and ten horse-power spectacles. Their pride did not hurt mine; they did not tread on my corns, nor draw their daggers on me; so I left them alone, and these English knuckles of mine disturbed the symmetry of no Circassian nose. I could pardon the pride of a gentleman beggar. I pitied the brave exile, and gave some of their children food.

Let us place ourselves on the queer, up-and-down, hillocky bridge of boats, that joins Stamboul to Galata: that wonderful bridge which has four divisions, and which all day is crowded with Turkish carriages, horsemen, beggars, Franks, steamboat passengers, sailors, boatmen, Greeks, Crim Tartars, Arabs, pedlars, water-sellers, fruit-sellers, santons, fakirs, soldiers, and Turkish women in sloppy yellow boots and quakery dresses of crimson and gold—purple and chocolate brown—Arabian Night silks. On one side of the bridge are lying the Bosphorus steamers, snorting angrily at being kept waiting; on the other, is a sort of latticed larder where the shaven Turkish youth splash and bathe, with much noisy laughter.

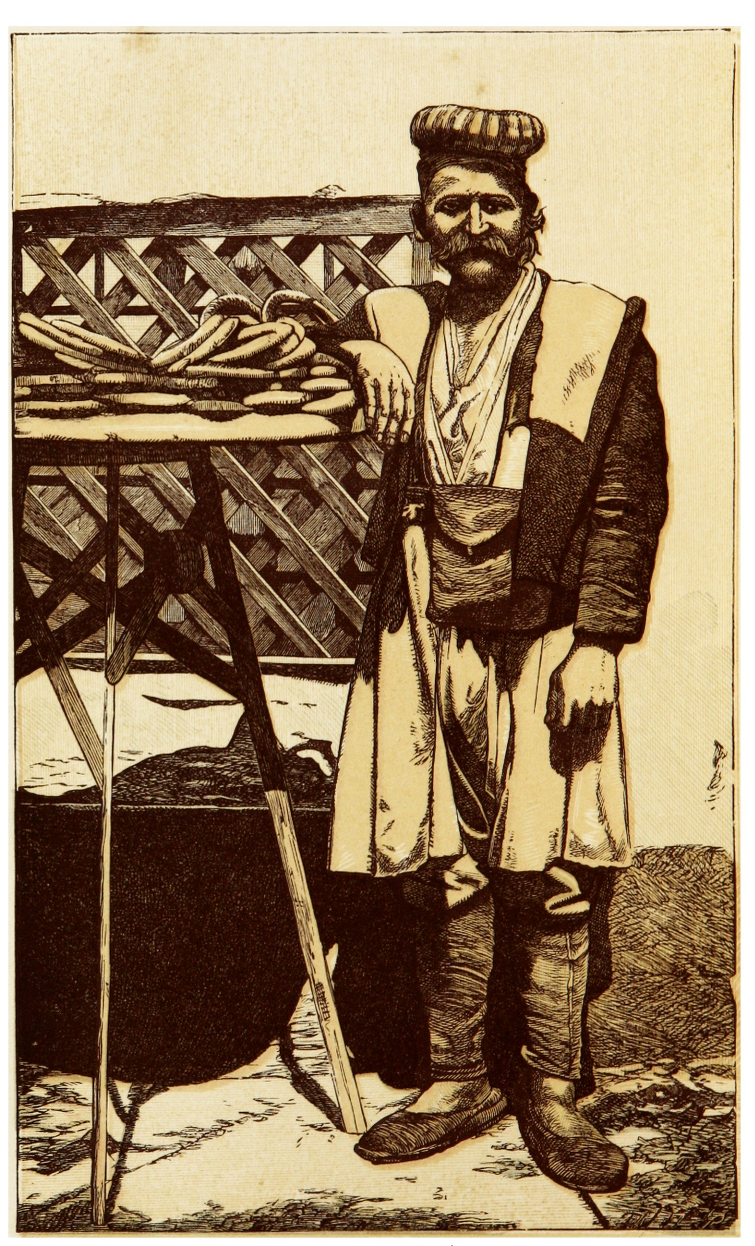
I pay my quarter-penny to one of the four or five Turkish toll-takers; escape the clutch of the horrible beggars, who squat in rows just beyond the toll-taker's room, and who, baring their elephantiasis legs and hideous stumps, chant nasal verses from the Koran, and hold out all day little brass basins for alms; I escape a fat pasha's overbearing Arab stallion; I dodge a gang of asses laden with bricks and sweeping switchy, deal planks; I shun the importunities of a Solomon Eagle kind of Indian fakir, with elf hair and insane hungry eyes, who swings about a huge wooden sabot, suspended by a brass chain, for the alms of the true believers. I avoid his verminy robes and his flowing rags; and, wonderful to relate,

he neither pronounces the name of Sheitan nor spits at me, for which I am thankful. I fly, too, after some entanglement, from a wily Persian in a high black cap, shaped like the mouthpiece of a clarionet, in whose girdle I see some dozen daggers stuck, for he is an itinerant trader in arms. Then, resting for a moment my back against the strong wooden balustrade of the bridge, to observe the keen swift kyjiks poise and skim over the Bosphorus, I turn to watch an Arab water-seller, who is more than usually Oriental. He is a tall, wiry man, from some distant desert or palm-tree village, wild and gaunt in look, and having more the abstracted bearing of a devotee than the shrewd, anxious look of the street trader. He has on his brown nut of a head the dirty green turban of a pilgrim who has accomplished his religious course. He is apparelled in a long tunic, that reaches from his neck to his ankles, of stiff, brown, quilted leather; while attached to his leather water-skin, that he carries by a cord that goes round his brown shrivelled neck, hang several brass bowls, carved with Arabic talismans, and fringed with brass spangles. Such a man, it seemed to me, must have been Aladdin's wicked sham uncle; such a man might be first-cousin (twice removed) to Sindbad's Old Man of the Sea, that troublesome acquaintance, as difficult to shake off as Horace's.

But, tired of the golden fire rain of the vertical Eastern sun, the dangerous passage of horses and

arabas, the jostling of Turkish women who delight to insult and generally inconvenience the infidel; tired of being treated by every member of the Turkish crowd, from the fat pasha down to the leanest fig-seller, as if I were what nursery-maids call "a naughty boy," and were to be snubbed, and slapped, and put into the corner accordingly—which to an infidel, with what old writers call a "high stomach," is rather difficult to bear; I leave the bridge, "shunting to a siding," to use a railway figure of speech, and passing the row of bare, brawny-legged Greeks, who stand balancing huge glass bottles, big as you see in chemists' windows in England, on their left knees, and tingling half a dozen tumblers in their thievish hands, I steal off down the river-side street, and, passing through a huge gateway, not unsentinelled, leading to one of the quarters of the Turkish city, I enter the quiet courtyard of a retired mosque, and breathe there, far from bustle and buzz.

And here let me step into the small side chapel of pardonable episode, and explain that Constantinople is a noisy city, though its traffic be small, and its population a poor handful in comparison with our own black Babylon. There is a sense of excitement and of dangerous confusion in the deep defiles of streets which fatigues the worried brain even more than London. There are no rattling roulades of cabs, no rolling thunder waggons of omnibuses, no



BREAD SELLER.

Juggernaut Pickford vans, no undeviating hundred-yard-long coal-waggons, no bounding Hansoms, with drivers the very fiery Ruperts of London streets. No; but you scarcely gain much when you have, instead, tormenting and incessant Indian files of blundering, stolid, overladen asses, trailing along timber, or bruising you with corded panniers full of bricks; noisy fruit-sellers, bumping you with peach baskets; water-carriers, laden with greasy oil-skins; pashas and their pipe-bearers, who respect no infidel toes; jolting, suffering, grinding ox-waggons, ponderous and slow; fiery, dashing black grooms, regardless of Martin's Act; and bread-sellers, with long-legged stands slung at their back, which keep perpetually poking your eye out.

But to my courtyard of the mosque, where, on the steps of a fountain, tired, hot, and hungry, I sit, to munch some baked chesnuts I have just bought of a street merchant, who exclaimed, "Allah is merciful," when I gave him exactly one farthing more than he asked: a generosity for which one or two Circassian boys, roving near in search of melon rinds and other alimentary trifles, made faces at me behind my back, strongly expressive of a doubt of my sanity, for which insult I "heaped coals of fire upon their head" by instantly treating them to a pennyworth (such a turban full) of green and bullety wild peaches, just then providentially offered me for sale.

I sat down, repeating to myself that beautiful short

prayer, which forms the first chapter of Mahomet's Koran (more for its poetry than its religion), and thinking, if I dared to go now into the next street and shout out in Turkish, my private opinion, that "the Koran is a foolish, dull, long-winded, crafty, incoherent book, with nearly all that is good in it stolen from the Bible," how I should feel going home to Misseri's hotel carrying my own head in my black leather carpet-bag!

I was seated under the broad brim of the roof of a fountain which, as usual in mosque courtyards, filled the centre of the "quad." Twenty years ago, and I suppose the slice of a reaping-hook sabre would have been the first intimation that I should have had that I was in the sacred court of ablutions, and breaking the law of the Prophet. But things grow changed in twenty years; no one disturbed me now; and if there was just a spice of danger in the situation (for among Turks, when they are really fanatic, you are never safe), it gave a spice of pleasure to the situation, such as one feels in sitting on a sea-cliff, and hanging one's legs over among the fringing flowers, so that one may look France-ward, which is sea-ward, with more ease.

I was looking out between the slim Aaron's rod pillars, at the mosque pigeons that were flickering their emerald necks in the sun, thinking of I know not what—perhaps, if of anything, of a dead nation's dead faith—when I accidentally looked round and

found that a Circassian—one of the great band of exiles that filled Constantinople—had, unobserved by me, entered the courtyard, and seated himself near me. Perhaps he came from prayer at the mosque; perhaps merely to rest from the sun. Be that as it will, there he was; a fair type of his race in face, dress, and bearing: a huge, round, high cap, muffy and ridiculous as an English grenadier's, crowned his head. He wore loose red trousers, and a collarless, loose-sleeved robe, open down the middle, showing a loose-belted blue tunic and reaching to the knees. His shoes were sloppy and Eastern, and one of his feet rested on a square, thick-legged, low stool which lay on the ground—left there by the priest when he quitted his chibouk and coffee-cup to mount the minaret, as he did twenty minutes ago, at noon, to call the true believers to prayer. At his belt, lying across his stomach, ready for the hand, hung a broad heavy hanjar, not unlike the Roman sword, some two feet and a half long only, but heavy enough to cleave a bear's skull—or a Russian's—in two at a stroke, and with a point needle sharp. On either breast of his brown outer tunic were sewn, or hooked on, six red-plugged yellow tubes, which at first I not unnaturally mistook for the Pan-pipes of some wandering musician, whose business it was to amuse the Turkish coffee drinkers. I had forgotten that the Lesghians and the Daghestan followers of Schamyl never moved without arms, and that these tubes (which even the

children wear) contained fire-food for the matchlock, now shut up in some Turkish guard-house. Checknian or Lesghian I knew not which, yet I guessed him a tormentor of the plains of Georgia, a terror to gray-coated Russian soldiers shut up in mountain forts, a beheader of Muscovite spies, and a fierce chanter among the foraging horsemen of Vedenno of Koran battle-songs. Had I known any scraps of Georgian, or more than half a dozen sentences of Russian, I would have drawn my Tartar mountaineer into conversation about his chieftain; but, as I knew he could not understand English or Turkish, I contented myself with offering the sullen warrior, the terror of the Orbelianis and the Ahlahzans of Georgia, a handful of chesnuts, which he accepted in a lordly and patronizing manner, and, without speaking, turned round towards me as sociable men do when preparing for conversation.

So I sat there, admiring the rough warrior, whose keen shaska had lopped off Russky heads like radishes, and observing the shrewd, half-closed eyes, the wide prominent Tartar cheek-bones, the sweeping mustachios, and stubby grey beard. There was something original to me in his black curled wool cap so tall and large, in his blue Oriental tunic, in his rude shoes, in his thin pink trousers, and in his brown rough robe, with the woolly lining turned back over his sinewy and veined hands, that I felt myself obliged to invent some excuse for further

looking at him without rudeness. I knew, from experience, that with Turk, Persian, Armenian, Greek, or Circassian, there is one subject on which they are never tired of talking, and that is, the temper and value of their arms, whether the weapon be matchlock, sword, javelin, or dagger; so, putting an enormous degree of good temper, sociability, and sagacity into my voice, I first said, in a solemn, sympathizing voice, expressive of deep sorrow for a broken nation:

"Schamyl!" and then shook my head, as Lord Burleigh is once said to have done.

The mountaineer, looking fierce and roused, muttered something in his language, which I could not follow, and therefore did not.

I followed up my first success by growling, in a savage tone, between my clenched teeth, to express my national antipathies, and win his confidence:

"Russky bad."

Upon this the Tchirgee's eyes brightened, and he touched his dagger.

Thereupon—for I did not know very well what next to do, unless I had offered to buy his daughter, which I was not prepared for—I tried to apologize for the act, and intimated my wish that he would show me the weapon that had, among the avalanches and forests of Daghestan, been so terrible to the tea-drinking Russky.

He at once acceded. Putting on an air of eager

connoisseurship, I examined the dreadful double-edged ponderous weapon. It was some two feet long, broad as the palm of your hand, the point sharp as a rose-thorn; the handle was heavy, but without a hilt; the blade had this specialty about it, that it was of good Damascus steel, as I could tell by that peculiar rippled water-mark, that indicates the hard welded metal of Syria; down the middle, grooved deep as the thickness of a goose-quill, in the centre of the steel, ran a channel, to drain off the blood from the handle and surface.

I pointed to this as I returned the weapon to the Circassian's belt, and exclaimed, with considerable effect and much appositeness,—

"Russky."

Upon which the violent chieftain brandished the weapon dangerously near my eyes, and went through a sort of drill of imaginary stabs, slashes, and scalping slices at an imaginary Prince Daniel, or Russian General Ivan Damanoff, much to my alarm yet edification.

And this, thought I, is one of those hardy horsemen who can live for days on wild flowers and mountain grass; whose luxuries are dried plums and apricots, spongy cakes, white cheese, and flour paste; and to whom the snowy pine forest is as welcome as the carpeted divan, or the gold-brocaded beds of a pasha. This is, perhaps, a chieftain who, in his own now enslaved country, has had his flocks and herds,

his obedient horsemen, his rich robes, his patient servants—now, he is all but a beggar, munching my chesnuts in the streets of a Turkish city. These broken shoes were once yellow; beside that still faithful dagger once, perhaps, hung gorgeous pistol-cases. His aoul (fortified house) is now a Russian's—his wife has (O cruel destiny!) been, perhaps, sold to pay his travelling expenses.

Yes—start not, reader—such is the economical but eccentric mode of conduct not unfrequently adopted by Circassian husbands, in these times of necessity and exile. It was only yesterday that I strolled past the spot where you take boat, on the Stamboul side of the wooden bridge before mentioned, and I saw three caïques full of Circassian wives, going off to the Bosphorus palaces of the Turkish pashas, who had paid for them in ready money. It may be that piastres and Medjids, when of good current metal, have a tendency to allay grief, but so it was, that the sorrow evidenced at that melancholy and eternal parting was of a most silent and suppressed kind. Perhaps, the tears, choking back, fell down in a cold death-dew upon the heart; perhaps, the blow to the broken-hearted and starving exiles was too stunning and dumbing for noisy tears; but so it was, that the fair ladies, wrapped up until they became mere bundles, parted from their fathers, and husbands, young brothers, and friends of the family, with a most commendable serenity. They

sat down in the boats, and, without looking back, were pulled off to new friends and slave's homes. If the men had been cattle-dealers, merely superintending the starting of cows from Cork to Bristol, they could not have stood more stolid and unmoved. Those white, statue-faced women, with coarse black hair cut level across the forehead, crowned with strange mitre-shaped helmets of silvery tinsel, were, it seemed to me, thinking more of the future than the past; more of the silk dresses and savoury pilaffs of the pasha's house, than the sour milk and verminy sheep-skins of their Daghestan home. Perhaps perpetual hunger and want had hardened their hearts, and driven out love; perhaps this was a Roman parting, where grief was stifled and trodden under foot, only that a Circassian warrior might not appear womanly before the infidel.

I have myself a contempt for that hateful hypocrisy in literature, sham sentiment, and therefore I may as well add that, knowing something behind the scenes of Circassian life—for my Russian friend, Major Sutherlandsky Edwardsky, had not talked to me for nothing—I knew well, pitying, as I do deeply and sincerely, the brave nation now (shame on England!) crushed and driven into exile, how savage were the wild race whose representative sat munching chesnuts before me. Had not the gallant Major told me how brutalizing was the long warfare carried on between the Russians and the Circassians? Did

I not know that the Georgian Prince Cutemoff used to sit in state at Tsenondahl, to receive, with promises, thanks, and grateful signs of the cross, the Georgian militiamen, who, after a skirmish or a foray, brought their sacks full of Mussulmans' heads, to roll out before the highly-civilized and scented Muscovite, the dandy of Moscow balls? Did I not know that the Murids returned from their forays with screaming, bleeding, sabre-cut women tied behind their horses, with the hands of dead Russians tied to their flag-poles, and with sacks full of Russian saints and Parisian barbaric finery swinging dustily by their stirrups? I knew, too, that only two days ago a disturbance broke out in the great Circassian khan, on the top of the hill, in which five men were stabbed—and all about what? A pump? A legacy? A bit of property? A Chancery suit? No; about a child that had been slapped by a woman that did not belong to it. Upon this arose angry tears, hysteric laughter, scratchings, huggings, tearings. Then supervened male interference, partisans, nudgings, reviling, blows, stabs—till in stepped Death, and banished five of the exiles at one word of his for ever, not merely from Daghestan, but from the *totus orbis*, the globe, the *totus teres* of it. I do not want, indeed, God knows, to show that the Circassian is a Red Indian, but I do say he is a wild, headstrong, virtuous, religious, untamable semi-savage. Like all habitually armed men, he is pugnacious and prone to argue by that wilfully bad

logician, the sword. He is of a fierce, rough nature, fond of war, by nature predatory, and impatient of even Schamyl's command. He has been, ever since George III. gave Georgia to the Emperor Paul, a forager, a moss-trooper, and a vexatious borderer, goaded to frenzy by the handcuff ligature of Russian forts. In Constantinople he is a brawling, irascible, conspiring, dangerous exile, whom the Sultan dreads, and is daily carting off to Anatolia.

I used to enjoy sitting down on one of the four-legged, low rush chairs, without backs, that are always piled up for customers round a kibab stall, which, though more pretentious, because more patronized, corresponds pretty nearly to the London hot potato tin, or rather to the quiet old woman near the Angel and Fiddle, who sits with a basket of sheep's trotters spread open on a clean white cloth resting on her knees.

There, rejoicing in the scented smoke, and the breath of frizzle and burn, I used to sit down and call out grandly to the obsequious bare-armed Turk, in answer to his insinuating,

"Bir shei yemeyah istermisiniz, chilibi?" (Do you crave anything to eat, sir?)

"Kibab isterim" (I want a kibab). And then, as a sort of crack of the whip after him, I cry out the hurrying signal, "Chapuk" (Quick).

Away runs the attendant; beneath the umbrella of the kibab stall there is instantly a sound as

of feasting and merriment. The black oil fizzles. The little red and white periwinkles of mutton are quickly strung by nimble fingers on a dozen clean skewers, and laid on the gridiron bars to hiss and bubble. The flat pancake, large as a pillow-case, is slashed by the cook's huge dagger into sections which are plunged in dyspeptic oil. The fire is aggravated; the charcoal blown up into a delicious crimson, as of a burning and enchanted camellia. Meanwhile, an attendant watches with smiles, as if they were his babies, the little kibabs, all in a row, alternately slaps the oily cakes as if they were fritters, and twiddles round, and winds up the frizzling skewers; another attendant, unmeaningly attentive, rubs the chairs with his apron, and cleans what is already as clean as it can be, to give an air of business to the stall. And all this time the whole market-place becomes anxious about my open-air dinner, my late lunch, or whatever you like to call it. One or two dervishes stand with paternal interest near me, saying silent graces and thanksgivings, and telling their sandal-wood beads. Some Turkish soldiers, engaged in cheapening a pumpkin as yellow as a toad's belly, wait, with the curiosity of schoolboys, to see the infidel begin his meal; a moollah, who has been bargaining for quinces, and amusing himself, at various turns of the discussion, by beating the helpless Greek salesman about the head with his bathing clogs, draws near; five Persian senna merchants,

with their high retreating black caps, order kibabs, too, that they may have an excuse for watching the fun. I am going to dine, like Henry VIII., in public. One would think that infidels ate with the back of the head, or dined, like herons, on one leg, there is such a crowd of Mussulmans round the unbeliever.

Now the alchemic moment of ripeness and perfection has come; the fritter refuses to imbibe any more oil; the kibabs on the lark skewers are frothy and done through. There is a great sensation as the waiter places a clean round brass tray with a rim to it, upon a stool before me, and, upon that, a bowl of kibab, piled with oily cake, and sauced with pickled cucumbers, stuffed with rice. Knife and fork there is none. Red sherbet, like raspberry vinegar, is brought me from a neighbouring stall. Grapes, turned here and there to blue raisins, await me. I dine like Dives, though my linen may not be so fine.

I have done; my fingers are greasy and fatigued. I have swallowed the kernels of meat, I have rolled up in tubes the muffin-like cake, and bolted them; but still they heap the bowl, and I shrink before the herculean labour. My stomach being full, my heart becomes full. I burn to feed a starving world. I look round for beggars, and even throw a kibab to one of the wolfish street dogs prowling near.

There are yonder three Circassian boys: the eldest about seventeen, the youngest may be ten: sons of

that exile chieftain whom I lately met by the fountain—at least, so I suppose, for I see him watching them wistfully at a distance, like Hagar, as I beckon them near, and they come in a shy, wild, untamed way.

Djemnal is the eldest, I find; Labazon, the second; Machmat is the Benjamin. The father, Hadjo, is a Checknian, and from Schamyl's favourite fortress at Dargi-Vedenno. Their high Circassian caps of cream-coloured wool have top coverings of red. The eldest, a broad-faced, Tartar-looking, fierce boy, carrying a tremendous dagger, seizes the food I give him ravenously, and devours it without thanks. After fourpence a month, and melon rinds, with stray snatches of the bones of swordfish and buffalo milk cheese, this roasted meat rejoices the Circassian stomach, so that in a few minutes they all grow quite greasy and tame, and father and three sons squat near me, grinning satisfaction, with mouths full, I may say swollen, with dripping sections of oozy cake. How few paras all this charity cost me after all I am really ashamed to tell; but I trust kindness is not necessarily estimated by its expensiveness, or else woe be to him who gives but the cup of cold water, and wishes the poor wayfarer a mere God's blessing!

I know not how I should have "got off" the scene, as actors say, had not, luckily, just at this moment, a Deus stepped in for me, in the shape of a crowd

and tumult at the end of the street of the Mosque of Sulieman.

We all ran to see what it was, and found it to be a long and melancholy procession of ox-waggons, laden with Circassians: a jolting, drawling train of rude carts, filled with red leather covered chests, withered old women, and rosy children; these were the first band of exiles, starting for their new home in far-off Anatolia. Beside the carts paced pale, hard-featured women, in their dirty gipsy finery, their silver-tinselled helmets, their veils, and their coloured scarfs. When I looked at those women, with the hair cut straight across the forehead, and falling down the cheeks on either side in long wavy droops, I fancied myself gone back, by an express train of memory, to the reign of Tamerlane, and that I was beholding one of those weeping emigrations which his gigantic conquests produced.

As the long train of sick children, jaded women, sullen men, fierce youths, and dying old women who would never live the journey out, passed me, I sat down on the step of a melon-seller's door, and fell a thinking how this cruel banishment of a brave but unhappy nation had removed one of the great bulwarks between the steadily advancing Russian frontier and our rich India. Ever since the bequest of Georgia to Russia, the Muscovites have been trying to tread the life out of Circassia, and push on to Persia. Slowly the iron wall of forts closed in upon

Schamyl—the Abd-el-Kader of Daghestan—and, at last, turned his mountain home into a prison.

Only a week before the sad news of his surrender reached Stamboul, an English consular agent from Erzeroum told me that he had lately been visited in Armenia by a confidential messenger of the hero, who informed him that unless England sent speedy help, he must shortly surrender. He was so dogged by Russian troops, that he could no longer sleep two nights running in the same aoul, so that he grew aweary of his life, and wished only for rest.

Let us hope that the day may never come when England will bitterly rue the selfish and niggardly and stupid indifference that let Circassia, after so brave a resistance, fall for ever under the power of Russia.

CHAPTER III.

STREET DOGS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

It is my private, and therefore my unshakeable opinion, whatever clever Eothen, or Mr. Brunswick, Senex, or anybody else says, that the street dogs of Constantinople, in spite of the natural benevolence and chronic almsgiving of the true Mussulman character, do not fare sumptuously *every* day.

I have many invincible reasons for this opinion. One of them I may as well bring forward and throw down as an outside card of not much consequence, except as saving the half-dozen red and yellow kings and queens that form my argumentative hand. This is, that once, when just by Sultan Achmed's mosque—that one in the Hippodrome, with the gigantic marble pillars—I saw four street dogs making a simple, hearty dinner on the remains of an old beaver hat.

I do not mean to say that the street dogs of Constantinople live on nothing but old hats. On the contrary, I have intimate reason for knowing that they live on dead cats, dead pashas, dead horses, dead asses, melon rinds, water-skins, old saddles,

shreds of ribbons, and nut-shells. Have I not sat down and watched their frugal meal with the interest of a brother a thousand times? Have they not, like poor relations and friends, snapped at my legs on a dozen occasions? Have I not, too, taken up my stick at last and drubbed them till I was weary, just to show them that I really loved them?

I think that, striking an average, the more retired and short streets of the great Turkish city would furnish in the dog-days, let us say from about seven to nine dogs to the great unpaid dog army of Constantinople. By a short Turkish street, I mean one about the length of our filthy Fetter Lane, and by retired I mean a street somewhat removed from the chief mosques and bazaars, about as lively as St. John's Wood, and about as peopled as the big new houses at Kensington.

Now, you must not—you must not run away with the notion that the pariah dogs, perhaps of good lineage, are mean, ugly, or debased in face or bearing, not they! They may not be as bold and chivalrous as the shaggy Newfoundland, as lithe and crescenty as that shivering exile the Italian greyhound, as droll and muffy as the Isle of Skye, as sturdy and sagacious as the Spanish pointer, as vivacious and hearty as the smooth terrier, or as dogged a dog as the bulldog, that most costermongery and bloodthirsty of "our four-footed favourites," as Mr. Woodstock, the popular lecturer, would call it. They are

not very thorough-bred, though they do keep to themselves, and are as strict as Mr. Borrow's gipsies about losing caste and position by lowering marriages or even civic alliances. They are not ridiculously small-eared, large-thighed, or large-jawed; their hands and feet are not aristocratically too small for any honest use; but they are just such downright, brave, sharp-teethed, strong-backed dogs as the Great Shaper first made, and Adam first named, in the fruitful mother of all languages — Hebrew — the "dodger," *i.e.* "wise animal," from whence, as Mr. Trenchant tells me, came the Venetian word "Doge," quasi "master spirit," *i.e.* "wise being," from whence is deduced, or dragged, our own degraded slang word, "dodger," or "knowing one," still retained in the far East Whitechapel.

I observed that, while the dogs in the quieter and more lonely streets on the top of the Seven Hills towards the ruined walls were sullen, ascetic, fierce, shy, and cynical, the dogs of the busier streets near the Bosphorus and down by the Seraglio or the bazaars, were slinking, mean, timid, and cowardly. Philosophy soon discovers the reason. In the quiet streets, these dogs prowl and scavenger, doing the strolling, unpaid sanitary commissioner, being the terror of Turkish urchins, and the dread of gossiping servants at garden doors; but, nearer the busy haunts of men, these same dogs become so kicked and drubbed and driven and "chivied" (for you

cannot beat that London thief-epithet for persecution), that they get quite broken-hearted, and, laying down abjectly all pretensions to savage freedom, become acknowledged and branded pariahs, rogues, and vagabonds, servants of the public, doing willingly the "meanest chares," yet as terribly worried in return as any unpopular prime minister. So that, while, when alone in the higher streets, it is possible that you may be followed by a growing train of dogs, who in time will gather courage and fall on you, leaving, for all I know, nothing but your shirt-buttons, which they will spit out like cherry-stones, according to the precedent of the unhappy sausage-maker; so in the other streets, it is nothing all day but one incessant charging out of protesting shopmen from doorways, stick in hand, a shower of blows and a scuttling away ending with a groaning howl (dismal to hear), that lasts sometimes a good five minutes.

I do not know what Professor Moler makes of these dogs, whether they are of Roumelian or Anatolian origin; whether they are dogs of the Lower Empire, or truant dogs that, absconding from Turkish houses (embezzling, say a leg of mutton, or eloping with my lady's brach), have since taken to a free, strolling, houseless life, which, in that climate and in that nook-and-corner city, is not so unbearable as an Englishman, looking sourly through a crystallized November window, would imagine.

But, first to describe our friend "Canis erraticus,"

as Moler would call him. He is a fine-made animal, nearly as large as a retriever, but occasionally sinking to the smaller fox-hound size; he is generally of a ruddy brown or rufous colour, now deepening almost to black, now lightening to the pale brown of a rather underdone ginger biscuit. His tail is nothing particular, but his head is well made and sagacious; his eyes are bright, wary, and untamed; his teeth generally large, white, and singularly strong and sharp. As for the old legend of the necessity of going armed with a perpetual stick, it is now at least sheer nonsense. Except at night, when the unlighted streets are dangerous, the dogs will never touch you; stooping for a stone, except in rare cases, would frighten away a dozen; and so well is this known in Stamboul, that it is a common saying among the turbaned true believers, that no Turkish dog will stay in a mosque, because they always mistake the stooping and bowing men for vindictive enemies, bending for stones to pelt them with. The Greeks have the same legend, which is more noteworthy there, where the shepherds' dogs rush, like open-mouthed and hungry lions, upon every traveller that passes them, be he wise or simple.

I think it was in the second week or so of my acquaintance with Constantinople, that I saw the wild dog in his fiercest and most historic aspect. Almost the first thing that a newly arrived English traveller visits in Constantinople, is Florence Night-

ingale's Hospital, over in Scutari. It is still called "Florence Nightingale's Hospital," and always will be called so, in memory of that brave lady; though it is now truly returned to its old uses, and is again a barrack for dirty Turkish soldiers. I had done what Rocket called "the proper thing;" that is, had taken a caïque on the Wooden Bridge; skipping gingerly along its sharp, narrow, covered end, knowing that one inch awry I should be in the water, I reached the seat, and then letting myself quietly drop into the sort of well, or "cradle," as the boatman called it, smuggled myself comfortably into the cushion-lined box, and called out in Turkish, "To the Scutari barracks" (Kyakji effendim), "Mr. Boatman!" and off we went.

A moment it took the stalwart boatman to adjust his oars, by a greased leather loop, to the rowlock pegs; then, poising the curious oars, the upper parts of which are as large and oval as small skittle-pins, he flew over the blue Bosphorus with me, bearing straight to the cliff on whose top the English tombstones shine like beacons.

In due time, that half-mile or so of blue water was passed by my silk-shirted Palinurus, and, paying him so many great copper piastres, I leaped on the little plank jetty, where I found some Turkish boys watching a stalwart black diving. Asking them my way, and so learning it, I scrambled across the grooved sloping tramway of a caïque-builder, and

made along the narrow strip of shore that underlies the crumbling earth-cliffs of Scutari—the barrack-side of the town. It was delicate walking, for the earth sloped very close to the black shell-less pebbles of the beach, and the miserly water washed high up to meet those boulders and coloured stones and drag them back to their submarine hiding-places.

The walk was pleasant, on one side, because there I could see the city gleaming in the distance, and the breath of the sea was bracing and fresh in that torrid climate; but, on the other hand, it was not pleasant, for here and there a sluggish black stream treacled down the cliff, or poured through some self-worn channel, in a way that would have made the Thames—the grandmother of all sewers, past, present, and to come—burst its banks with envy.

I was trying to quiet the scruples of my offended nose, and I was wondering what strangled pashas and headless wives might not, fifty years ago, have been washed up on this noisome shore, where nothing but the wild barren gourd grew, and where the ground was strewn with dead star-fish, when my eyes, looking upward from the beach, ran twenty yards off, and there fell, with alarm and horror, upon the carcase of a dead horse, upon which a band of wild dogs were feeding as busily as aldermen at a charity dinner on a haunch of venison. They were tugging, and peeling, and riving, as energetically as lawyers on Chancery property, unanimous as

swindling directors, silent as gluttons at a feast. They scarcely looked up to see who was coming: poachers and wreckers work not so industriously. I should have believed that they had not dined for a month before, for they were slaving like shipwrights working overtime the night before a launch. I knew not which dog's energy most to admire: whether he of the tanning, or he of the zoological, he of the anatomical, or he of the physiological department. It was a labour of love to them, and they went at it tooth and nail.

Some of the wretches were nuzzling their gory heads in the scooped-out stomach; others were tugging angrily at the crimsoning mane, to get at the choicer morsels beneath. Others were stripping up the red hide over the flank ribs and thigh, with loathsome dexterity, and a few of the more timid, frightened by warning bites, and scared by ominous growls, were digging their sharp and hungry teeth into the distant legs and the long sinewy neck. The carrion-vulture gorging himself on a dead swollen ox is horrible to see, but this cried out to me: "You infidel, you are in a new country, where life has no high value, and where death has new terrors." Making a long détour, so as to outflank this public dinner, I passed on, inward and upward, to the stony street that leads to the hospital of Florence Nightingale.

Only the next day, as I strolled through an almost disused part of the "Petit Champ des Morts," as the

French of Pera playfully call the old Turkish burial-ground, through which their lively chief promenade runs, I looked among the tombs around me, and saw a grave, immediately facing where I stood, that had lately fallen in, just as a badly baked pie might do at the first shivering touch of the knife. As the Turks are not civilized enough yet to boast of resurrection-men, and as their doctors are not so studious of death's secrets as to give even one farthing for dead Turks, whether murdered for the purpose or not, I began to wonder for a moment what had led to this yawning aperture. But, when I instantly remembered that poor Turks are buried without coffins, only laths or light hoop-wood being placed to keep the earth from pressing uncomfortably on the pale man, I ceased to wonder. The body decays, the earth, unless renewed, falls in; and what leads to this ghastly and alarming accident still more is, that the Turks are in the habit of leaving a hole communicating from the body to the upper air. The edge of this tube the sun chaps, and the crack, running downwards at once, levers up the baked clay.

I was turning away, wondering what horror would next meet my eyes in this strange country, when lo! the ground gaped and cracked wider, and, from the dark loathsome little cave toddled upwards, winking to the light, a little wild dog-pup, his yellowish hair still almost down; but before I had done wondering at the poor man's grave turned into a kennel, up

toddled, screeching feebly, yelping, and rolling now and then on their backs, four others of the same breed; the respected mother of the family refusing, however, to appear, remained in her unfragrant, subterranean drawing-room.

I had been told so much about these wild dogs which I found untrue, that I began to disbelieve in the capability of the ordinary human eye seeing, or even wishing to see, anything exactly as it was. For instance, at the table of Miss Bendy, the old maid said the Sultan generally wore red trousers. Mr. Bobster immediately said it pained him to contradict his respected friend Miss Bendy, but that very morning he had met the Sultan going to mosque in white, the colour he always wore. So, when Mr. Bobster helped me to some Smyrna figs, he assured me that it was a well-known fact, he had heard it from half the Franks in Galata, that every dog in Constantinople had its own district or parish, beyond which, if he dared to encroach, he was at once fallen upon. Every dog had his beat, his range of property, his domain, his small kingdom, beyond which lay war, bitings, and perhaps death. It was the same in Pera, the same in Scutari; indeed I must not understand and imagine the pariah dogs of Constantinople to be anything very miraculous or special: for every Eastern city had them, more or less, and they probably originated in the great increase of animals, encouraged by the kindness and charity of

Mahometanism to our dumb fellow-creatures, from the insignificant yet pertinacious flea to the lordly and sagacious elephant. Charity to them was enjoined in the Koran; cruelty to them was thought irreligious: hence Constantinople had become the paradise of dogs. So far Mr. B.

It was only the day after this dinner conversation, that I was roaming about the old palace of the Blachernæ, the quarter where the families of the higher Greeks reside, looking at I scarce know what —perhaps, for instance, at a Greek girl, of singular dirt and beauty, hanging out clothes on the battlements of the old palace—when a tremendous wild pelting race of dogs down the narrow street drove me to more practical thoughts of personal safety; and, mounting a giant dust-heap, I saw advancing a complete band of street dogs, tumbling, and tearing, and biting, and worrying a poor mud-covered Snarleyow, whose woebegone face streamed with blood.

The victim, evidently a stray intruder from another parish, was a little in front of the persecuting mob, and beyond an occasional melancholy snap, looked an unhappy and unresisting object of popular hatred. No old pauper, driven from parish to parish by *guardians* objecting to his claims of settlement, could ever appear more sad and heart-broken.

Here, thought I, the selfish sentimentalist who fed French donkeys with macaroons might have squeezed out his theatrical tear to some purpose.

Right and left looked the wretch, pitied by none, but saw nowhere shelter; every moment, in a business-like way, from under doorway, or hole in the ground, or from rubbish heaps, appeared fresh persecutors, going as regularly to work to join the hue and cry, as soldiers when the bugle sounds for falling in, and the "advance." No members of any dependent or independent denomination could have been more unanimous in intolerance, than these dogs.

Away again they broke, with all the pertinacity and sense of enjoyment that you see in fox-hounds in the first ten minutes of half an hour's burst. Away they went, with yelps, and screams, and howls, and snaps, and barks, "a rather terrible sight to behold," that bright cheerful morning of September, in the street of Stamboul that leads to the old palace of the Blachernæ.

It must have been full half an hour later, that I was strolling on, nearly a mile farther towards the Monastery of Job—not the man of Uz, but a leader of the first Arab army, who, after performing utterly improbable feats of valour at the siege of Constantinople, was buried outside the walls, and a mosque reared over his wonder-working grave. This is now a place of special sanctity with Mahometan fanatics; it is the shrine where the Sultan, on his accession, is invested with his royal sabre, "never to be drawn but for truth, never to be sheathed but with honour," as the Toledo legend runs. It is a

mosque, moreover, where, under no pretence, can a Christian gain admittance—no, not even with the royal firman.

I was peering about the gateway of this dangerous and anti-Christian place, wondering how much I could see without having my head cut off, when the fury of that wild huntsman chase sounded again in my astonished ears, again the rush of dogs swept past me, mimicking human war and persecution; before them, still in the unpleasant position of leader, ran the outcast dog, looking now a mere shapeless lump of bloody clay. But the sight of me full in front of the race, this time drove him to desperation. Suddenly making a charge at the open mouth of a black sewer, he flew in, and vanished from my eyes, leaving the yelping pack as astonished and disappointed as a young terrier is on his first day's shooting, when the rabbit he is pursuing suddenly exits down a hole.

This abrupt and brusque proceeding left me in doubt as to whether some of these dogs might not live in the sewers; which are certainly as cool in the summer as any dog of an unbeliever's villa on the Bosphorus, and would be equally sheltered in the winter frosts. In all seasons the dwelling-place would be rent free. As to smells, people differ. Some like lavender; others onions. As to rats, they would be rather an advantage. Any port in a storm, said the Greek philosopher; and summing

all up, there is much to be said for a sewer residence. A sociable, clubbable dog might, it is true, lack society; but, on the other hand, a hermit dog would find retirement there cheaply.

Had it not been a good two miles away, and across the water, I should (by mere force of association) have at once set it down as the same dog, when I saw a dog three days afterwards, stiff and dead, with tongue out and eyes staring, evident victim of a violent and cruel death, stretched on a heap of refuse, waiting for the scavenger in Pilgrim Street, some two or three turnings to the left from Misseri's. It was pitiful to see even a dog's body left in such a pitiless way, but it shocked nobody, and, as it had not yet begun to decompose, it angered nobody. Indeed, the Turks are a hard, unreflective people, and do not stop to sentimentalize much over death, so long as the chibouk be full, the coffee black and hot, and the rice in the pilaff dyed a reasonable pale red with tomata-skins. At a door close to the dog, stood a beautiful Armenian woman, cheapening mackerel of a Bosphorus fisherman. They were monster fish, and looked hard and swollen—from the Turkish habit of inflating them, by blowing through the gills, to make them look larger. They were tabbied with indigo tattooings, and wore that opalline mother-of-pearliness that fresh mackerel should wear when the bloom of death is on them in

"The first dark day of nothingness."

The Armenian ogled and squabbled, as the "womankind" will when they cheapen fish; the Turk, grave and inflexible, weighed the fish in the scale of justice, imitating Justice unpleasantly, however, in one thing—that is, in her blindness—for he seemed somehow or other to mistake the weights, and to change half-pounds for pounds. The fair Armenian was eager, and prettily fussy and disputative, but credulous as young housekeepers are apt to be, and as Eve herself probably was. She even pointed to the dead dog, and then to the scales, with a smile at the itinerant fisherman (the same who fished up the genii), as much as to say, "At how much per pound wouldst thou sell thy servant that dog?" Upon which the Turk thrust his scales into his girdle, and shouldering his load of fish, pointed to me, meaning plainly, "O lady, that dead dog and yonder staring infidel are neither of any monetary value in the scales of a true believer, and, what is more, a Hadji."

This was in Pera—among the Franks, however, it must be remembered—for in Constantinople I have seen a crowd of Turks stand sympathizing round a puppy that had been run over by a bullock-cart; a fact which may go to their account, to balance my before-mentioned opinion of the Turks' general want of tenderness. I have, too, seen a pantaloon of a grey-bearded mullah drawn, with a rapidity ill beseeming his years, but reflecting much

credit to his heart, to get from the nearest fountain a cup of cold water to throw over a dog in a fit—much, probably, to the aggravation of the malady. I must confess, too, that Turkish legends—or rather Arabic and Persian legends—turn much on Allah's requital to poor Mahometans who have shown kindness to animals in his name. But, Heaven help us all! what can you expect of the Turk, who is to-day as when he first left his Tartar tent?

If Cruelty to Animals Martin were alive, he could not do better than go and dwell in Constantinople, which he would find to be a choice place for the animal philanthropists, if he could but keep his head tight on. Those dogs are always turning up: if you look down a hole under a doorstep, blind puppies crawl up; if you go out at dusk and fall over something, and that something prove an "adder in the path," to turn and bite you, that adder will be a dog. Dogs lurk under the market stalls, prowl about mosque gates, roam (not unkicked and uncuffed) through the dim-vaulted drug bazaars; they surround the kabob stoves; they haunt the cemeteries and the cypress groves; they lie in the open street, and sleep hardily, defiant of hoof, or foot, or wheel. They are, in a word, everywhere and omnivorous: and you seldom see a dead one, unless slain by violence and human agency. I am really almost afraid that the street dogs of Constantinople, when they get old, and chargeable to the parish, burdensome to relations,

and generally a stumbling-block, are devoured bodily by their poor relations.

I wish, as a lover of the dog, that I could come to a less harsh conclusion. I wish, to shame man, that the ministerial dogs sent the old worn-out dog to some pleasant, cheerful, well-feeding workhouse, where he might be refreshed with alternate doses of gruel and turtle-soup, oakum picking and the pianoforte; but such, alas! is not the case.

The dog to his death-bed I cannot, therefore, follow; but the dog to his decrepitude I can. You can scarcely take an observant walk in Constantinople streets, but you meet a poor animal, his hair eaten off by a devouring mange that has nearly gnawed into his vitals. Sometimes he is horrible to look at, for his hind legs are paralyzed by a carriage accident that has injured the spine. Loathsome and ghastly, the wretched creature drags about his hated life, perpetually flown at by cruel tyrants of dogs, who hate the sufferer because he is unfortunate, and who bully him because he is unable to resist; (O Allah, how like us men!) and there, in momentary danger from crushing wheels, beaten and bitten by everybody, fellow-man and fellow-dog trying which can rival the other in cruelty, he lingers on, till death kindly steps in, and on some dunghill the beggar-dog breathes his last. "A happy release," indeed, and, for once, the cant phrase of consolation is true, but, being true, is not uttered.

Why the police do not do kindly execution on these poor wretches I could never discover; but I think my friend Herne Bey told me that it was against the Mahometan creed to kill animals unnecessarily. What would Mahomet have said of our preserves and battues, thought I? Would he hold that fashionable butchery excusable?

CHAPTER IV.

STREET SIGHTS IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

You, London reader, have perhaps seen wonderful things in your time: the sham sailor in the New Road, with a painting of a storm in the Bay of Biscay rolled out between his wooden legs, which rest as sentinels on either side of it; the man in Gower Street, about dusk o' summer evenings, who comes round to the area railings with illuminated cathedrals, and other precious transparent trifles; the little lump of a man on a trencher, selling nutmeg-graters, who propels himself along Regent Street with a wooden flat-iron in either hand; the Bearded Woman (penny admittance) in Holborn, close to Tottenham Court Road; the blind man with the tremendous eyebrows, dragged along Oxford Street at an irreverent and disrespectful pace by the unbroken-in, rampant, smooth terrier; but let me tell you what I saw near the Horse Bazaar at Constantinople, on a certain October morning.

I had crossed the famous wooden bridge that brackets Stamboul and its hills to the opposite hills of Pera, and, turning to the left, had mounted the

steps, thronged by itinerant Greek and Turkish dealers, which lead towards the bazaars. I had passed the strings of white candied figs, the goloshes, the grapes (white, yet blued here and there by weaker brothers, that had turned into bloom-covered raisins); and, shunning the incessant water-sellers, I had had a glass of port-wine looking sherbet from a man with a large tin vessel on his back, the mouth of which was closed with a huge friable cudgel of ice, which had turned crimson from the juice it had imbibed. One or two streets farther on, I had again partly drowned my thirst, which seemed to turn my throat into a kiln, and the very breath of my lungs into flame. I had tampered with another man, who carried in a leather skin some curious brown liquid of a nutty flavour, and a medicinal colour. Not a street farther, and I was even found, from sheer high spirits and sociability, discussing prices with an old Turk, who carried about some sort of golden gummy sweetmeat in a round tin pan, much patronized.

I had just escaped the fierce Mameluke charge of a wild Nubian eunuch, who, mounted on an entire Syrian horse, was dashing him up the street at such a lathering pace, that it sent the fire out of the stones like the running twinkle that at lamplighting hour you see spreading in the distance up Piccadilly. Whether he was trying to kill the horse or to sell him, I don't know, but the only thing I had ever seen

like it before, in a decent city, had been a London butcher's boy, spurring with food to a starving noble family in May Fair, and a young country doctor gigging it at an express-train velocity, to convey an idea to a passing coroneted barouche of the vast extent of his practice.

Thanking Allah for this deliverance, I stopped a moment among the stalls crowded with old saddles, bits, and bridles of the Horse Bazaar (Aat Bazaar), meditating over the numerous reminiscences that abound there of our blundering prodigality during the Crimean war. I stayed to see, at the call of prayer, one of the most rascally of the dealers prostrate himself, and go through his ceremonies with all the formality of the incumbent of St. Barabbas, on the vigil of St. Simony; and just as I was breaking from this nest of sharking traders, and resisting pressing offers to buy a fat Syrian sheep with a fleshy apron of tail some two feet broad, I started, because, at the foot of a bread-seller's stall, I saw a sight as horrible to me as if Coleridge's nightmare, Death in life, had stepped from behind a curtain, and seized me by the throat.

And yet it was only a little yellow shrivelled old Turk, with opiated eyes, Whitby jet without the polish, who sat cross-legged before a little three-legged wooden stand, on which was laid *a dead man's arm.* It was the mendicant's own arm evidently, or at least I could see he claimed it by the quiet look of triumph he gave when he observed my involuntary start. He

felt an intellectual satisfaction in seeing the bird go into the trap, the more so, as he himself had with some pains made the trap, and at some personal sacrifice supplied the bait I now saw laid horizontally on the jammed and bruised English tea-tray that stood on the little altar of a tripod. Like an experienced fisherman, he gave me time to gorge before he struck. He had missed often, I dare say, from striking too soon, while the hook still vibrated suspiciously only about the fish's lips; he would now strike home when he struck, so he prayed to Allah, saying:—

"May Allah grant it!" I asked as much of Allah. "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet! May this infidel have a short life, and heavy punishment of Eblis!"

All this, or fragments of it, I could indeed hear, for Turkish mendicants are always telling their rosaries or muttering their prayers, and he little thought I had some inkling of his sweet-sounding, rude language. It was now time—"quick there with the landing-net!" He gathered himself together to address me: that is to say, he carefully drew out his stump, readjusted the dead arm on the tray in a becoming *pose*, and with the authoritative manner of a landlord handling his own fixtures, he pulled his beard sorrowfully (there the mendicant's game began), and gave his face a pained expression as if he had just borne an operation. It was only after seriously performing the graceful salutation which prevails all through the

East, and supersedes our blunter Saxon hand-shaking, that he pronounced, with the air of a pasha, the two words of salutation, "Salamet, sultanim!" (Peace, O Sultan!)

Grave and solemn impostors are these Orientals; yea, to meet them in the dark winding passages of their artfulness, one has to relearn one's European Rogue's Catechism, and say it backwards. Indeed, a Turkish rogue has, astonishing to say, more the air of an English popular preacher than anything else. Slowly again, as I went and took up the limb, did that solemn cheat press his hand upon his chest (*quasi* heart), and then lightly with the tips of his fingers, brothers of those crumply thin yellow ones I now moved about, touch his forehead, or *quasi* brain, and ejaculated, with the up-turned eyes of gratitude not unknown upon our own religious platforms,

"Khosh gueldiniz, safa gueldiniz!" (You have come in safety, oh, may you depart in safety!) "Hai guideh Inglis!" (O these brave English!) "Amriniz chok olsun, effendim!" (May your life be long, effendim!) And then, at the end of every two or three words, he gave a chanted, sonorous groan, after the manner of the moollahs, of "Thanks be to God!" No rogue perhaps ever erected such costly machinery, or reared such cumbrous scaffolds, to obtain merely an infidel's halfpenny.

At that moment, as I was still examining the atrophied arm, cut off just under the elbow, feeling its

mummy yellow skin, its dark nails and bent skeletony fingers, uncertain how far I should pretend to understand the rogue's conversation, for fear of spoiling my game; on the one hand knowing that a rogue on his guard is worth nothing to the observer, no, not even if he be a Great Chimborazo Railway director; and, on the other hand, very loth indeed to leave the spot without hearing at least the Turk's own version of his bereavement (more sincerely lamented than many bereavements, I warrant), a Deus stepped in, and politely undid the knot of Gordium.

The Deus was a little handsome fleshy-lipped Jew boy, one Benjamin, who haunts the Pera hotels, to guide travellers to the lions, and who was now jaunty and gay (two piastres at least in his bank, I should say), his large, half-Armenian eyes dancing with fun, as he came up with a smile of triumph in his face at seeing an old customer in a mess, and evidently requiring his professional help. A doctor in small practice who has succeeded in running over a rich City man by accident, could not leap upon the suffering creature with more polite alacrity and overflowing philanthropy than did handsome Benjamin on me.

In a moment Benjamin was by my side, had performed his salutation, and entered on a short but brilliant dragoman and cicerone's career. The Turk smiled, Benjamin smiled; they evidently looked on me as a dead hare between the paws of two strong-limbed greyhounds, agreeing, yet uncertain, how to

divide him. The Turk took up his arm, and lectured on it gracefully; all other passers-by, even that tall eunuch, in rose-colour silk and patent boots, are to him now indifferent; it is the rich English sultan he wants to land.

The story ran thus, and was on the whole episodical. Neither Benjamin nor the Turk supposed I understood them :—

Benjamin.—Now, then, old Eski-Beski, out with your story for this infidel Sultan, and how much am I to get?

Turk.—Allah be merciful, my son Benjamin ; one piastre is, I think, enough for thee, from this rich infidel's treasure; (curse and wither him!) tell him I lost my arm when I was a groom of the great Pasha; and—

Myself.—Why don't you tell me what he says, Benjamin?

Benjamin.—He says, your Excellency, may your life be long, your wives beautiful, and your offspring numerous; that he once rode fiery Turcoman horses for his Sublime Highness, and that on a certain day, as he was in the Atmeidan, where the column is, under which much gold and treasure was buried by Constantine, a soldier's djereed struck the untamable beast, (defile his grave!) and that after a dreadful struggle, leaving hoof-marks still to be seen on the wall of the mosque of the Sultan Achmed, Obed was thrown and his arm broken. This wound would,

however, with Allah's blessing, have soon recovered, had not a poor dervish, to whom he had refused alms (this was a fine side-wind touch—I winced, as they both saw, and Benjamin spat to hide a laugh), cursed him in the name of Allah and the Prophet. From that time the arm got worse and worse, the bone sloughed, a hopeless running set in, and at last, to escape death, or a lingering disease (even more horrible than death), he had the arm cut off, and there it is.

At this conclusion, as, indeed, had been the case at the end of every sentence, Benjamin sighed, and the little old Turk turned up his eyes, sighing, "Thanks be to God!" as if losing a bone were, in his opinion, rather one of kind Providence's best bonuses.

I looked much satisfied, then took up the arm and weighed it, as you are expected to do with a friend's baby.

Said I to Benjamin, in a friendly and duped voice, "That is a great deal of English for a little Turkish."

Not a "levator labii superioris" moved its pulleys, as that young dragoman replied,—

"Thanks be to Allah" (these Jew touts and parasites always affect Turkish phraseology), "he has given the people of this worthy man"—the Turk nodded and stroked his beard, seeing he was mentioned, and readjusted the loose arm—"a brief, yet beautiful language."

"Ask him," I said, assuming a solicitous tone,

"for how many piastres he will sell this embalmed limb, of which Allah has deprived him."

Here a long and intricate conversation ensued between Benjamin and the Turk; for this great result had never suggested itself to even Benjamin's sanguine and precocious mind. It sounded like a grinding up of my old friends the Turkish numerals. Each rogue seemed what young ladies call "doing the scales" with the numerals. Now, "bir" (one) came up, then you heard "own" (ten), now "elli" (fifty), then presently "yüz" (one hundred).

They stopped. Benjamin then advanced, with all the fun out of his eyes, and put on the semblance of a herald dictating terms. He spoke gravely, which did him credit; and the old Turk bent forward with all the eagerness of Shylock before the Doge:

"In the month of Abib of this year, Obed Mustapha Effendi says, chilibi (sir), a rich pasha, whose name he has an objection to mention, reined up his horse just where you, chilibi, stand, and offered him five hundred piastres—good money, not paper—for that treasure of an arm, but Mustapha refused, and dismissed him merely with his blessing."

I placed three silver piastres (sixpence sterling in all), bright as spangles, in the dead hand palm, wished worthy Mustapha a "Peace be with you!" To which he returned a "God forbid that I should forget you!" and walked away; to the jackal Benjamin I flung a large copper piece, much to his

instant loathing and horror; and, as I trudged quickly off, with a surreptitious glance back at the exploding mine, I saw both rogues, as if by agreement, spit execratingly on the ground, and exclaim, loud enough for me to hear them, in one deep breath—

"Allah! hai guideh kafer!" (Allah! what a hideous infidel!)

Heaven forgive me, how many rogues I have, in my small way, led on to exhibitions of lying and hypocrisy—smugglers with cigars in red pocket-handkerchiefs, at London street corners; foreign princes in distress, outside Wyld's Globe; castaway sailors in the City Road; mechanics with clean aprons, pelting first-floor windows in Gower Street with hymns; and even soapy-faced secretaries of fraudulent charities. I have many sins to answer for, and these, I fear, stand high amongst them.

Let not the patient reader imagine, however, that the city of the Sultan is infested with beggars like Naples; where eyeless men lay hold of you as you walk up the Toledo; where there is a complete competition of rival stumps and sores; and where, at every shop-door, parasites still more odious abound, who "beg a thousandpard ons but may they be allowed the infinite happiness of removing a speck of mud from Eccelenza's coat-tail."

No; the streets of Stamboul are grave, solemn, almost monastic. No files of men with sandwich

boards, no cripples on trenchers, no blind men and curs, no old women and dancing dogs, no barrel-organs or white mice, no distressed mechanics or sham fits, with placards, "Don't bleed me—give me brandy-and-water," ready written, clenched in their stiff right hands; in fact, seldom anything amusing in the way of sham misery—by day, frothing at the mouth with soft soap, and at night revelling on beef-steak suppers—but only here and there a poor doubled-up old hag, with ophthalmic eyes, crouched under a wall, with a cup-like hand held out, as she chants verses from the Koran, in that horrible nasal monotone peculiar to the Turks. Oftener, you meet the santon, rather mad—if you may believe his eyes—begging for a dervish brotherhood; or a wandering fakir, with dirty elf locks, perhaps from India, in streaming robes, and with the usual wooden shoe (for alms) slung by a chain to his arm. His begging is so insolent and imperious that it reminds you of the old soldier in Gil Blas. Two causes keep down Turkish mendicancy: the first, the few wants of a Turk; the second, the charity of their richer men. Where a cake and a few figs are food for the day, where alms are largely given, and alms-giving forms part of the religious creed, there cannot be much distress.

Hence it is that the beggars bear away rather to the Frank side of the city, and haunt the bazaars and places where foolish and rich Perotes are wont to

congregate. The bridge of boats is their special resort. Here, just a few feet from the toll lodges, at imminent risk of death from bullock carts and arabas, they squat in rows, some twenty at each end, and remain there all day, clacking out their songs and hymns, and pattering supplications in the name of Allah and the Prophet. Stop a moment from curiosity, or detained by the crowd, and they open upon you like a pack of hounds, chattering, singing, and shaking the show pence in their brass bowls and their tin dishes.

How well I remember one old lady, having eyes like red button-holes, with which she ogled me with what she thought resembled motherly affection! Next her was a dreadful monster of a lean Arab, bared to the knee to exhibit, with pardonable pride, a left pedestal that exactly resembled, in colour and shape, a chair leg: the knee standing for the ribbed ornament above, the lower part, no larger round than an ebony flute, for the shank.

Once, too, I met three blind men, walking along in file, ponderingly and anxiously, each of them with his right hand on the left shoulder of his predecessor, and the first man with a due sense of his responsibility as prime minister—that is, blind leader of the blind—groping with his hand along the white wall of the Seraglio gardens. Sometimes I encountered a sort of groping Elymas old man, led about by a boy, who, shamefully indifferent to the patriarch's

optical infirmity, munched a peach as he towed the senior along.

But Galata, that home of black cloth and respectability slightly streaked here and there with fraudulent bankruptcy, has street celebrities of its own, and foremost among them is Baba, the old crafty-looking woman decently robed in white, who sits all day on the doorstep of one of the Galata stores, swaying backwards and forwards, chanting now an objectionable song, now a hymn, according to the character of the person whom she sees coming. She is as well known in Galata by everybody, from the head banker to the poorest clerk of a swindling house, as the Lascar who sweeps the crossing at the Edgeware Road is to West-end people, or the pretty Irish girl who in June sells moss-roses at the Exchange is to every stockbroker. Report says that she is rich, and that young Galata merchants, who, for a joke, have pretended to be "hard up," and have, to try her, asked their old pensioner, Baba, for help, have received I don't know how many silver piastres. Scandal says that Baba has really ulterior motives in pretending to be a beggar, that she is really a spy, and waits about in public places to watch the movements of certain people and their exits and entrances for Russian or for French Government officials. I can scarcely look at the sleek, dark woman's crafty face and not believe this; but I am, I confess, inclined to accord with a still darker rumour, which asserts that Baba is a sort of

slave merchant's agent, and that, when men are to be trusted, and are rich enough to be depended on, this Satanic matron arranges with them the traffic of beautiful Georgians' bodies and souls. Yet who would think that in busy London streets that man who ran against you yesterday with his heavy carpet-bag, and then took off his hat and begged your pardon so civilly, had a dead murdered man's body in it! In these days Satan, throwing off his horns and clipping close his stinged tail, walks amongst us with Inverness cape on, and wears kid gloves like the best of us. So Baba, though outwardly a decent, well-dressed matron, in appearance not unlike our old Hindoo friend the Begum of Bangalore, may, after all, be a vile, concealed slave-dealer.

But though Baba never let me pass without a smile and greeting, and a cry for "the smallest money," my special pet, among the objects of Constantinople, was Nano Pupisillo, the Greek dwarf, a little microscopic man whom you might have put in a bandbox without difficulty. I first saw him one day that I was scaling the hill of Pera. Butted by porters and jostled by asses, laden with everything, from peaches to brickbats, I was looking into a tobacconist's window, not far from the great Genoese tower, just to rest myself.

Suddenly, at my elbow, I heard coming up, as if out from the very wall that lined the road, a little lisping, attenuated falsetto voice, such as you would fancy would have proceeded from an Irish leprechaun,

or such as Æsop must have heard when Wisdom spoke to him from the lips of tortoise or of bullfrog. If the wall had itself addressed me in an Eastern apologue like the faded vision of Mirza, such a voice I should have expected it to have taken. I looked round more in curiosity than alarm, and saw on a small doorway stone, seated and bowing gravely to me, the little celebrity whom I trust I may be permitted to call my very worthy friend Nano Pupisillo, the frostbitten, but still worthy scion of an old Greek stock. (Why an *old* stock should be better than a new stock, or what a *new* stock means, I never could yet ascertain, believing myself all souls of equal value before God—but I use the jargon of the day.)

Milton meeting for the first time Sir Geoffry Hudson at the corner of Fleet Street by St. Bride's Church, could not have been more amused and astonished than I was to see the little man—a most choice twinkle of self-satisfaction on his droll face, staring old eyes, and fatuous, protruding mouth—performing the Eastern salutation with all the decorum of a French dancing-master newly appointed, by some strange coincidence, Sultan. It was a salute that would almost have become a gentleman, but that in a humble, patient way which made one quite love the little fellow—it had a touch, the slightest in the world, of mendicancy—it was a little too thrust forward, a little too much obtruded on one's attention, for it suggested, in the tenderest, and yet most unmistakeable

manner, "Alms for the love of heaven, for a poor little abortion, permitted to live for some good and gracious purpose; feed him, therefore, in the name of Allah, who made both him and thee, both the great Sultan and this thy servant, the poor dwarf."

He here bent and bowed, and touched his heart with his hand, like a little duodecimo Lord Chesterfield; then, without vulgarly screaming and scolding for alms, or without driving texts into me to torment me into charity, Pupisillo gracefully began telling me his age and prospects, and branching off into general matters of national and political importance, irrelevant but entertaining.

It really made me ashamed, to look at that little bundle of humanity—that little lump of intelligence—that man who, compared with a fat friend of mine then in my mind's eye, looked but as a pimple, a creature with a large caricature head, spindly spider hands, and no body or légs at all to mention—to see him, not cynical, not a black dwarf, not a misanthrope, not a hermit, nor a critic, nor a bilious, malicious historian, but a cheery, sociable, happy being, always smiling in his own queer droll way, and rather enjoying his publicity than otherwise. And here was my friend "the hot blood," Lacy Rocket, the Queen's messenger, whom I just left cheapening a Persian poniard in the arms bazaar, with life, spirits, and the reversion of eight thousand a year and a baronetcy, always yawning and being bored with every amuse-

ment and pleasure that luxury and extravagance could suggest! Only one hope of amusement left him, and that he pines for—elephant-shooting; not having this, he vows human nature is a fool and the world "a hass." Rather than be *blasé* at five-and-twenty, I would cut off my legs, send them home in a hamper, *viâ* Marseilles, and turn mendicant dwarf in the streets of Stamboul. Pupisillo was thirty-five, this little man told me confidingly; he was not yet married, though he hoped (here he smiled rather vainly) that that happy event would not be long deferred. He was cheerful, thanks be to God, and grateful for many mercies. As to moving about, of course he could not; he was carried every day in a basket to some special station that he selected, now this side, now the other side of the bridge. His father still lived, and was indeed a good father to him.

It completed my moral lesson, and gave me infinite delight when I put some piastres in the little screwed-up hand, to see those strange eyes twinkle with tears, the little crooked hand move ceremoniously to the breast and forehead, and the little mandarin body bob up and down with a serious yet droll politeness till I was out of sight. Why this little Greek dwarf had never been bought for a Turkish household, I don't know, but I presume the want of legs made Pupisillo more naturally an object of charity.

Jesters, I suppose, are now changed to theatrical clowns, but the real Eastern dwarf still flourishes

in Turkey. I saw him several times: now, with important face elbowing his way through the Pera crowd, with bowed legs, splay feet, enormous head, and hydrocephalic prominency of brain; now, with a settled look of ridiculous refinement, holding the hand of some black eunuch who, with turban of lemon-coloured cashmere and crimson sash, was preceding one of the little painted egg-shell carriages in which the whitewashed and rouged ladies of some great man's hareem were taking the air: the dwarf's look of monstrous malice and vanity setting off the childish beauty and inane splendour of Lolah, Katinkah, and Dudu, who, in gold-coloured, violet, and chocolate satins, peered through their yashmak wrappings like painted corpses whose dead beauty is horrible to behold.

In street shows, Stamboul is not rich, for the Turks are a serious people who go to bed early; and who, even if they did not, dare not venture out in unlighted streets when they know that at night the very paving-stones turn into dagger blades. The few sights there are, being of the humblest kind, are all by day, and are intended more for the mere lounger and stranger than for the Turk *pur sang*, the lord and master (as long as he can keep it) of this once Christian country.

To get a relish of the safety of home, the traveller in Turkey has only to remember that anywhere, and at any time, a half-involuntary shout of execration

at the Prophet, or a self-asserting blow at a true Mussulman of any "position"—by which snob-word I mean, of course, wealth—a sacred pigeon killed in the "Bird's Mosque," a defiant shout in St. Sophia, a stone thrown into a room of dancing dervishes, and in three minutes his rash blood would probably smoke on the pavement.

It was a day so hot, that you might have cooked a chop in five minutes on my friend the fez-maker's door-stone. The air was like hot water, and Cain's curse was realized to us though merely sight-seeing. I was working my way slowly, through many impediments, to my favourite, and everybody's favourite, haunt, the bazaars, which, if the sun rained fire outside, would still be cool and shady as a monk's cloister, or as the London Docks wine-cellars.

I was looking, now, at an old Turk making vermicelli; now, at a turner rounding wooden blocks for fez caps—for these Turkish shops are all open to the passer-by, and are, indeed, mere covered stalls—when I heard, down the street, which was so crowded that I could not see far before me, the long, melancholy blare of a key-bugle, evidently suffering from asthmatic diphtheria. It was a querulous, violent shriek of a blast, blown, not in a smart, military, formal, dry manner, but in a vagabondish, meretricious, hopeless, tricky, yet desponding style. I wondered for a moment, then asked no questions of the crowd, but pushed on. That bugle I felt sure was the bugle

of Paillasse! the bugle of the itinerant, or, if stationary, only for a moment stationary mountebank.

A minute or two's walk brought us (for that energetic public servant Rocket was, by this time, with me) to the door of the small shop at which the trumpeter stood. He was a grimy Greek, with greasy black hair escaping from under a large, baggy, red fez cap; he wore a greasy embroidered jacket, and a full-pleated white kilt, stained, torn, and unwashed. With one hand to his open mouth, and the other holding down the old bed-curtain that hid the exhibition, he was now and then turning to two large, but rude cartoons, drawn with black chalk on white paper, which hung up behind him. They represented two biped monsters with hoofs, and horns, and tail, just like the Apollyon in old editions of the *Pilgrim's Progress.* They were both hairy, and both bound round the waist, for security, with immense chains. But there was this difference between them; that while one had the old Satanic type of head with glaring eyes, and a bird's face, the other was more human in bearing, and stood up, with an ancient tower in the background, and held a halberd in his right claw. There was not a smile on the face of the showman, nor a smile on the face of the crowd, as with an appearance of perfect good faith he screamed the good tidings that—

"Within were to be seen two monsters (some

thought devils), that had lately been caught in the deserts of Anatolia, and had been, at an immense expense, by permission of the Sultan, brought alive to Stamboul. Admission, one para" (halfpenny).

"Allah be praised!" cried one or two grey-bearded Turks. But people seemed shy of entering, because one or two sly Perotes stood by and laughed, or whispered.

Rocket said, "By Jove, sir, let us go in and chaff 'em." I assented, and the Greek, with a gracious bow, and a blast of triumph on his bugle, cautiously let us pass under the dirty striped curtain.

I scarcely knew what I expected to see—perhaps a poor panorama, perhaps a stuffed bear, or an orang-outang—something that would not go down with drunken sailors at Greenwich Fair, or with the smallest and dullest English country town thirsting for amusement. Yet I could not have believed that even to the gross ignorance of a Turk, a showman would have dared to exhibit a live devil.

But there he was (the other, the showman told me, had died from confinement), pacing up and down, in a clumsy and rather shame-faced way, in a sort of a stall of a stable newly planked up with the most solicitous care and anxiety. The fiercest man-eating tiger, or the most tearing maniac, could not have been hooped up more timidly. In fact, what with the planks and what with the opaque curtain at the entrance, it was some minutes before

my eyes got sufficiently acquainted with the light, to be able to distinguish a man, impudently sewn up in a sort of hairy gray rug, which covered face, body, and hands, and yet left some outline of form visible. A vulture's beak, two bullock's horns, and two enormous brown-glass bullock's eyes, completed the flagrant impersonation. I tried, with my limited modern Greek, to "chaff" the monster, and so did Rocket, who got violent, and wanted to poke him with a walking-stick. The devil, feeling himself alluded to, considered it professionally necessary to shake his chain, and walk up and down in a silent manner, as if longing to get at us and "eat us without salt." But he did it in such a slinking, downcast, shame-faced way, that, contrasting with his sting-tail, horns, and tremendous eyes, it drove us to shrieks of laughter.

We went out, Rocket pinching old Turks by the arm, and confidentially whispering in their ears, "Pek ayi" (very good). Uopn which some dozen enthusiasts, exclaiming with one voice, "Allah is wonderful!" poured in, dragging down the curtain.

CHAPTER V.

AFTER DINNER AT MISSERI'S.

It had been a day of liquid fire, in which I had had, for my sins, seven hours' bathing. This purgatorial endurance was called, I believe, "sight-seeing." We had been to St. Sophia's, and all the little mosques that great bird has hatched: we had been up and down over the rough stones of Stamboul's hilly street; and since Misseri's gorging breakfast of six courses, we had tasted nothing but three hatfuls of grapes, a barrow load of figs, and several pailfuls of currant sherbet. We had dined as hungry and tired men do, silently. Now, as the claret cup went round, and the great German traveller Dickerkopf filled a saucer with brandy, set fire to it, and lit his cigar, our tongues began to loosen, and lo! we talked. Of many stories told that night, the following sketch of the Austrians at Milan, told by a young English engineer, interested me most, and I write it out now from memory:—

"Two years ago," he said, "I set out alone from Balham Hill to spend my autumn in Italy.

"I took the nearest way over the Simplon, after a short, cooling, icy glimpse of Switzerland, to Milan, the great capital of Lombardy, and whence our first bankers and pawnbrokers, as my excellent friend the editor of *Notes and Queries* assures me, first came. From the barren snows round the Simplon hospice we tore down the passes, our diligence horses crowned with chesnut boughs, to Duomo d'Ossola, where, when I saw brown, half-clothed men munching melons at street corners, I exclaimed with rapture, 'I am at last in Italy!'

"The next night, *viâ* Lago Maggiore, I got to Milan, through fat dark plains starry with fireflies, and through a night air hoarse with frogs. As the diligence swept into Milan through clouds of powdery white dust, I caught, on my way to the hotel, moonlight glimpses of the great white marble cathedral, with its silvered pinnacles fine as so much goldsmith work, stretching up towards heaven. . . . .

"And now, from the dark hush of the outer square, with its sky full of all violet depths of dimness, and spangled thick as the imperial robe of Charlemagne with jewel stars, I turned into the Caffè del Duomo, in the great square of the cathedral. A moment ago I stood in the square looking up at the blue darkness above me, as a diver might view the sea above his head, the stars standing for such phosphorescent sparks as light the surf of the Mediterranean when it breaks in harmless flame along a midnight shore.

I was communing with the spirits of the sky. Merely by passing through the open glass folding-doors of the caffè, my eyes were suddenly dazzled by a jangle of light, my ears by a Babel of voices. The waiters—Pierrots—were every one in black evening dress, or in their tight-fitting, black, ballet dancing-trousers and their thin yellow jackets. The place was full of Austrian officers in their spotless white uniforms, faced and turned down with mazarin blue and cherry colour; their heavy steel-sheathed cavalry swords, tasseled and knotted with white pipe-clayed leather, rested on chairs, hung near them on the wall beside their cocked-hats, or clashed as they moved insolently along the white-and-black tiled floor of the caffè. It was a wonderful change from the darkness and almost mournful hush of the outer square, roofed by the black blue sky, where the white marble Duomo showed only by ghastly glimmers through the darkness.

"I threw myself on a long settee that lined the wall, within convenient reach of the little immoveable round marble table on which some empty coffee-cups stood, and fell to study the Milanese. I soon forgot the outer darkness, where the great white shrine of marble, pale and wan, heaped up its little clear-cut casket pinnacles, fine-leafed and sharp, unto the lingering stars, that seemed to burn like angels' watch-fires on their highest cresting peaks, and plunged myself, with the relish and abandonment of

a traveller courting forgetfulness and pleasure, in the maze of crystalled lights that the great mirrors on the walls echoed and repeated till they seemed to lengthen into avenues and corridors of yellow lamps, repeating, too, the white uniforms, and the plumed hats, and the fair flaxen moustaches, and the swords and the mazarins and the cherry colours, till the place seemed the banquet-hall of the whole white-coated Austrian army: the waiters who moved about among the crowd standing for orderlies or aides-de-camp. Glimpses of side rooms showed groups of patient subalterns with small ground-plans of black-and-white dominoes before them, and each with his small redoubt of conquered pieces thrown up behind his line of battle; from other doorways leading into inner rooms I heard the roll and clashing dry rattle of the red and white billiard balls on the green cloth, luminous in the orbing lamplight.

"It was some time before my pleased eye could take in the various elements of this animated scene; but, as my eye grew calmer, I found that the occupants of this caffè—like all the Milanese caffès I had seen — could easily be divided into three sections: Austrian officers, Milanese citizens, and the landlord (the padrone) and his busy staff of waiters.

"There—at a sort of idealized bar built up with ice-tins, massy coffee-cups, trays for change, lemonade-bottles, little receptacles for sugar, and silvery clear

tumblers of water, which the Italians drink to correct the biliousness and heat of coffee—sat the landlord, playing legerdemain tricks with silver coins, hauling in and dealing out copper change; and there were the waiters in perpetual ebb and flow, bringing in empty cups, or loading trays with smoking cupfuls for expectant sour-faced Austrian captains. The padrone looked like a male Fortune, distributing gifts and favours, as he tore asunder rolls, or filled up small decanters of clarety Chiavenna wine. The Milanese citizens there was no mistaking, with their gay, flippant, uneasy manner, and their dark pale faces, rather effeminate in character. Each had his little paper flag or newspaper fastened to a strop handle; each his smoking fragrant coffee-cup, tray of sugar, and tumbler of water. Some, on their marble circles, were excavating the strawberry ice's melting rose; some discoursed with frivolous enthusiasm about the last song or the opera; others, with bows of greeting or departing, courteously meant for the entire company, worked in and out of the swinging door. Amongst them, however, I saw a few of our own brave English, honest red-and-whites, contrasting with the pale olive of the Milanese. Then there was a Dutchman, in white hat, and with vacant, light blue eyes; there were some couriers, with side letter-pouches; some spies and bearded Americans; and some Prussians, bearded and all a-stare.

"But in all the Milanese I saw one predominant,

irrestrainable feeling of alarm, distrust, and concealed hatred for their conquerors. They sat away from the officers; who eyed them with contemptuous defiance, which, though only conveyed by the eyes, was as insolent as if a sword-hilt had been touched or a pistol cocked. Yes, here I was seeing the old story—the old quarrel from the old cause—the injured hating because they were injured, the injurer hating because he knew that he was hated. Here were the Saxon and Norman, the Russian and Circassian, the Tartar and the Chinaman over again. Let a drunken man shout out a word, and death in a moment would certainly be in our midst. There was not a gesture or motion of either the black-coated Milanese or the white-clad Austrians but was significant of hatred. If the glass door opened and an itinerant blind guitar-player came in, led by a ragged boy, and groped about each of the tables for alms—for 'qualche cosa,' for 'the little money,' for 'the very small money, for the love of Heaven'—the surly Austrians would go on in their knots with their guard-room talk, and pay no heed to the old man's misery, unless some young curled darling of the Vienna drawing-rooms might pull down his great trailing flaxen moustaches and throw a curse—a 'Potztausend' or 'Henker'—at the old grey-head; or a fat general, padded and stiff with pride and insolence, twist round his ponderous steel sword, so that it flapped against the beggar and

warned him off; and as sure as this happened, when the old man, completing his itinerary, reached the Milanese tables, he would be received with words of kindness and sympathy, and trays of change would be poured into his hat with a kindly 'God be with you!' If an Italian accidentally knocked a sugar tray off his table, or clashed a spoon unseemingly loud, or even kept a paper too long, there were instantly a dozen fierce Austrian eyes turned devouringly upon him: not for long, for that would have implied interest, but with a hasty, insolent, martinet scornfulness that seemed to augur danger to the citizen whom insult or threat could goad into a duel or into some overt act of rebellion.

"Nor were the Italians one whit behind in demonstrating their scorn and hatred for the Tedesci—the Goths. If a white-coat entered with a more than usual swagger, or with any tendency to vinous gaiety, there was no defying laugh, or hiss, or circulating joke. Still the Italian heads would certainly bend closer together, and when the heads separated, there was a very malign and vexatious smile on the features of them all. If an Austrian dropped his hat, or swept off a glass with his heavy white gloves, out came the stinging smile again. On neither side was there an absence of restraint, though the Austrians bore the surveillance defiantly, the Italians apprehensively. The landlord inclined to neither party; but, perhaps, on the whole, he was a little

too obsequious to that truculent, heavy-jawed Austrian general, alone at the table to the left, balancing his spoon on the edge of his thick white coffee-cup, from which a soft fragrant steam rose, like the smoke from a gun, around his close iron-grey hair, and his lined and stubborn brow.

"All these signs of the antipathy of races I took in very slowly, refreshing myself at times with the kindly scraps of Italian greetings that kept flowing round and round me. I liked to hear the 'Buona notte,' the 'Grazia' of the waiters, and the solemn 'Addio.' I had got tired of the fops, the fools, and slaves who keep Italy enslaved, prating away of the Scala news, and of how many hearts Piccolomini had won or lost since yesterday; and I was glad to see some sheer human nature, though it might be an unpleasant aspect of it.

"My eyes had nearly worked through every covert in the room, when I heard a stern cough—a severe martinet's cough — drowning for a moment the waiters' high-pitched, mechanical, abbreviated cries to the idealized bar of 'Una tazz', col lat!' 'Caffè nero, Numero Tre!' 'Una tazz'!' I found the cough proceeded from a cruel-looking, hard-featured Austrian general sitting by himself at 'Numero Due,' in a quiet corner lying at my back. It required no great discernment to see he was an officer in high command, for there was a buzz among the subalterns as he entered; and now, as I turned again

to look at him, I saw a private soldier go up to him and deliver him an official-looking sealed packet.

"'Some Italian fellow's death-warrant,' said a young officer near me, who, chalking the end of a cue, had just come in from the adjacent billiard-room to exchange a joke and chat with a friend of another regiment, who was laughing, with two or three more flaxen-haired Austrians, over the Scala play-bill.

"'Look how he signs the beast's dismissal to heaven,' said the theatre-goer, turning round towards the general.

"The general, who had called for pen and ink, was signing his name slowly a letter at a time, with sips of his coffee and a *petit doigt* of cognac between each stroke. The fact was, that this thick-headed tyrant of the mess-room, who was now with such *nonchalance* signing the death-warrant of a poor Italian, had been promoted from the ranks for his severities in Hungary, and could not write with any very great facility. The Italians scowled when they saw him write, for the rumour had gone round the caffè that poor Luigi was to be shot to-morrow at ten o'clock in the Piazza della Fontana. The general, who did not do things without a reason, had probably some motive, known only to his own dark stern mind, in thus insultingly and openly signing this death-warrant of a brave man. The neatly-dressed citizens in black, with their varnished boots, spotless gloves, twirling canes,

and paper flags, grew more silent than ever, and talked in even a lower whisper.

"Yet, now and then, a tongue more daring than the rest would shoot out as if merely at some waiter's carelessness; or one, biting his red lip white, would call angrily to the waiter for some chocolate, with a voice that seemed to want the accompaniment of a blow to give it full effect. I knew well all these symptoms of suppressed rage, being of a smouldering nature myself.

"Besides, did I not know that in this very city, not more than a year or two before, the streets, the wide squares—such free breathing-places for bloody whirlwinds of grape-shot; the shady, narrow defiles of streets, such snug passes for barricades of riflemen—had been swilled with Austrian and Italian blood, meeting and uniting—but only after death? Had I not been shown the quiet little street with the grated windows, looking so peaceful and calm in half sunshine, half shadow, where, but a few short months before, there had arisen a belching volcano of fire, delicate, tender women throwing their children out of their arms to go and drag out their very pianos and harps on the heads of the cruel Austrian soldiers? Had not these very white-coats fired at the crowds in churches, chopped down inoffensive children, bayoneted old men, murdered women with lacerating whips: in a word, committed all the cruelties of the old Croat and the modern Cossack? Had not the

very streets outside echoed with their bullying cannon, and the insolent trample of the horses of their hussars? Had not these quiet, subtly feeling Italians—so passionate in love and hate, so retentive of kindness, of injury, with such a great past behind them to rouse their rage, and such a great possible future before them to excite their hope—had they not had fathers shot, and mothers cleft down, and children piked, and brothers trodden to bloody mud, by the very men in white who sat yonder with all the defying pride of conquerors, sipping their coffee and burning away their reed cigars with all the idle luxury of soldiers resting from their toil of blood? Why, I could see even now in every face a smile of pleasure at the vexation the coming fate of the Milan patriot Luigi seemed to give the loungers in the caffè of the cathedral square. Every now and then, the constraint of silence, so deep that you might almost hear the gray ash of the cigar fall, and that the spirt of a match sounded in it like the click of a rifle, was broken by some handsome young Austrian hussar sweeping his fingers through the great curving flaxen moustache, which, soft and golden, swept up nearly to his cheekbones, and hoarsely whispering, with a husky laugh, something about the 'verdammter spitzbube,' by which I knew he meant Luigi, even if he had not, as he spoke, given a sneering and sweeping look down the opposite row of sullen Italian faces, across whose brows you could

see the glance passing, as if it was a sabre slash, and had left on each a wound.

"I was thinking of leaving Milan, being off to Verona on the morrow to meet the celebrated Two Gentlemen; I was, on my way, to call upon Shylock in Venice, and Petruchio in learned Padua, hoping to get round by Milton's Vallombrosa, and not to leave Italy without seeing poor Keats's grave, out by the walls near the old Appian Way at Rome. I had stared till my eyes were tired, the caffè was getting blue and vapoury with smoke, and I felt so anti-Austrian that I longed to get to my quiet hotel bedroom, and there spout Smollett's fine 'Ode to Liberty,' and rail at the Germans at my ease, when, glancing into an angle of the room to the left of the general, in the nook formed by the entrance to the billiard-room, perhaps the quietest and least obtrusive spot in the whole caffè, I saw a face—such a face! Good God! what a living open-air hell earth may be to some men!—to men who walk with graves gaping round them, to whom every wall is a mosaic of tombstones, to whom the sun seems black, and flowers and blue sky are hateful, and loving women and tender angel children are things to shake the fist at, in the hopelessness and bitterness of unchanging misery and despair! This was the face of such a purgatorial man—a living heart dumb: his eyes were rayless; his pale, bloodless lips were clenched together immovably, like those of a strong, stoical

man under the surgeon's knife; no part of his waxen face moved but his eyes—his eyes! shall I ever forget them? — his restless, bloodshot eyes, that swept over the room and prowled about suspiciously round every head: angrily on this one, indifferently on the other: but at last ever coming and focussing down, with basilisk, burning-glass power, on the same spot, the spot where the Austrian general sat writing, by the second lamp to the left, where a waiter, new to the place, with frightened hurry, was watching as he pretended to hover round the next unoccupied table, wiping away a recent coffee-stain and some gray cigar-ash, and bowing to the ground as he chanced to tread on the general's sweeping white cloak lined with red—a condescension for which the satrap repaid him with a stabbing look, which contained the venom and cruelty of ten courts-martial.

"The general had just finished his despatch to Vienna, probably describing with cold official exultation the successful arrest of the ringleaders of the thirty-fourth conspiracy in Milan that year; he had with a flare and melting blot duly sealed the imposing document with a heavy black sepulchral seal, when an officer, stepping with a bow from the next table, advanced and took the despatch, and, as he took it, turned to the corner where the mysterious man I have mentioned sat, and pointed him out with his white glove to his commanding officer. I was so near that I could hear what he said:—

" 'General Hassenpflug, that miserable dog you see there in the corner is the brother of the rogue we shoot to-morrow.'

" 'Indeed,' said the general, smiling condescendingly, and twirling the glove he had not yet put on by one finger. He then tapped his shelving grey brow, bit his glove, and whispered to the orderly, who, taking off his shako, passed round the tables, and, with a whisper handed it, as if for some charitable collection, to the various groups of officers. Some laughed, and threw in a cigar or a libretto book; others tossed in half a dozen lire; one gave two gold pieces; others three or four silver crowns. The orderly bowed as each put in his contribution, and brought the jingling hatful back to the general, who, humming 'Buona Sera,' the good-night song from the *Barber of Seville*, waited for it, beating time with his foot, impatiently. I could see that he detected the character of every contributor by the alms, and by the manner in which it was given; I could see the sneer and smile, alternating light and shadow, in his face. He did not change a muscle, however, as the orderly brought him the hat, but he quietly lighted a cigar with a match that shed an orange glow on his fingers, and then, turning to the orderly, ran his hand through the money contemptuously, dropping the handful he raised back into the hat. His face seemed to say, 'This is, perhaps, a foolish bit of charity of mine, and is rather hard on the young subs, who

have given a quarter's pay to win my good-will; but *ohne zweifel* it is well saved from billiards, vingt-et-un, taverns, and lorettes.' He beckoned the orderly with his finger.

"The orderly came; the general whispered in his ear. The orderly instantly stepped forward in a dignified way, to show that he was not accustomed to run errands, and asking the waiter for a handkerchief, poured the coins into it; then, without knotting the ends, simply gripped them together; and now, with every eye in the room, including the imperturbable general's, on him, he advanced to the poor Italian in the corner, who lay heedless of everything, with his head on the table hid in his cloaked hands; with a few curt military words that did not reach my ear, he flung down the money before him on the table. He could not have said with clearer contempt, 'This is an alms,' if he had struck the man as he gave it.

"In the hush that followed this unusual act of generosity in the general (the general, by-the-by, gave nothing), I could hear the landlord say to his head-waiter,—

"'Poor Giacomo, this Austrian money will be useful to him; for all the family farm was confiscated on Monday when Luigi was found guilty.'

"The man did not lift up his head. He must be asleep.

"'Wake him!' said the general, gruffly, as if he was giving orders to fire a battery.

"The orderly shook him. That moment, sudden

as a fire, the man leaped up, and, with demoniac rage, flung the money on the floor. How he stamped on it, spitting as he stamped! Then kicking it, so that the money flew in a running and rolling mass about the room, clicking against sword-sheaths, or jarring against iron-legged tables, he sat down as before, gazing vacantly at the opposite wall. There was a buzz of angry voices, and one or two swords were half drawn; but the colonel, waving them back, advanced alone towards him. There was a dangerous revulsion from vacancy to a deadly serpentine intelligence in the eyes of the Italian as he advanced. It seemed to me that he could with difficulty restrain himself from rushing forward and stabbing the Austrian; but he only bit his lip harder than ever, and waited for his arrival, rolling himself up in his cloak.

"'Gentlemen, silence,' cried the colonel; 'this is a case for the hospital, not for the guard-room.' Then (advancing and laying his glove on the shoulder of Luigi's brother) he added, in a rough whisper, that passed through the whole room, 'We have our eyes upon you. Take care!'

"The man spurned his shoulder from him. The colonel merely smiled cruelly, paid his reckoning, and strode to the door. 'These,' thought I, 'are the fruits of oppression. These are the crimson blossoms of one bad man's ambition.' At that moment, as the colonel's thick-gloved hand touched the brass knob of the door, a distant but swift grow-

ing crescendo of military music made us all forget the sullen Italian, and drew our whole attention to the Cathedral Square.

"Every night those hated white coats defiled through the conquered city of the Viscontis and of Leonardo da Vinci, with drums and music, with great gilded lanterns borne on poles, and half a mile of glittering, slanting bayonets—half a mile of bronzed, defying faces, knowing they were scowled at and hated—half a mile of drilled Austrians, with flaxen moustaches and white coats. First down the side street by the cathedral came spots of white and yellow—then dashes of red feathers or flowing flags lighted by swinging lights—then a racing mob, widening, widening to broad lines of stern white men, with a bristling roof of bayonets, marching defiantly, with that peculiar rigidity and stern forward look that is so insulting and so self-conscious—nearer, through clouds of dust, nearer, with tramp even and measured, as of one vast many-footed machine, tramp, tramp, the one end of the half-mile, with feet rising as the feet of the other half come to the ground, a half-mile of white men moving on with a strong vermicular motion, like that of some white poisonous caterpillar escaped from a fat flour-bin, and passing on to some more dangerous form of existence: what a contrast to those gay opera tunes and opera marches, the stern faces under the bayonets lighted by fitful gleams of lantern light; the scowling faces of the

crushed-up citizens, who cower, driven up in door-ways, to look and curse!

"I went home as the colonel took horse at the door for his suburban barracks, and, just as the procession faded away down a side street, playing a beautiful fairy waltz by Strauss, I got my key from the porter, undressed quickly, said a short prayer for England, and threw myself under my gauzy counterpane. I fell down into a dream as into a well. I fancied myself in a cathedral, strewn with kneeling Italians. I bowed before the cross under the coloured shade of those giant windows of the Duomo. Suddenly the priests threw off their cloth-of-gold robes and appeared as Austrian generals, the chorister boys with the censers were as quickly transformed to drummers, muskets were handed over from behind the great silver cross and jewelled altar, as the slaughter began. The people rushed to the doors; the bullets ploughed through them; then a darkness rose, a chilling, stifling dread mingled with my dreams—a sense of rage, and yet more of fear, of struggle, of dread and apprehension. My heart beats so loud I can hear nothing else—beat—beat—it pulses like a parchment drum. It comes upon me—there are drums somewhere below. The windows are open—it is an early review. I look at my watch on the table—just six. I rise—drums nearer. I throw back the green Venetian blinds—the sun pours in as I look out over the balcony. Austrian drums!—

here they come! A great shining slant of glistening bayonets and white coats defile past. Drums, drums, drums! vibrant and threatening—fainter—fainter—out of sight—fainter.

"I ring the bell; I hear my boots clumped down outside, and call the waiter.

"'What are those drums?'

"'Austrian demonstration,' he says, 'signor mio. Terrible news. General Hassenpflug was found last night, at about eleven and a half, just outside the Porta Vercellina, on the road to his Vercelli villa, stark dead, shot through the heart, and on the white vineyard wall, over his battered head, was written by some bloody finger, "VIVA L'ITALIA!"'

"Immediately I thought of those watchful eyes. I dressed, and thought.

"When I came downstairs into the coffee-room, I asked the waiter, who was tripping about adjusting the breakfast-tables, if there were any suspicion of the murderer, and if he knew at what hour the murder was committed.

"'They say, signor mio, that the murderer is the brother of the Luigi who was shot this morning at six; I believe the body was found at a quarter-past eleven.'

"I had left the caffè at ten."

So ended the story; and as we broke up for bed, I thought of my old friend Vaughan and his drum-story, and fell asleep, thinking how two men could have a dream so much alike.

CHAPTER VI.

OVER IN SCUTARI.

WE had come in a dozen boats, and were having a picnic luncheon in a public street at Scutari—a large party of us from Misseri's. If I remember right, that open-air entertainment was held at the doors of a coffee-shop close to a plane-tree, not far from a mosque, and very near a fountain. Before us, on higher ground, rose Miss Nightingale's hospital, with its enormous broadside of windows, its towers, and flag-staff; and to us, looking down upon the blue radiance of the Bosphorus, came parchment pulsations from the drums of two Turkish regiments at that moment reviewing on the distant parade-ground that borders on the great cemetery where the dead feed the cypresses, and, in return, the cypresses feed the dead.

Our staff of interpreters were dispersed in various directions, borrowing seats for the ladies, or buying fruit and bread; the coffee-man was blowing his black charcoal crimson; the wild dogs were sniffing about expectantly; and one or two Circassian boys

with axes at their belts, who seemed to take us for street jugglers, were eyeing us from a corner street, where some boatmen stood waiting for hire and some horse-boys and Turkish gossips squatted, expecting the hour of prayer.

As for Rocket, with one eye glazed in, giving the other an unfinished, rather helpless look, he was bargaining in wrangling Turkish for a lapful of dead purple figs, one or two of which showed red clefts and inner embroideries of pearl-like seeds. Windybank, forgetting the Great Chimborazo Railway just for one moment, was ordering thimblefuls of burning black coffee and a hat-boxful of sticky, opaque gold grapes, half of them at least desiccated by the sun's heat into cold-blue raisins, and none the worse for that. I was procuring rings of bread, stuck over with sesame and coriander seeds. One of the dragomans was getting water from the fountain, and Dr. Legoff was arranging the low square stools for Miss Hooper, the Reverend Mrs. Butt, and Lady Quiveller. Kibobs, cooking on little weathercock upright spits, that turn ingeniously with the wind, there were none here; so we had to put up with fruit, and a great deal of it indeed we "hid," as Rocket truly remarked. To see Antonio, the dragoman, with three parasols under his arm, besides several guide-books and riding-whips, carrying a bunch of grapes that could not for length have been got in an ordinary man's hat, reminded me of the spies coming

from Eschol. To mark Lady Quiveller, with her lapful of figs and peaches, like Titian's nymphs, did one really good. To observe Miss Hooper, serving a melon as large as a human head, was to witness a pretty Amazonian feat of strength. It was amusing too to notice the reckless manner of every one, and the way we fed the wild dogs with huge missiles of eleemosynary bread. It was amusing to see the Turks nearly let their chibouks go out, in utter astonishment at our wild peals of laughter, like so many Der Freischutz choruses. Indeed, though the meal was as impudent a proceeding as it would be to attempt to give a public dinner in a Fleet Street doorway, it seemed to us, in our supreme good spirits then, quite natural and proper. Every one was telling stories of the war and of Miss Nightingale's devotion and power of government, when Rocket volunteered a story about a man he knew—"Buster, a fellow in the Thirty-Third, father in some office or other, great card in engineering, and all that sort of thing, you know; we were down on the moors together, and were out one day, you know——"

Here the delightful, vigorous story of our young friend was interrupted by a shrill cry, as of some great bird soaring above our heads. We all gave a start, and looked up.

"It is the muezzin," said our dragoman; "he is calling to prayer."

Yes, there he was, on the first balcony of a mosque

minaret that rose at the street corner. I could not distinguish the words, but the cry went on, shrill, nasal, and chanted in a curious tone. I scarcely know the recipe for that odd cry, but I know that if you get hold of half a dozen Turkish words, and nasally chant them in a minor key, keeping to one note, but twisting it, and screwing it up and down, by shaking your head about, you get something like the effect the muezzin produced on me, breaking the hot silence of that Eastern suburban street, so silent but for our now subdued voices. First to the right, then to the left, of the high balcony the muezzin went and intoned his call to prayer; then disappearing behind the central shaft of the minaret, you heard his voice on the other side muffled and more distant. Instantly the Turks fell on their knees and murmured the responses, as though a vision had appeared to warn them of Heaven's vengeance.

"Why, I see that fellow," said Rocket, speaking of the muezzin in the abstract, "every sundown when I go to have my smoke on the flat roof at Misseri's. He comes out suddenly of his little dog-kennel door the moment the evening gun fires. I often long to pot him, he is such a tempting shot with a rifle. What those fellows do it for I never could make out. But to go on with my story. I and Buster were one day disputing about which shot hardest, a Manton or an Egg; so said I, 'Buster, I don't often bet, but for once I'll take a fiver that I'll

go out to-morrow deer-stalking in the Gilliewassel country and bring home more than you do in two days on the MacCash side of Lord Tillietudlems.' To which Buster in his way——"

But here Rocket's vigorously languid voice was completely drowned by Windybank, who had been requested by the ladies, *unâ voce*, to explain the origin of this call to prayer, which he was doing by quoting the Mahometan tradition on which it was founded.

"It appears," said he, going on intrepidly in spite of Rocket screwing in his eyeglass and looking at him like an operating surgeon on a commission *de lunatico*—"it appears that the Prophet when at Medina could never find any means of bringing his disciples together punctually at the 'homas,' or hour of prayer. Flags were proposed, but they had been defiled by war; bells were rejected, because the Christians used them; fire was detestable, because of its being an object of idolatry with the Persians; and as for trumpets, they had been long employed by the Jews. The meeting broke up, as other meetings have broken up, without deciding anything; but that night an angel clothed in green appeared to Abdullah-ibn-Zeid-Abderize, and told him that prayer should henceforth be proclaimed in a loud voice from a house roof, as we have just heard it."

Rocket here broke in: "'So, Buster,' said I, 'you

take Donald and Sandie, and I'll go bail that, with Angus and Malcolm, I bring you——'"

"But what was it the creature said?"

"What, Buster?" said Rocket.

"Buster, no!" said Lady Quiveller, quite angrily; "but the muzzling, as I think, Mr. Windybank, you called him."

Windybank, with the slightest touch of pedantry in the world, here quavered out a whole string of Turkish sentences.

"Oh, but do translate them for my note-book!" said Miss Hooper.

"Certainly," said Windybank, with a master-of-the-ceremonies bow. "The call, your ladyship, runs in the following manner, as near as I can give it in the vernacular:—

"'Most high God!—most high God!—most high God! I acknowledge that there is no other, except God—I acknowledge that there is no other, except God. I acknowledge that Mahomet is the prophet of God. Come to prayer!—come to prayer! Come to the temple of salvation! Great God!—great God! There is no god but God!'"

"Thank you—thank you," smiled the ladies.

Windybank resumed: "This call is the same at all the five canonical periods except in the morning, when the muezzin adds, 'Prayer is better than sleep—prayer is better than sleep.' The muezzin is required to speak evenly and distinctly, slowly and

gravely. He stands with a finger in each ear, and his face turned to Mecca, till he comes to the words, 'Come to prayer—come to the temple of salvation.' He then turns his face right and left as if addressing all nations of the world, and then those below, whether in shop or street, instantly repeat, in a low voice, the Tehlill: 'There is no strength, no power, but what is in God; in that supreme being—in that powerful being.' A fine pious fellow is the pure old Turk—religion entering into every act of his life."

"When I went up the Nile," said Rocket, "duck-shooting with Buster, we called one of our sailors 'the pious Mussulman,' because he used to wake us every morning plumping down on his knees on the deck over our heads. No slanging could make him alter. Buster used——"

I think nothing human could here have prevented Rocket from launching again into his deer-stalking story, had not I now proposed that the ladies should be put into a gorgeous vermilion and gamboge araba, while we took horses, which are always ready by dozens at all landing-places, and rode to the top of the low hill-like mountain that rises above Scutari, and commands a view of the Sea of Marmora, the Bosphorus, and indeed all the Sick Man's city.

The horses came round us: such a collection!—stiff-legged, crook-legged, everything but wooden-

legged—yet some with traces of blood and breed, and evidently bought, at the close of the war, from English officers; for Constantinople still runs over with English spoil, and I was told horses and saddles went for nothing, and were all but given away when the English embarked.

This time, unluckily for our happiness and physical well-being, there were no English saddles but one, and that Windybank instantly secured with delightful unconsciousness. I forgot my own misery when I saw Rocket's frozen stare through his eye-glass—so close that he almost touched it—at the huge Turkish cradle of a saddle, with the arched foot-scraper stirrups, which he had to mount and use. He, the pride of Rotten Row, the flower of Piccadilly, the idol of the Park, to be buried in a saddle that drove him nose forward on the horse's mane, and with stirrups hung so far behind that he had to crook his knees like a tailor out for a Sunday, while all the ladies, shaking about in the araba (pretty, sarcastic Miss Hooper and all), forgot the breaking of their own bones in laughing at his horrified mouth and agonized eyebrows! As for me, I had got a white horse that never went at any other pace than a jolting, contradictory, vexatious trot, which no one could keep time to; a ghastly horse, with faded mulberry velvet trappings, of all things in the world, and head ornaments of rough blue beads and little shells that looked like hollow teeth, and which

gave a tawdry strolling-actor look to our cavalcade, that made Rocket very indignant.

"Beast would not sell for ten pounds at Tatt's," he kept calling out to me.

Off we went, a laughing cavalcade, the Greek horse-boys running at our sides, patting the chargers, or goading them on just like the donkey-boys nearer home, on a sad errand. We were bound to the English burial-ground on the height, where the white tombstones glimmer across the sea, beacons of death. First galloping over the parade-ground that lies beyond the hospital, away we went, the araba leaping and creaking and tumbling like a ship in a heavy sea; the ladies groaning and laughing, the gentlemen riders denouncing Turkish saddles, and the Mameluke mode of riding that Horace Vernet makes such play with in his great panoramic showman's pictures. Oh, had Horace ever ridden on the Mameluke saddle, how could he take such pleasure in painting it?

I thanked Heaven very fervently when we had effected our dangerous ride over that parade-ground outside the barracks, cleft as it was by thirsty crevices, just large enough to snap a horse's leg above the knee. Rocket dropped his hat, Windybank his whip; I made several Curtius plunges, otherwise we escaped tolerably. But as for forcing the horses near the Turkish conscript regiments, with the red and white flags and the glistening bayonets that we

wanted to inspect, you might as well have tried to go fox-hunting on an earthquake.

On subduing our speed, and after falling into a compact body-guard round the tormented araba, we turned to the right, and all dismounted at the hospital wall, close to the gate of the English burial-ground, which was opened for us by a goatherd who was watching our movements, greedy of backsheesh.

It was here, day after day, that during the war, gay arabas came laden with corpses sewn up merely in canvas. Here ten thousand men and officers (fifty a day) were buried in the dry earth, within sight of the huge hospital that then sent up its groanings to Heaven day and night through a thousand windows, as if it were some great suffering monster bewailing its fate—here, where the brown grasshoppers now leaped in the burning sunshine, and the quick lizards shot carelessly in and out the cracks in the graves. Below the earth cliffs the sea spread, blue and glistening, and the black porpoises were tumbling in awkward mirth, practising somersaults, like rustic clowns dully imitating the successful acrobat. It was just like an English churchyard, with its row of mounds and table-tombs, its square slabs and decent trimness; though the dry grass was scorched, and there were domes and minarets shining across the golden water.

It was a very silent spot, that treeless churchyard, with its scorched grass, and dry cakey earth cracked

with the heat. It was out of hearing of the horrible Chinese band of the Turks who were thumping and clashing out their tuneless Battle of Prague music in the great yellow barracks. It was far from the great dusty Armageddon of a parade-ground, where the mean little soldiers were manœuvring their shaky and irresolute bayonets that glistened mischievously in the distance. The muezzin had intoned his call, and was silent in his minaret for another two or three hours. The splash of the porpoises could be seen but not heard, out yonder in the blue sea. Stamboul's domes and minaret-spires slumbered in a dream of light. It was the far east, and yet we seemed in England, for our brave countrymen rested under our feet; the piebald butterflies skimming over them, looking for the speckled purple crocuses that grow thickly in the Turkish cemeteries among the stone turban, but not here.

The wondering goatherd watched us as we passed along the top of the earthy cliff, and read with tender interest the renowned names upon the table-tombs, and the upright slabs of humbler men; for here, colonels and sergeants, and hospital nurses and poor soldiers' wives, were silently encamped in horrible forgetfulness of their very different social position. Here an officer, who fell in that valley of Death at Balaklava; there a soldier who had smouldered away from camp fever.

I sat down on the second tomb I came to, frightening

away a dozen huge brown grasshoppers large as locusts, that suicidally hopped over the cliff into the sea, and startling a few quick-turning lizards; having rested for a moment, I felt quite a shudder when, getting up and looking at the dead man's name, I saw it was that of an old neighbour of mine in England, a brave lad who, beaten down at the Redan, fell maimed and pierced, into the ditch, yet, after hours of suffering, would not allow himself to be carried from the field till some private soldiers, who had been worse wounded than himself, had been attended to.

Some of the tombs were mere wooden slabs—enlarged tallies, such as gardeners mark their seeds with—and already gray and cracked by the fiery heat of the Turkish sun that falls so angrily on these unsheltered cliffs. I observed, too, that some of the more costly marble tombs, though evidently erected at great expense, had the inscriptions shallowly cut, and bore clear tokens of being the work of mercenary strangers, doing their grudged labour badly and hastily. A few summers, and that marble would be smooth as the slab still in the quarry; the letters would be gone, and the graves nameless ones.

Nor was this the only thing that chilled me. As for Rocket and Co., they chatted and made quite a pleasant morning of it, telling how Colonel So-and-So, who lay here, was a dead hand at pool, and Captain Thingumbob a cursed good shot at pigeons—the whole cemetery had such a raw new air about

it. The new planted shrubs were limp with heat; the acacias were withering, and the newly dug earth of part of the inclosure gave it the aspect of a newly laid down nursery-garden. A little tool-shed at one corner of the turnpike-gate entrance, built out of a packing-case, directed in staring white paint "Captain Turner, R. E.," seemed, too, to flash a thousand scenes of Crimean misrule at once before my eyes.

Nor did I enjoy that hideous Marochetti testimonial that, standing humbly back by the cemetery wall, rears its hideous dulness to heaven, with its school-girl angels and its Pagan Copticisms of stone and granite stamped on each of its polyglotic sides, with the royal arms that look like so many bad shillings nailed to a baker's counter. If ever those three letters, *job*, were ever stamped over every square inch of a monument, they are on that blunder of the clever Piedmontese.

Many stories of Miss Nightingale, and her calm, stern heroism and devotion, that despised all romantic adjuncts, were told as we left that mournful burial-place to go and lunch at a Perote merchant's house: how she stopped all senseless disputes between ministers of different religions; how she broke nobly through all routine; how she prevented the doctors quarrelling; how she set romantic ladies whose steadfastness she distrusted to unromantic work at the wash-tub; how the bad and selfish feared her; and how all others loved her, and would have shed

their blood for her a hundred times over; how burly giant soldiers, monsters of ferocity and sensuality, grew calm as summer sky when they saw her starry lamp moving at night down the corridor; how the rude orderlies almost wept to see her and the other sisters wasting their lives away to watch the beds of the dying what time the passages of the hospital were piled with dead, and the groans and screams went up as from a vast field of battle. And could it be, then, without a sense of awe that we visited that great hospital, hallowed by such scenes, and that in our imagination we peopled its long corridors again with those writhing myriads, and that one calm, holy, angelic face, radiant with consolation sent from heaven?

Then, tearing ourselves away, we spurred off for the great hill behind Scutari, tearing up roads more like rutted country lanes than anything else, and, passing some bullock waggons glittering with steel ornaments, rode up the mount, where the stone pines were of such a vivid green, where the orange sand of the paths contrasted so pleasantly with the purple bloom of heath, and the yellow crocuses, and the bushes of dwarf prickly oak, and the black pillars of cypresses, whose trunks the shepherds' fires had hollowed out. From here we looked down into the sandy valley, where the Syrian caravan road wound, and where a string of camels were then pacing. From there we saw Olympus,

helmeted with snow, and the islands of the Propontis, trailing like broken necklaces across the sea of melting sapphire.

* * * * *

Imagine us now invading the house of the Perote merchant in a scrambling, reckless way. We were in an Eastern-looking room, furnished in a European way, and looking out on a fountained garden. The merchant had gone to Stamboul by the steamer. His wife and daughter received us with warm hospitality, not chilled even by Rocket's chair giving way, and his coming down on a huge setter that happened to be under it; but the long interval between the rice pillaf and the kibobs and pale ale, convinced me there was something wrong.

The fact was, we afterwards found, that the whole house was in confusion and alarm, for that morning the Croat gardener, a bad-tempered ruffian, who had already murdered two people, had been pursuing the groom round the garden with his drawn sabre, and, on the guard coming to arrest him, had run up to them with two pistols, and dared them to touch him.

"But why not turn away the wretch?" I suggested, mildly.

"Because then," said the lady, "he would be sure to murder the groom, whereas now he may perhaps make it up; for if he did kill him, all he would have to do would be to pay some blood-

money to the relations. There was a poor man stabbed here last week for the sake of a few piastres. There is no safety for life in Constantinople with these horrid Turks."

I began to think there was not; for, the first week I came there, there was a man found shot in the Pera churchyard—some called it murder, and others suicide—and a day or two afterwards a Turk shot at a hammal in the open street.

Windybank, who has a theory, here said that the Turks were a fine race, and only wanted a little judicious management by the English ambassador to lead them to start banks, project companies, improve their roads, and so on.

"Stuff!" said Rocket; "what they want is transplantation into Asia Minor, and I only wish I had the kicking them there."

CHAPTER VII.

STORIES OF THE TURKISH HIPPODROME.

I SUPPOSE I had done something very wrong, or else the Turkish sun had a spite against me as a native of cold, foggy England, for he tried all he could that day to set me on fire; but, finding me incombustible, he gave up the attempt, and contented himself with scorching my white Panama hat the rich coffee-coloured brown that a meerschaum pipe turns when mellowed by long smoking.

I was bound for the Atmeidan or Great Hippodrome of Constantinople, the site of the old chariot-races in the times of the early Greek emperors (532–600 A.D.), at once the Epsom Race-course and Rotten Row of the city of Constantine, that fair queen of the Bosphorus. I descended the crowded hill leading down from Misseri's hotel at Pera, and crossed the bridge of boats that joins Stamboul to the Frank quarter. I stood for a moment to watch the toll-takers with the huge hour-glasses at their elbows, and the hideous plastered mendicants who, squatting by the gate-houses, shouted verses of the Koran at passers-by, whether negro eunuchs, rich pashas, porters

staggering under iron-banded bales, sturdy Turks with great crates full of live fowls on their heads, or wild-eyed mad fakirs swinging their pumpkin-rind dishes. I climbed up the hills caused by the bridge-road rising over the arches; I traversed the valleys of the same road, where it sank down again between the arches; and, escaping the heels of the line of hack-horses that are always waiting on the Turkish side of the bridge, I mounted through various narrow streets, up one of the seven hills, and soon, taking a turn to the right of St. Sophia, found myself in the Hippodrome.

The Atmeidan is not a square, but rather an oblong —a long, dusty strip of ground, with a mosque on one side, and flimsy houses on the other, covering much of that space which the forty chariots once traversed with fiery wheels, while Justinian and all the prelates and senators of Constantinople looked on from gilded balconies and silk-hung places of vantage. It is a lonely deserted spot now, very still and silent in the sunshine, far away from the crowded bazaars and the noisy coppersmith streets, from the baths and the coffee-shops; no sherbet-vendor pitches his stall there, no fruit-seller brings to it his unripe peaches, the eunuchs do not even come there to tame their fiery horses, nor do the veiled women walk there with their children. Where Belisarius and his veterans of the Persian and Illyrian wars slew thirty thousand rebels of the *Green* faction, in one of the great revolts caused

by a riot at a chariot-race, is now a dusty enclosure, seldom traversed but by chance water-carriers, some vagrant soldiers on their way to their barracks, or watchmen going to relieve guard at the great fire-tower which is not far off.

On the left-hand side of the Hippodrome runs the low wall, pierced with square gratings, which bounds the mosque of Achmed, above which some funereal cypresses and cheerful transparent planes rise with a refreshing sense of leafy growth that makes me at once a member of the Green faction, although the chariot-races have so long been over, and the Blue party exists no longer. I do not enter the mosque courtyard, because I know there will be nothing to see but a paved square, and a covered fountain in the middle, with a flutter of pigeons all round it, and some good-natured negress servants sitting at the gate laughing. Nor do I care just now to get under shelter of the cloisters, or to mount the marble steps of the entrance, and take off my boots to shuffle bare-footed about an empty mosque, where there is little to see but strings of lamps, some enormous pillars, each nearly as big as the Campanile at Florence, and some blue porcelain wainscoting. I know there will be a man asleep under the pulpit, and there is sure to be a tall English farmhouse clock in the doorkeeper's little railed-off enclosure. No! but I want to have a look at the great Egyptian granite obelisk of the Greek times that stands in the

centre of the Hippodrome, resting on a pedestal bossy with figures, and supported by four slabs of copper. I want also to see the curious twisted copper snake-pillar that tradition says came from Delphi, and the great temple of Apollo there; I want also to have a view of that curious toppling pile of stones, like the shell of a column, that the Turks tell me was once covered with bronze tablets, recording the names of the winners in the chariot-races, a theory which, if not true, is not unlikely. They are the three choicest relics of the old Greek empire, and are of extreme interest to any one but a Turk. Even a Greek boy I speak to kindles up as he approaches the last of the three pillars, and says that there is treasure under that old work, and that he wishes he had the pulling of it down. I suppose if this tradition has any truth in it at all, it refers only to the custom of placing coins under a foundation-stone, which I believe is of great antiquity.

Looking up the Atmeidan, and its plain of white powdery dust, you have on the left the low mosque wall, and on the other some dingy buildings painted Indian red, as Turkish houses frequently are built, like huge cigar-boxes, of slips of lathing-plank, thin as the substance of a match-box. The farthest of the three columns is that crumbling pile, said to have been once the record-pillar of the victorious drivers' names. It is now a mere dangerous, rickety heap of corroded stones, pierced with holes, to which the

nails of the bronze inscription-plates were once fastened. One looks and looks on it, and spins fancies; but to make the most of it, it is a mere nameless bit of vision, pointing no whither.

The nearest piece of antiquity is the obelisk, supported on its carved pedestal by four slabs of copper, green with verdigris, and sculptured with rows of hieroglyphics — hawk and beetle, water-bucket and guitar—clean cut and sharp as when first engraved. On the base are alto-reliefs of the coarse workmanship of the Lower Empire, representing some religious ceremonial. The bossy figures have a certain Roman air of strength about them, and interest us because we know that this obelisk was one of those numerous ones that adorned the spaces between the metæ or goals in the old Circus, which was 400 paces long and 100 broad. Luckily the Turks, who generally deface all graven images as idolatrous, have spared these squab figures of emperor and attendants, that have been here stolidly looking on and bearing patiently Time's swashing blows ever since 330 A.D., when Constantine dedicated New Rome, and guards carrying white tapers moved in solemn procession through this very Hippodrome, bearing a gilt statue of Constantine in a triumphal car.

But it is the central pillar of the Atmeidan—the smallest of the three—which most attracts us, on account of its indisputable antiquity, which even the

sceptical Gibbon confessed to be indubitable. It is the bronze serpent that once on triple heads (now destroyed) supported, in the temple of Delphi, the golden tripod that, after the defeat of Xerxes, was consecrated by the rejoicing Greeks. It was this very pillar that Mahomet II., when he rode into the conquered city, struck and defaced with his blood-stained battle-axe. He is said to have broken off the under-jaw of one of the serpent's heads; but he could not have severed so large a mass of bronze as now appears to be missing. There is a refinement about the work, mutilated as it is, that proclaims the wonderful Greek hand, so pliant and so creative; and I looked with wonder on this drift of time that had survived two great nations. It brought back to my mind Delphi, that I had lately visited, with its blue mountain-pass, and the strange cleft in the rock that you clamber up to, in the very bosom of precipices that would almost make a goat hesitate before he began the scramble. What it must have seen, could it speak, this tripod of bygone Apollo—what eddies of insurrection and sudden volcanoes of enraged fire, when the Blue drivers in the Circus triumphed over the Green, or when the Greens sprang, sword in hand, on their defeated rivals; what long trains of emperors, from bearded Julian and foppish Constantine, to the unhappy Greek, the last of the purple wearers; what scurries of chariots; what burning wheels flashing amid the troubled

dust! The Circus revolts, that so often set old Constantinople in flames, and deluged this very Hippodrome with hot blood, arose from quarrels that had originated in the charioteer-factions of Rome. Gibbon (who, by the by, makes a great many topographical mistakes about Stamboul) tells us they had been encouraged by Caligula, Nero, the wolf Caracalla, the monster Elagabalus, Vitellius the bloated, and the wicked Commodus, who all used to visit the stable, pet the winning horses, protect the Blues, or chastise the Greens. Theodoric himself had been obliged to protect the Greens against a patrician consul, who upheld the Blues at all risks. For centuries, the Whites, Reds, Blues, and Greens had swept round the Circus amid the shouts of a maddened people. The mystical and poetical choose to consider that these colours typified the four seasons, and that the Blue and Green represented the contest of earth and sea. Justinian supported the Blues, who were orthodox; while the Greens were Anastasians and Arians. These factions divided all the East between them, severed families, and filled the streets of Constantinople with murder and bloodshed. On one occasion, the Greens, concealing stones and daggers under baskets of fruit, murdered 3,000 of the Blues. On another, nearly all the city was burned, and 30,000 people fell by the sword of the Blues. We who see a torrent of coloured silks flash by us at a race, not caring particularly who wins, can scarcely

imagine the fury of those dissolute factions, when, for five years during Justinian's reign, the Blues, dressed as Huns with tight sleeves, flowing robes, and long hair, murdered whom they would, and at last broke out in the Nika seditions and the burning down of St. Sophia; or when the Greens crowned the patrician Hypatius, and were at last only put down by Belisarius with 300 Illyrian troops, bursting open the gates of the Hippodrome, and slaughtering all he could meet.

It was on a great festival of the Ides of January, 532, that at the twenty-second race the Emperor Justinian (a Blue) grew impatient at the continued clamour of the Greens, who complained of being persecuted and oppressed by his ministers Tribonian, and John of Cappadocia, the Præfect of Constantinople. Through a brazen-voiced crier, the emperor then stood up and carried on a most extraordinary dialogue with his factious people.

"Be patient and attentive, ye insolent railers!" shouted the crier: "be mute, ye Jews, Samaritans, and Manichæans!"

"Long life and victory to the emperor—hear the emperor!" shouted the surging Greens.

"Be silent, rebels!" roared the stentor.

"We are poor and innocent," said the Greens; "we are injured—our children are murdered in the very streets. There is a remorseless persecution against all of our name and colour."

"Wretches, be silent," stormed the crier.

"Let us die, O Emperor!" returned the disorderly Greens; "but let us die by your command, and in your service."

"Arians, be still!"

"We renounce a prince who disgraces the majesty of the purple."

"Infidels, hold your tongues!"

"We renounce a prince who refuses justice to his people."

"Monsters, have respect for the Porphyrogenitus!"

"Curses on the day that the father of Justinian was born!"

"Rebels!"

"Homicide!"

"Revolters!"

"Perjured tyrant!"

"Haters of God!"

"Ass!"

"Do you despise your lives?" roared the emperor, getting rapidly black in the face.

The Blues leaped up with fury, and flashed out their swords. The Greens rose and fled, filling the streets with terror.

Far and wide flow fire and blood. The præfect's palace is burned; the prisons are forced open; the Heruli of Justinian attack the very priests and relics that come to stop the fray. The emperor flies with Theodora to his palace-fortress. He has all but

resolved to leave the city with his family and treasures. The soldiers fire the houses. The very women pour missiles from the house-tops. St. Sophia is red with flames. The baths of Zeuxippus are destroyed. Churches and hospitals are razed to the ground. Eighteen illustrious patricians are thrown into the sea. But not till the Blues forsook the Greens and joined the emperor was the fire stanched with the blood of 30,000 people.

It was in this enclosure, too, that, among clouds of smoking dust, the picked horsemen of the Janissaries—in Mahmoud's time, the father of the present Sultan—were wont to play here with the spear, or rather with the *djereed*, or cane, that military weapon so popular among the undegenerated Turks of the last generation. Here, around the pillar of twisted bronze, green with rust, and round the winner's shattered column, and the granite obelisk, brought from distant Nile, wheeled and careered those proud horsemen, their turbans glistening with Asian gems; their mail hauberks pliant as silk round their sinewy limbs; their battle-axes at their saddle-bows; the plumes waving on helmets of steel, inlaid with talismanic sentences from the Koran. Here their fiery Arab stallions snorted and pawed the ground, or lashed out and plunged as the hot air grew dark with crossing javelins. I never walk in the Atmeidan, cheapening scorched nuts or baked chick-peas at the street-stalls, without thinking of these tumultuous

horsemen, and fancying I hear again their yells of "Allah!" or "Taleel!" as this horseman stumbled or that spearman fell.

Once, when I and Mr. Dilly—he and Mr. Dally are the chief English *attachés* at the Turkish embassy — were walking up and down the Hippodrome, so quiet and serious in the sunshine, talking of the great massacre of the Janissaries that took place here early in Mahmoud's reign, when like the Mamelukes these dreaded Prætorian guards, who had no longer the power to dethrone sultans at their will, were lured from their adjacent barracks and mowed down with shattering whirlwinds of grape-shot—it was then, I say, when I was trying to picture them with their conical caps, from which the hideous bear-skin muff of our own grenadiers was borrowed by us in Charles II.'s time—their camp kettles, which served them instead of standards—their cook, with his gigantic spoon, their drums and sabres—all crushed into one bloody heap of slaughter—that Dilly, biting off sharply the bud-like end of his thirteenth cigar, condescended to describe to me the wonderful djereed practice he had once witnessed at Cairo before Mohammed Ali.

It was at Ramazan time that a certain Lebanon sheik, one of the Esjedi's tribe, who number 80,000 horsemen, came one day to the Atmeidan to exhibit his wonderful skill with the cane-javelin before Mohammed Ali, who knew that he had already killed two

men, besides putting out several men's eyes, cracking innumerable skulls, being denounced by the moollahs, and put under a sort of excommunication. The sheik, however, had lately had his right arm broken by his horse, Potifah, falling with him in a mountain-pass above Beyrout, and he was unwilling to use the djereed at all till he had in some degree recovered. Pressed, however, he at last consented, and threw two djereeds; the first fell on the tiles of the palace, at the other end of the Hippodrome; the second cleared the building, and passed over to the other side. This astonished every one, and roused the curiosity of Mohammed Ali to an extreme pitch, so that nothing would satisfy him but instantly matching the sheik with a favourite black eunuch of his, who, it was said, had once driven the djereed clean through a man's body, and whom no one hitherto had beaten.

The sheik reluctantly consented, and proceeded to pick out a djereed from a sheaf of weapons made of plane, olive, lancewood, ash, and fir, blunt, and about four feet long. He selected a well-balanced one, poised it, tried its weight, and held it ready in his left hand, ready to deliver it with full strength, just as the horse was wheeling round, which gives the spear its dreadful impetus. The black burst into the Hippodrome a few minutes after, eager for the contest, for he was a man who could tire out three horses, and had been known to send a djereed clean through a wooden door. His horse moved as if it knew its

master's will, turning at a touch of the black rider's heel, or a bend of his body. The negro's red eyes glared death upon the poor sheik with the bandaged arm, whom he despised as an unworthy adversary. Instantly dashing at each other, the rivals hurled their djereeds full at each other's faces, each catching the weapon of the other twice in succession; but in the second time the sheik, stooping and catching the black's djereed, which he had discovered to be a weapon of exquisite poise and power, threw it back with such truth and violence that it entered under the eunuch's right shoulder-blade, and struck him dead to the ground, much to the horror of the Mamelukes, but not the least disconcerting the sheik of Lebanon, who before beginning the contest had obtained absolution from all consequences from the eunuch's royal master, Mohammed Ali.

I thanked Mr. Dilly for his amusing and apropos story as we strolled home to the hotel down the loose knubbly steep streets, having first, to bear up against the heat, purchased some peaches, which, split open to show the dark wrinkled stone, are the chief street fruit of Stamboul. I think with this, some sherbet, and a slice of water-melon, aided by three Hebrew guides, who fought and tore each other to pieces for the honour of conducting us, we got back to Pera with no very great loss, but hot, tired, sore-footed, cheated, and anathematizing the Turkish nation generally.

CHAPTER VIII.

SAINT SOPHIA.

I WAS starting to see the temple of the world—the sanctuary of the "Divine Wisdom," that Justinian erected just as the Lower Empire had attained its culminating point, and long before the Crescent that now shines on the highest dome was thought of, except when its type shone full of hope and promise in the pearly golden semicircle of the young moon, that rose above the great Hippodrome and all the palaces and statues of the city of the Constantines. The Persian, and not the Russian, was then the bugbear of the East. The emperor, the purple-wearer, when he ascended St. Sophia, at once his monument and throne, looked down on seas garrisoned by his royal galleys; he looked towards Asian shores, and they were his, to European shores, and they were his likewise. The Blues and the Greens might ferment—the Arians and Trinitarians might riot—but the imperial sceptre still stretched from east to west, from north to south. Wherever his eye rested, there were kneeling chiefs and kings. He spoke, and rebellious heads fell at his purple, golden-eagled feet. He gave

the word, and his armies passed forth to ruin and devastate. The eagle banner of old Rome still waved on the palace of the Blachernæ. The Labarum of Constantine still flapped and tossed above the vast city of the Porphyrogenitus.

Saturated with the Gibbon of my youth, I disdained the calmer wisdom of my clever and very amiable friend, Mr. Burgess, the architect of the new memorial church at Constantinople, a building which will be the first open bold manifestation of Christianity that Mahometanism, professing to be tolerant, has permitted in its capital, and is therefore doubly interesting: first, from its own beauty; secondly, from its marking an epoch in the history of toleration, the best and only result of that war of ours, in which, for almost the first time, Christians fought to protect the lying creed of the false prophet of Mecca—shades of the great Crusaders, of Dandolo, of Bouillon, hear it not!

I scoffed at that sagacious and ingenious mind, that, looking clear through the mist of antiquarian conflict, warned me not to waste my enthusiasm, as he had been informed by Fossati and the German architect sent out by the King of Prussia, that after a careful and thorough examination of St. Sophia, previous to its last restoration, which they superintended, they had decided that there was great doubt whether the present building was the church erected by Justinian at all, and not really a much later work,

probably raised after the old model, in the twelfth or thirteenth centuries, soon after the Crusaders left the city they had devastated. I must not fall into the absurd position, said Burges, of admiring a supposed original, when it was really only a second-hand copy.

Here Rocket, who had been sewing up his meerschaum in a kid glove, stopped to say, with a kind attention to my interests,—

"Don't you think, old boy, as you seem going in for it, you had better have the whole story, from the knowing one, the stone-piler? Let us order some tankards of ginsling; it is a good thing to jaw upon."

I deprecated Rocket's addiction to slang—but I took his advice, and heard the whole story.

My friend, announcing his intention to be heavy, told me the latest result of the German architectural survey. St. Sophia is built in the shape of a Greek cross, and not after the severer Moslem model of the fifteen other great mosques of Stamboul. Its exterior is covered with plaster, striped with red, to imitate alternate layers of brick and stone, and indicating the construction underneath. From clamp-holes, and other indications, it is thought that the whole structure was in its royal youth covered with luminous flakes of white marble, which have been removed either by the Latin Crusaders, or subsequently by the Mahometans. The great building, succeeding one destroyed by fire during the Hippodrome riot, had borne the brunt of all injuries the

city had received during its twenty-six sieges. A survey of the great dome proved it to be merely of wood, covered with sheets of lead a quarter of an inch thick. Many of these sheets had been removed. Saltzeman had also ascended to the roof during the momentary absence of the Turk who accompanied him, and in spite of a large vulture that flew out, broken off a piece of one of the bricks of the dome, to see if it was really of the pumice-stone character that Paul Silentiarius tells us the roof-bricks were. He found it simple brick, of a large size, two feet by one. In parts the decorative work was finer and more abundant than in St. Mark's, and the execution was delicate, and almost Oriental. The mosaics that Messieurs Fossati and Saltzeman had discovered and copied they had recovered with gilding instead of the whitewash that before defaced them. The pierced marble windows, it was the opinion of these German architects, had once been filled with stained glass. "I must also observe," said my kind and highly-gifted informant, "that the mosaics which adorn the edifice are entirely confined to the vaults, domes, arches, lunettes, and pendentives, and never spread down upon the lower walls, as at Monreale and Palermo. There are few figures, scarcely any groups, and no histories. They are of various dates, none, I believe, so early as Justinian, and some as late as the Paleologoi. It is ingeniously suggested that these mosaics were mutilated during the iconoclastic riots and civil wars."

The wings of my imagination being rather clipped by this severe view of the honest truth, I went to St. Sophia the second time, for a long inspection, with a cooler head and clearer eyes. I confess I was disappointed. I was well accustomed, as a traveller, to the time it required before the grandeur of a great building filled the mind. The shadow of greatness enters the mind slowly, and then builds itself up within the brain, piece by piece. St. Peter's, at first, seems a mere parish church, but at last it appears to us a world.

My first impression of the Parthenon, I remember, was but as a bud from which grew my later thoughts. So, to a degree, it was with me in St. Sophia; but still I never quite got over a certain nausea at the huge, dull, buff-coloured mat that covers the whole floor, destroying all sense of colour, and muddying the whole building.

Another great annoyance to the lover of the beautiful is the alteration of the altar from the due east to the north-east, where the mihrab is that points to Mecca. The necessity from this artistic blundering of the Mecca latitude and longitude is, that the rows of worshippers kneel in slanting, oblique lines, which jar in composition with the uprights of the pillars, and make one absolutely squint to look at them.

A third vexation is still more intolerable than the other two. It is occasioned by four enormous green canvas shields, exactly like the round targets used at

MOSQUE OF SOLIMAN.

archery meetings. They are slung up at the four corners of the great dome, and are blazoned with texts of the Koran in enormous gilt letters, the work of some renowned writing-master, whose name I forget, soon after the Turkish Conquest. These tawdry uniformities of staring green, added to the opaque yellow wash that daubs all the walls, form a *tout ensemble* of colour very forbidding to the eye.

The origin of the dome is still a puzzle to architects. The most ingenious and probable theory is that it was at first intended to imitate the velarium, or awning roof of the Coliseum; the flatter it is, the nearer it approaches its prototype. Now, old authors tell us that the first dome of St. Sophia was flatter even than the present. Nothing can be more sublime than the ideal of a dome; its vault across an abyss or between arches seems spontaneous; its hollow inverted cup hangs as if by a miracle. In the Pantheon the dome is near the eyes, in St. Peter's it rises like a prismatic bubble into the air, with its pictures and its mosaics. But this great dome of St. Sophia seems ashamed of being a dome, and trying to appear no dome at all. It is as flat as the glass of a Geneva watch, and in its absence of decoration Rocket even goes as far as to liken the great dome, with its twenty-four windows, to a great yellow gig umbrella, the very ribs of which the great architects Isidore the Milesian and Anthemius the Fallian have taken the pains to indicate.

The real truth is, that when we disprove the wonders of the pumice-stone and the light Rhodian tiles, about which Silentiarius intentionally, or from the natural instinct of his nature, foully lies, and when we confess that the dome has no grandeur of elevation, and is as shallow to the disappointed eye as the commonest chapel-ceilings, we think we have pretty well shown our reasons for any indifference to the over-praised lion of Stamboul. It is evident that Anthemius, with all his pre-knowledge of steam, gunpowder, and other noble discoveries, was rather timid with his 180 feet high dome, and did not dare make its depth equal more than one-sixth of its diameter, though he had the Pantheon to guide him. Even then he used much wood, and rested his work on four strong arches and eight columns of Egyptian granite.

It is rather, then, from its sublimity of size, and the richness of its pagan materials, that I looked with interest on St. Sophia.

I see before me a great building, not merely remarkable for being 269 feet long, and 243 feet broad —Solomon's temple was only 110 feet long;—but memorable to me as replacing a temple that Constantine raised, and which Justinian rebuilt. I see the work of sixteen long years—of 100 architects, 100 masons, and 10,000 labourers. At least a million of Asiatic and European gold must have been absorbed in rearing this great monument of the

religion of the early Greek empire. God alone knows how far it was the pride and how far it was the religion of Justinian that prompted its building just outside the walls of the old Byzantium of Xenophon.

I could quote from Procopius, Agathias, Silentiarius, Evagrias, Codinus, Ducange, Gyllius, Grelot, Busbequius, and Fossati, most of whom, I may incidentally mention, I know only through the footnotes of that monster of erudition, Mr. Edward Gibbon, to show that all the riches and ancient splendour of East and West went to adorn this dingy sanctuary, now swaddled in matting, and daubed with ochry wash.

Its cedar came from Lebanon; its porphyry columns came from the great Temple of the Sun at Baalbec: they were a widow's dowry bequeathed to the emperor: eight others came from Diana's temple at Ephesus. To prevent fire, wood, except in the dome and one or two doors, was scantily used. All parts of the world sent their marbles to frame the great church of St. Sophia. Thessaly and Molossus sent theirs, and the pavement was Proconnesian. There was the Bosphoric white and black, the green marble of Laconia; the Carystian pale, with iron veins; the Phrygian rosy and purple; the Carian and Lydian white and red: but it is difficult to trace most of these now; the pillars of Ephesus are dulled and dark; the costly Apollonian porphyry of an opaque purple, in enormous blocks, banded

with bronze, is the only real wonder of the existing church.

But there was a time when the dome was all gold and mosaic; when even the balustrades of the choir, the capitals of the pillars, and the ornaments of the doors and women's galleries were of gilt bronze; when the walls shone with mosaics, as if enamelled with jewels; when the sanctuary was piled with forty thousand pounds weight of silver, and when every vase and vestment of the church was heaped with gold and gems; when the altar in the east shone like the noon-day sun; when the clergy and singers in white robes filled all the space of the choir; when the poorer Greeks filled the nave, the penitents the portico, and the women of Constantinople the galleries: when all eyes turned to the great gilt balustrade that ran from north to south, from the Baalbec pillars to the columns of Diana, because on one side rose the throne of the emperor, and on the other the throne of the patriarch. But the baths, and circuses, and theatres, and porticos of that age are gone, and only a large, tawdry, defaced, defiled building now remains. The Shechinah is long since passed from it.

It is difficult now even to believe that it is the scene consecrated by so many legends. Can this be the building whose completion Justinian celebrated with fourteen days' rejoicing, with sacrifices, and with the distribution of showers of gold coins? Can this be the central temple of Christianity that was built up

of the fragments of the broken limbs of the Pagan Dagon, of columns from the Troas and Assyria, from Athens and the Cyclades, from the temples of Isis and Osiris, Cybele, Apollo, Pallas, and Diana? Was it when these walls were building that Justinian came at siesta time, dressed in coarse linen, with a stick in his hand and a turban round his head, to urge on the workmen? Was it to a boy here, guarding the masons' tools, that an angel appeared in the disguise of a eunuch? Was it this building that an archangel specially took in keeping? Can it be those green-winged figures of seraphim (as at St. Mark's) at the four corners of the dome—now painted over and showing dimly through the semi-opaque painting—that the Turks believe to be spirits—that during times of war and distress used to utter oracles, and who, before the birth of Mohamet, announced that the child to be born in Arabia would excell Chosroes and Shedad? Is this really the building where they still show a walled-up staircase, through which a priest, bearing the host, disappeared when Mahomet burst with his sabres into St. Sophia?

The coloured ornamentation of St. Sophia appeared to me very poor. The Byzantine detail, with its thorny leaves—a mere copy of Corinthian work—is very admirable, with its conventional peacocks and chubby doves, its trefoils and quatrefoils. The coloured work is chiefly a dicing of white lines on

blue borders, of gilt and green octagons on red and gold fields, of stripes of green and red, of gold and red twisted cables, of lavender flowers, and white Vandykes with red threads running through them. The round-headed windows of the cupola are bordered with white and blue borderings of an insipid and tame design. About the stone-work of the capital there is power and fine thought, about the colour there is feebleness and indecision. It cannot compete with the deep-toned richness of the mosaics, that are like stained glass made solid and semi-opaque, and adapted to wall surfaces.

But while, as a Christian, lamenting the degradation of so memorable a building, I do not wish to convey any sense of its interior being death-like or deserted, nor have its details been wantonly defaced. Our English cathedrals are ten times as full of sleepy noon-day death, of sinecurists, and of luxurious dotards. A great crowd of active, zealous retainers of Mahometanism ever fills the church and its courts and porticos. There are imaums, and sheikhs, and Friday preachers, and callers to prayer, and readers of the Koran, and singers of hymns, and door-keepers, and turners-out, and miscellaneous servants.

There are, too, still, as of yore, the mystic number of 107 columns supporting the church; there are still the miraculous sights which pilgrims come to see, the sweating column, half kissed away, that cures diseases, the cold window, and the window of

transparent Persian marble. Those four six-winged mosaic seraphim, Gabriel, Michael, Raphael, Israel, could still speak if they would. Still, in gilt letters, ten yards high, we read the memorable names of Abu-beker, Omar, Osman, and Ali. Still in the cupola the words—

"GOD IS THE LIGHT OF THE HEAVENS AND THE EARTH."

When you are in the galleries, too, you see that the arches are diapered with carefully worked and minute mosaic, the tessera very small, and the gold and silver on transparent grounds, much finer and better than that of St. Mark's, the only other place where silver tesseræ are found. The Jew boys offer you specimens of these, for the pieces are always dropping out, and come up to you shaking handfuls of the small bright dice in their brown hands. The floor, of watered marble, is hidden by that accursed matting; but still above the wide bronze and marble gates you see mutilated crosses and defaced mosaics. The roofs of the galleries are now daubed with yellow and blue, however, and the marble has been generally removed in these upper places, and the walls are painted instead.

Of all the furniture of the old church I could see only two great marble vases, which, it is said, will hold a thousand measures of corn each, and were perhaps used as fonts in the Christian times.

I could not ascend the great dome that rises over

the wide cupola guarding the four minarets; but I was told that the crescent there is fifty yards across, and that Sultan Murad spent 50,000 ducats in gilding it. It shines so, that it can be seen a hundred miles off at sea, and from Mount Olympus I saw it glimmer like a golden glow-worm.

But the object which especially touched my heart in St. Sophia's was a colossal figure over the apse at the east end, showing dimly through a blank surface of gilding. I follow the dim outline for a moment with my eyes, and gradually become sensible of the perfect figure. It is Christ, the Son of God, the second person of the Trinity—that Divine wisdom to whom Justinian reared this great temple centuries ago.

It seemed to me a perfect emblem of the half-restored Christianity of the place; and I felt at that moment sure, as if God had spoken to me from heaven, that some day, and not far distant, the cross will replace the crescent upon the dome of St. Sophia; and that figure of the glorified Christ, breaking through the foul Arabian mist, will shine forth in restored glory, to gather brightness more and more unto the perfect day.

As I left the defiled building, I heard the drowsy reader droning out verses of the Koran, from I know not what chapter—whether "The Spider," "The Ant," "The Elephant," or "The Cave."

If I could trust the dragoman, what he read ran,

however, somewhat thus, and was not without solemnity—

"*Praise be to God, Lord of all creatures, the most merciful, the King of the day of judgment—Thee do we worship, and of Thee do we beg assistance. Direct us in the right way, in the way of those to whom Thou hast been gracious, and not of those against whom Thou art enraged, or who are gone astray.*"

Then all the people responded, and their voices were as the sound of many waters—

"In the name of the great God—in the name of the most merciful God!"

CHAPTER IX.

A TURKISH WATERING-PLACE.

I WAS awoke from my first night's sleep in the hotel at Broussa by a tremendous noise that, in the momentary imbecility of drowsiness, I mistook for the sound of a waiter falling down-stairs.

On springing out of bed, and opening my bedroom door, however, I discovered that that painful event had not taken place either naturally or violently. The sound I had heard was simply the report of a pistol; and its originator was my dear eccentric friend Dr. Legoff, who, airily wrapped in a large sunflower-patterned dressing-gown, was reclining in the window-sill of the corridor with a revolver in his hand, over one barrel of which a curl of blue smoke still hovered. The window was open, out of which the cool doctor had first discharged the weapon—for what purpose, I could not possibly imagine.

"Good heavens, my dear doctor," said I, "are you trying to bag a stray patient; have you made a vow to kill so many Turks before breakfast, or

have you been firing on some errant patient who has refused to pay you his bill?"

The doctor scarcely moved a single facial muscle; but turning round, still effecting some mechanical adjustment of his faithful weapon, wished me a courteous and, what was better, a kindly good morning; and, pointing out of window, asked me, as I looked at the spot indicated, if I saw a dog.

I said yes; for there, at a place where cross-roads met, under a vineyard wall and in the foreground of Broussa's weltering sea of mulberry-trees, and planes, and cypresses, that the great Bithynian mountains so nobly and bluely backed up, sat a mangy wild dog grubbing at an old goat's horn that some butcher had lately dropped from his wallet. The shot had not marred him—the noise had not even disturbed him from his slight refection. The doctor shook his head, but, saying nothing about the miss, looked reproachfully at the lock of the revolver. It never seemed to occur to him that, for all he knew, the wandering bullet might by this be plunged safe in the skull of some distant silk-spinner down the receding road, or of some vine-dresser or grape-picker in the thick jungly gardens that bushed in the paths under the hotel.

At this moment, a soft voice from the bedroom door, which was ajar, indicated gently but firmly Mrs. Legoff's wish that the doctor would come and hook-and-eye or buckle something, there being, indeed, no

female attendant in that wild Bithynian hotel, and probably no lady's-maid nearer than two days' journey, which was too far to send on an emergency.

All of which reminds me, that of all the hotels my dusty traveller's feet have ever entered, that hotel, in the city where broken-hearted Bajazet died, was one of the strangest and wildest. I did not complain of the whole house shaking when any one walked across a room, because in Broussa, where earthquakes are chronic, houses are purposely built of cards, that they may shake down quickly and safely. I did not complain of being kept awake at night by the hungry packs of jackals on the skirts of Mount Olympus; I did not complain of the *table d'hôte* being held in a passage; but I did complain that the first week of our residence the landlord should have spent half his time among the pine forest of Mount Olympus looking for bears.

There were no carpets in the hotel—no more there are in Spain; but then there were no mats or cushions, and the only divan was a hard old churlish sofa-bed, that sloped you off directly you got safely on it. The windows were free ventilators; and if the feverous exhalations from the great rank plain, where nothing but wild boars, and vultures, and buffaloes thrive, had had any wish to rise and slay the intrusive Franks, there was nothing in those windows to stop them. But then, said good nature, soothingly, What can you expect? Here is an hotel that is supported

by the visits of a few French and Greek Perotes, who, certain months of the year, come to Broussa to drink the sulphurated waters. The Turks go to their own khans and to the houses of their friends. In the winter the landlord has to amuse himself, on wet days, by melancholy perambulations of the empty house; on dry ones, by wild-boar hunting or snipe-shooting. Besides, put in Common Sense, who is often rather hard upon me, you are getting by degrees an old traveller, and a real traveller never frets about trifles. I still confess the livid face of Fever, with shaved head and bound-up jaw, rather followed me about in Broussa. There was no concealment of the fact that all Europeans who come and settle in that part of Asia Minor have fever as regularly as children have chin-cough, or a second set of teeth. It is a hot and cold, low, aguish fever, swift to come, and loth to leave you—a steady friend, who gives you quite a new idea of the tenacity and durability of fever friendship.

It met me sometimes as a waxy-faced silk-worker on her way to the factory, sometimes as an invalid Frank on his way to his vapour-bath, where he gathered health by day to antidote the fever he contracted afresh at night; sometimes it was a sickly feeble waiter with napkin that looked like a bit of his shroud nipped under his arm. I was reassured at last by the Hungarian landlord's mocking indifference to the Perote scandal of Misseri's, by the

as surance of Dr. Legoff that the healthy season for Broussa had now begun; and that, moreover, although King Fever still ruled over the plain, that the high ground on which our hotel, and indeed all the modern town was built, was healthy and safe, except just after sunrise and sunset, when the thick, hot, steaming mists rose, or when the heavy chilling dews fell. Now, although no coward about epidemics, I attended to this advice, and soon found that with ordinary precautions, such that all but fire-blooded fools will always take in new climates, I could preserve excellent health. The rigid vigour of the north I did not expect to retain under such a sun of melting flame; but then I had only to go half way to heaven, up Olympus, and I could, if I chose, roll in Scythian snow, and bathe in the frozen blue air of an aërial Tartary.

I soon trod under foot this miserable, degrading fear, and, once kicked down the stairs of my mind, that fear never dared to show his face again but once, and that was one morning that, after a pleasant French breakfast on trout and cutlet and thin wine, I and the doctor sallied out for a ramble up the higher slopes of the town. We had threaded the narrow streets and walked round part of the old wall; I had been shown all the ravages of the earthquakes, and especially, in one of the half-destroyed streets, the immense mass of pudding-stone rock that covers the crushed silk factory which it

destroyed, and serves as an immovable and indestructible monument of the two dozen silk girls who lay buried beneath it. No wonder that a region subject to aches and spasms on such a gigantic and terrible scale as this, boasts but a fragile, card-house sort of city, that seems purposely built so as to save the earthquake as much trouble as possible; no wonder that its walls are no thicker than cigar-boxes, and its roofs thin as pie-crust.

The streets in Oriental cities have no names at the corners, and the latticed windows are so much alike, that it is generally difficult to find the way—so we found it at Broussa. We went up one street where a butcher was cutting a goat's throat, and the central gutter ran a thick crimson. Here the doctor quoted Homer's phrase, "the *black* gore;" upon which I retorted by denying that the names of colours are translatable, or that, indeed, anything is translatable. In the second we found an open shop, where a man at an orange fire was blowing glass. We went up a third where a man was selling chick-pease "in the name of Allah!" In the fourth a beggar chased us, shaking a tin cup as he howled out his cursing prayers. In the fifth we had to back to make way for a huge scornful camel, trapped with beads and laden with bales of soft gold-coloured silk. In the sixth—what European could guess what we saw?

O fussy churchwardens!—O English abuse mon-

gers!—O meddler with man's shortcomings!—will ye believe it!—an old, unturbaned Turk making gunpowder in his open shop; making it by working a treddle which lifted a beam ending with a large iron-shod hammer, which fell crushing with periodic thumps into the cup of the forge which contained the black charcoal and the nitre. I do not suppose that all the ingredients were there; but as the doctor, instantly moving off with a shudder, told me the man I saw before me so innocently and quietly at work was in the constant habit of blowing up, I thought it better to turn the corner as soon as possible. I think, however, the doctor must have been "rigging" me when he told me that the man we had seen was such a methodical man that he so contrived it as to blow himself up every other Monday as near noon as possible; but I don't know.

It was in the bazaar, into which we plunged blindly in order to get some water from a charitable fountain and some melon-puffs, that I first met with one of those *lusus naturæ* of pastry for which Eastern pastrycooks are famous—

An ICE *tart.*

Yes—I am always serious, severe reader—a lump of ice imprisoned in a well-baked, intact tartlet, that had evidently undergone the slow ordeal of fire. I no more could guess how the ice ever got into the tart than wise and good King George could how the

apples got into the dumplings. I leave it with other undiscoverable things,—as the date of the Pyramids, the way of cutting the Chinese ball-puzzle, the principles of Gothic colour, the use of comets, &c. &c. &c.

It was by rising gradually through the steep streets of irregular, picturesque, houses that we at last came to the suburbs, and passing some walls, probably of defence, that the frequent earthquakes had thrown down, reached a sloping path leading along the edge of sandstone cliffs, below which, gloomed a ravine, jungly with rank, almost tropical, vegetation, beneath which I could hear the roar of the torrent which fed the silk-mills of the town. There was a hot fever mist rising in the burning sunlight of ten o'clock in the morning, attended by a hot breath of rotting vegetation, that made my blood for an instant chill and curdle; but an invitation to go with the doctor to visit the sulphur baths, for the purpose of analyzing the water, roused me in a moment and dispelled the growing panic.

Gadsting having now left us, and gone on with his brogue and bad liver towards Ephesus, I was free to accompany Dr. Legoff wherever I listed, whether to Bajazet's grave, to the precious mosque that contains an old slipper of the Prophet's, to the silk manufactories, or to the baths.

The landlord would have accompanied us, but he had been recently wounded in a conflict with a bear,

and dared not stir out in the heat of the day; so we went out alone after a browse of salad, and some soup that looked like pond-water boiled up with cresses, the doctor's servant being told to follow us with three glass calabashes packed in dust, to contain the water for analysis. As for good Mrs. Legoff, she remained to write letters and unpack. Leaving the town at our backs, and mounting our horses Stagger and Stringhalt, we pushed up a high narrow bridle-path along the side of a cliffy slope, and cantered on for the baths. We passed ruinous mosques glimmering with blue glazed tiles, huge prickly chesnut-trees and venerable planes innumerable; trees with the dappled spotted bark, and trees with the close-grained texture of an elephant's hide.

We pushed through thickets of hazel-trees. Behind us, venerable Olympus, with the gray hair which is his snow crown, reared his nine thousand feet. Before us spread the vast plain of Asia Minor, with ancient Nice, small as a toy town, in the distance; and, walling in with jealous care towards the invading Sea of Marmora, spread the mountains, so rugged near, so beautiful at a distance.

It was just as we emerged from the ride among the hazels into the open, that a crackling fire of musketry, breaking out all over the place, made our horses curvet and the doctor look rather anxious about the glass measures and analytical apparatus with which he was always laden. We had come

at a turn of the road upon a procession returning from that initiatory rite, which (analogous to our confirmation, though differing somewhat in the ceremonial) must be undergone before a young Mahometan is rendered worthy of Paradise. The little true believer, swaddled in green and crimson shawls, with a yellow turban about the size of a small toadstool on his head, sat perched upon a tall horse, looking rather pale, but still pleased at the attentions paid to him by his noisy retainers, who, shouting out ejaculations of praise and prayer, kept banging away every minute with their muskets in a most reckless and dangerous manner. There might be some twenty men and boys who were thus violently wasting gunpowder, wasting it, too, with a bragging sense of enjoyment that could be only equalled by boys letting off fireworks on the Fifth of November, in defiance of the Pope, Mr. Bryan King, and the Jesuits generally.

Bang—bang—bang—bang they went; and then tossed their long-barrelled, small-stocked guns over their shoulders, with the bearing of men accustomed to carry arms, and ready to use them. But we did not see much of it, for the doctor, suggesting that the chance-medley death of a true Christian might, perhaps, be considered a compliment to the false Prophet, we here somewhat accelerated our pace—no—not the least frightened, but on the principle that makes even a brave man quicken his pace

in a long, dark lane of a ghostly November evening.

When we got to the door of the first set of baths, our faces were warm crimson, and beaded with drops of perspiration.

"*If you go to the bath you must sweat,*" said the doctor, laughing, and quoting an admirable Turkish proverb, analogous to our own—"As you brew, so you must bake;" and the truth of which no one can appreciate who has not breathed the hot steam of a Turkish *hummum.*

As soon as we got in sight of the small domes of the baths, that ran in egg-like rows, the doctor, who knew the place well, and had his special theories about chalybeates and medicinal waters in general, did not go straight in, but, pushing down the garden, went at once to a side wall, dragged up tooth and nail three small paving-stones that were reasonably loose, and instantly, from the opened water channel, puffed up a hot and sulphurous-smelling smoke.

"Slightly sulphurated — yes," said the doctor, sniffing it contemptuously; "good for cutaneous diseases, perhaps; very slightly medicinal, I think, though the Turkish doctors swear it cures everything, from epilepsy to bradipepsy. 'It requires time for the cure,' says some fool's book. Yes. 'In time,' says the Turk, 'sour wine becomes honey, and the mulberry-leaf turns to silk.' Time, indeed—give me blue pill—curse!" As he said this, the doctor

arose from his whitened knee, holding in his slightly scalded hand—the burning of which by the almost boiling water had caused him to terminate his sentence so singularly—some orange-coloured sulphates of lime, which exactly resembled, in hue and shape, those dry, hard-edged, leathery fungi that grow on old apple-trees.

We now went into the baths, where the keeper received us with the Turkish salutation—

"*Buyuriniz oturiniz Effendim.*"

The first room was strewn with bath clogs and towels hung to dry; and contained the divans, on which the invalid-looking bathers took their siestas after the bath, tucked up like old bedridden people, and with towels wrapped round their heads like turbans. Some were asleep, others looked at us with a drowsy, half-roused interest—that sort of languid inquiry with which the patients of a hospital ward greet a new sufferer—selfish with pain, selfish, too, with a voluptuous, lotus-eating indolence. The other side contained the private room for richer people, and the latticed-in beds and the chests where you deposited your watch and valuables while you took your bath.

A fainter light, and a chillier, moister atmosphere, as we pass through a low vaulted door, and enter a large marble-paved room with a cold stone cup of a fountain in the centre, over which the water tripped

and gambolled in a way delicious to men lately broiled and grilled by a hard ride in a torrid eastern sun. The lily whiteness of the floor, the cool fresh air, and the dim soft light transmitted only through thick, cloudy, glass bull's-eyes high up in the domes, made me envy the naked forked creatures with shaven heads, that flopped about and splashed themselves at the fountain, or disappeared in the reeking hot vapour of the second doorway.

This was a sort of mermaid country; but on passing the next smoking doorway we found ourselves in the tropics at once—in a Sahara as to heat and a hollow steam-engine as to vapour. A dense rolling smoke of hot water filled the room, and through this you heard the laughter and splashing of the invalids who sat on the hot stone seats in the smaller cells that opened from the room where we stood. My skin was in a thick thawing dew in a moment, the first sensation was an intolerable one of being unable to breathe, so that to step to the cold doorway and draw in the pure cool air was in itself a luxury; yet with habit a Turk learns to endure this thick atmosphere for half an hour, in spite of its rankness and its attendant suffocation.

But here, at least, I could escape when I liked, and at all events I was not to be kneaded, and pinched, and potted, and scraped, as in the Stamboul baths. Here, at least, I was only a visitor. Allah be thanked!

From the baths we rode on, past some walls overhung with fruit-laden pomegranate trees, to the little settlement where the resident doctor and his patients lodge. We found them in a raw row of two-storied ugly European houses, situated in a sort of barrack or stable yard, with a wall at the end, under which, at a great depth, lay the vast jungle of a plain, dominated over by Olympus—"the Tower of the World," as the Turks finely call it. The poor farm-yard looked uncared for, and contained nothing more ornamental than some pet turkeys with strangulated livid throats, a peacock with half the splendours of his tail pulled out, and some rusty iron rods from which the lively invalids periodically let off squibs and rockets "*pour encourager les autres.*"

There were some fat, listless, vulgar people staring out of these sort of almshouses—just as you see in a London mews children staring over the door-hatch of a stable loft—but they were evidently dreadfully weary of the life, the water-drinking, the tame turkeys, and the squibs. They were unanimous in yawning, and evidently longed for the joys of Pera—the noisy cafés, the dirt, the miserable theatre, and the fashionable promenade—over the churchyard. As for the rest of the company whom we found stuffed up in a sort of loft over another building in a more confined part of the place, they were certainly performing noisy Greek dances to the sound of some horrible stringed instrument; but

their mirth was only a vociferous form of melancholy. O Harrogate, of the evil egg odour! O Bath, of the faded memories! O Cheltenham, of the dreariest fashion! ye are all three-volume-novel heavens, compared to this most intolerable Broussa, made more unbearable by Perote indolence.

Racing back from the baths, we rode into the town another way, having made an appointment to go over a Greek merchant's silk factory at an appointed hour.

Except meeting a Turk with a bag of prickly chesnuts, a man with a dead wild boar on his back, and a boy walking, with a huge white cucumber-shaped gourd for a walking-stick, I think we saw nothing worthy notice; though, by-the-by, a shower of rain, I had forgot, drove us into a hut, where a cross-legged Turk sitting at the door received us with a kind courtesy, worthy of a king—a king in fairy books I mean; for real kings, I fear, too often get selfish and spoiled, and even at the best are but very average specimens of humanity.

We found the factory—a huge yellow packing-case of a building, with a huge water-wheel (now unused) towering up behind it—much like the Manchester money-boxes, as repulsively plain, and hard, and stern, and grinding.

Complicated mechanical arrangements, I am ashamed to say, always make me feel like a banker's clerk who has got an odd halfpenny wrong

in his accounts after three hours' ups and downs of the ledger's figures. All I know is, that I saw a neat room lined with rows of spinning-frames ranged on either side, and sacks of cocoons piled up in store-rooms at either end.

The women were at dinner when we entered, and the steam-engine was stopped; so, to pass the time, we went into the overseer's little greenhouse of a room, where more open sacks of cocoons were piled, and there we rolled cigarettes, and drank small china thimbles of intensely black coffee, and squeezed grapes, and laughed over the jokes of Messour Cogie, the Eastern Joe Miller, while all round us rose the sickly, fetid smell of the dead mummy of the silk-worm.

We went out, too, into the silk-market, where huge bags, like wicker-work puncheons, of cocoons lay about, and where a bottle-shaped gourd hung its wonderful fruit over the wire-work of the central fountain.

What is the cocoon like? Like a white bird's egg, the thickness of a thimble, and of a rough pitted whiteness. Shake it and you hear the brown chrysalis rattle like a date-nut inside. Sometimes the chrysalis within putrefies, always it announces its departure by an unsavoury and ill-conditioned smell. It is these exuviæ, or tombs, of the fashionable worm, that the silk-spinner soaks in small vats of hot water till they sodden and unwind. Then, fuzzing them

about in the water with a whisk-brush, the *filateure* disentangles the starting thread, and this obtained, unwinds by degrees the whole skein of the noble worm's rich shroud, with which silk the subtle-handed Broussa people weave beautiful dresses of all prices, from such as a queen wears, to the silver-paper shirt of the Stamboul boatman. Some gong or bell or hand-clapping, I forget now which, announced the return of the *filateures*, who, flocking in, in a tawdry stream, resumed their places at their spinning frames.

Some of them had left coloured bundles of children asleep, like young beatified mummies, in the house-keeper's rooms, others had slices of melon still in their hands. With regimental mechanism they fell into their places and resumed their work with a languid earnestness. It was wonderful to my uninitiated eyes how rapidly the whisks of the *filateures* syllabubed the cocoons into a fuzz of unarranged silk. How from this, guiding it through a sort of ivory button pierced with holes, they wound out the fine soft golden thread with wonderful rapidity. The women, I noticed, were plain, but their large fleshy features, of a waxy paleness, were somewhat redeemed by large lamping oriental eyes of a rich darkness.

We got home that day late, and only just in time for dinner. We found some rough-looking Greeks from Pera, who looked like country bagsmen, or captains of small Levant coasting vessels, who looked

very fierce, went through the ceremonial of dinner with an overstrained, painful exactness, but seemed rather shy of us English. There was also a gaunt, sunburnt, pedantic French captain of engineers, who was on a surveying expedition in Asia Minor for the French Government, and looked inured to snow or fire. Lastly, there was a little vulgar and vain, talkative French bourgeois, who showed off his best manners and played the part of the gallant and well-read man of society, though selfish, empty, and consequential as need be. He handed dishes to Mrs. Legoff when she did not want them, with a *spirituel* air. He descanted with exaggerated vivacity on the dangers and miseries of his ride (after long abstinence from riding) over a savage and barbarous country, and with a guide who knew no word of French. He told us the nature of the rheumatism that brought him to Broussa, among, "ma foi, les barbares, les sauvages, et les ours de Mont Olympe." To amuse us and display his own talent, he volunteered after dinner a series of wretched *bouts-rimés*. He recited to us whole pages of Béranger, he regretted that we were not Parisians, and, in fact, he talked till he was tired, he shrugged and gesticulated, till, to our infinite relief, just as the Doctor was getting too angry and bored for good manners, M. Bamboche bowed three times, wished us "good-night," and went smiling and perfectly self-satisfied to bed.

Soon after which I went to bed too, for the whole house began to nod about eight o'clock. We parted with many anxious hopes for the morrow, for Dr. Legoff and myself had arranged to start at eight o'clock in the morning to ascend Mount Olympus, and the stars were few and the wind threatening.

I had just laid my head on my pillow, when I was roused by a prolonged howl, as of a pack of dogs, coming from the direction of the mountain. It was not sharp and rough, but wild, prolonged, and melancholy, as if a dozen or two mad dogs were chained up and struggling to get loose: it was wild and sad. What could it be? Were all the watch-dogs of Broussa in a state of ravenous rebellion? No!

It was a pack of jackals chasing their prey by night on Mount Olympus.

CHAPTER X.

RIDES IN ASIA MINOR.

The Broussa caravan had been only a day or two since stopped by robbers, with which vermin Asia Minor still swarms, and we were told that if we were late in getting into Moudania we should certainly be robbed.

But for all that we determined to stop on our way and have dinner at Doctor Zohrab's; but *soorigi*, our guide and groom, was sickly and apprehensive, yet too anxious for the dinner to refuse compliance with our wish to tarry.

We found Dr. Zohrab's little farm very snug and most trim, with a large wild garden, not far from the spurs of Mount Olympus. There were melons there with chased rinds, and huge gourds, yellow and speckled. There were tall green sugar-canes, which we pulled to eat the sweet pith, which was not yet quite ripe; and we assembled in a sort of *wittenagemote* round a large chesnut-tree, to pelt down the prickly nuts, that looked like little green hedgehogs; and then to split them open for the glossy brown kernel.

But as this garden's produce all goes to Stamboul, it is not unnatural that the fine cabbages the doctor grew especially delighted the Broussa friends who accompanied us.

Just as I was envying the doctor for possessing so lovely a place on the very edge of fairyland, and under the shadow of Mount Olympus, I was cured of any longing, by being told that no one ever escaped a christening fever in that plain, and that the doctor and all his family had each had one or two such probationships.

Our soorigi, a stupid, sullen fellow, with a large flabby nose that marked him a glutton, wearing bandit boots, red and blue, and carrying a short Tartar whip fringed with red, became now violently expostulatory at our delay from immediate dinner. The rogue talked of my safety, but thought only of his own stomach; riding behind us on his blue saddle rug, he told us he could not be answerable for our safety, at which we laughed, for he would have run at the very shadow of a robber.

Tormented by his clamour, we all turned—that is, I, Dr. and Mrs. Legoff, a French medical man from the baths, and Miss Zohrab, the Armenian doctor's sister, a rosy Amazon, brimming with fun and spirit—a dashing horsewoman, as full of good nature as she was of courage. On a fiery Turkish mare she skimmed everywhere like a bird as we raced along the lanes or broke into the broad

plains, fording every minute small streams, that now and then were of a considerable depth. She talked only French, and I pitied her, isolated there among Turks and a parcel of mongrel Perote invalids. The life and soul of our picnic she was, and I christened her Camaralzaman by general consent.

We first went over the doctor's house, the doctor being absent, and found it one of those snug retreats of luxurious bachelor lords that advanced civilization alone can produce. There was all that orderly confusion that makes a place snug, and prevents it being either slovenly or prim and cold. There were all his axes and saws arranged on hooks ready for woodman's work; guns, and shot-belts, and caps, and bullets in one closet, seeds and roots in another; a small granary and neat stable, both perfect in their way; and everywhere a pleasant aromatic rustic smell of unpainted wood-work, which always refreshes the heart of unsophisticated man; and here and there a print, a black silk fan, or some graceful trifle, showed the presiding sister who lent a grace and charm to everything.

The dinner was arranged for us on the grass, under a carob-tree, whose light-green branches played and gambolled above us; our table stood on the turf, and its clean bright damask cloth and napkins shone out snowily amid the verdure. Our dishes were truly Eastern, and most preposterous; there was boiled goose, to wit, tasting exactly like

brown paper, the goose being of venerable age, and probably alive three hours ago, unconscious of his impending doom. Then there was *pilaff*, the great dish mentioned in Eastern books—a snowy mountain of rice, coloured a faint orange with tomatoes. Then there was *yaourt*, a truly Tartar dish, resembling curds and whey; and kaimak, a clotted cream in square flakes, eaten with sugar, as in Devonshire, and sprinkled with what at first appeared to be dead flies, but really were parsley seeds strewn over it, obedient to a Turkish superstition, to avert the evil eye. These two dishes are intensely national, and are probably made in the same way as when the Turkish hordes first left the shores of the Black Sea to desolate Asia and threaten Europe;—the same as when Tamerlane, grand in his crown, eat them; or as when they were partaken of by Bajazet, sad in his Broussa solitude. And when we had saturated ourselves with cream, sour and sweet, what should come smoking in but a great joint of mutton, roasted to perfection; but alas! it came too late, and wearied nature abhors a surfeit as much as she does a vacuum.

It was just as the doctor shed tears of regret over the misused goose, that an immense black beetle, with antennæ and horns, some four inches long, fell headlong from the carob-tree into my kaimak, in which he lay like a drowning negro. Whether he dropped in by accident, or the temptation of the

kaimak was too much for him, I do not know. Certain it is that he must have been the godpapa of all black beetles, and emperor of the united cockroaches; for his size was astounding, and his antennæ were studded with little knots like black beads.

A sound of blows and an angry jangle of voices disturbing us, we found that it arose from a quarrel in the kitchen, because my large-nosed, gluttonous soorigi would have all the mutton to himself, upon which "ensued these tears."

But the day was destined to be unfortunate for our soorigi, everything seemed to offend him—everything, as it were, stirred up the nap of his temper and went against the hair of his temperament. When he had devoured his mutton, he urged us to horse under threat of robbers, storms, tempests, and camping out among the green tents of the Turcoman.

Now Dr. Legoff had inspired me with a wholesome dread of the robbers of Asia Minor. Only a few days since the caravan of silks from Broussa to Moudania had been stopped and rifled; and Achmet, our soorigi, with the large lips, stupid thick black eyebrows, and enormous helpless nose, had assured me that it was unsafe to get into Gimlek after nightfall; I knew, too, that, as every man we met carried matchlock and dagger, and as we had no arms, that it did not take much temptation to make a peasant turn robber. One shot, a drag of the

bleeding body, and a splash and jolt over the red rocks by the road side, and the thing was done. Besides, had not that pale, thin merchant at Broussa, from whom I bought my spongy tufted bath towels, explained to me in dumb show, as he folded, and unfolded, and spread out his bathing gowns and other luxuries, that he was still ailing from a musket-ball in the shoulder, deposited there by a robber who had a month ago stopped his loaded camels near Nice.

And had I not, too, that stalwart figure of the great Smyrniote robber, Katerjee, still before me, as I saw him, a bound Sampson, chained to the stall of the cursed Bagnio, the envied monarch of the prison, surrounded by a squalid band of vile parasites and courtiers, who applauded the exploits he narrated, sued for his favour, and plotted with him nightly how best to fire the prison, and murder the gaolers with those heavy ship-building adzes that lay everywhere about the timber stacks of the arsenal. I did not want to spend six weeks among the mossy buttresses of Olympus, or to be experimented on with boiling oil. So I mounted quick, and Achmet still quicker threw himself on the bad eminence of his blue-rugged saddle, truculently clacking his red-tufted Tartar whip, and moving on at a gentle trot, which is the pace that men who are going to keep moving all day most affect.

But though our guard of honour, the doctor, was timid about his glass calabashes, and Mrs. Legoff

was not very sure in her seat, Miss Zohrab was a wild and daring horsewoman, and liked nothing better than scouring the plains, like a Tartar queen, fording the numerous streams that threaded their way across the cane patches, reeds fourteen feet high, and tobacco pieces, that alternated with vast tracts of sandy barrenness and perfect desolation.

It at once agonized and enraged Achmet to see us all, at the mischievous prompting of Miss Zohrab, ever and anon dash off and spread like so many Bedouin horsemen, now brushing past a flock of goats, now frightening some tawny buffaloes from their congenial mud-baths, or sweeping off towards some waggons drawn by great trains of buffaloes, whose creaking wheels could be heard half a mile off; now flushing up snipes, now shouting to frighten the eagles that wheeled above our heads, and then struck off for the mountains.

Achmet all the time—occasionally stopping to raise his hands and appeal to Allah, once or twice threatening to return to Broussa—kept a mile or so behind at his own imperturbable pace, while I, intoxicated with good spirits, forgot all my alarms, and wheeled, and forded, and galloped madly with the rest.

But at last the time for parting came. We got nearer and nearer to the mountains, that grew less azured every mile we approached. Miss Zohrab, red and happy, turned her mare's head homeward

to the farm. Mrs. Legoff persuaded her horse to the same evolution. The doctor parted from me affectionately, and even the landlord, who was always on horseback, and had accompanied us even thus far, pronounced his "*Leben sie wohl.*"

They all rode off, telegraphing with kindly hands till out of sight; and now Achmet had me at his mercy, and set me at a regulation speed that I sometimes exceeded. We soon broke from the plain and the byroads into narrow bridle-paths between low hills, covered with low vines laden with fruit, the leaves of which were sallowing with autumn. We threaded along narrow bridle-paths between low dells, clothed with prickly dwarf oaks, that looked like holly-trees; and here Achmet suddenly came to life, for his hot eyes glistened as he saw the grapes—a dull, sticky, amber-golden opaque with cloying ripeness; and I can scarcely describe how quick he threw himself from his blue rug, and creeping plunged among the stubby vine-bushes for fear of being seen by the vine-dressers, who are apt to fire at intruders without much parley. He reappeared in a moment, like the spy from Eschol, with a hat full of sticky gold berries, which we hung at our saddle-bows, and ate at our ease.

Presently, before this repast was well over, we had come to a great plane-tree, under whose shadow was a hut, the walls tapestried with green tobacco leaves hung to dry; and this was a coffee-shop.

Sitting down on stone seats under the tree, we drank coffee, and rested from the great heat; and with us rested some half-stripped, rough-riding Frenchmen, leading horses from Broussa, singing and frolicking after our fashion.

Then quick we mounted again all of us, and formed a sort of caravan, for the darkness set in and we were still far from Gimlek and the steamer for Stamboul; and, for all we knew, there might be gates to Gimlek, and we should be locked out after sunset. And we all knew well, that if our heads rolled off or not, the Pasha of Broussa—the second pasha in the Turkish empire after Bagdad, and with 100,000*l.* a year, besides presents—would not lose a single piastre if we lost our lives or did not lose them.

I remember that poplars and cypresses, in alternate dark and light columns, at last indicated our approach to the town; that we wound round and round by precipitous paths, guided by the distant lights; and at last, just as the twilight died out, entered Gimlek.

A man at a sort of frontier shed came and talked Turkish over us, and counted our luggage. We supposed that this was the custom-house; at last we found ourselves down by starlight on the quay, wrangling about the boat to take us out to the steamer, that lay a dark lump in the offing. There could not have been a set of more villanous faces than those that gathered round the lantern, which

a dreadful old Turk held, as he propounded imaginary sums which we were to pay before the boat would start.

Another five minutes, and our oars were beating the night sea into flame as we pulled towards the ship. Boats laden with quinces were unloading round it. I fell asleep that night listening to the captain thrashing the steward.

When I awoke the domes and minarets of Constantinople, beautiful in the resurrection of morning sunshine, were gleaming into sight. First the Seven Towers, then the coast walls, lastly, the glory and beauty of St. Sophia, the grandmother of all churches.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SULTAN'S FIRMAN.

I HAD heard a great deal, when on the Danube, about the impossibility of seeing anything in Constantinople without the Sultan's firman, or passport. Travellers returning westward, as I bore on eastward, informed me that such a permission was very expensive, and took a long time to get. I should have to wait till a party from Misseri's would go, and it might possibly happen that I should, after all, leave Stamboul without obtaining such a royal order.

I found the whole thing a rascally trick to obtain fees, a mere means of insulting Franks and increasing their restrictions. My firman cost me exactly seven shillings, and I think there were ten persons in our party; but Lord Carlisle, I believe, paid as much as seven pounds; and the mere cost of the firman is generally much increased by the exorbitant fees paid to the door-keepers at St. Sophia.

It is indeed only for St. Sophia that the firman is really useful or worth having; for the Sultan's palaces are great gingerbread affairs, the Seraglio

Museum is a third-rate wax-work exhibition, and all the mosques and tombs can be visited by anybody any day, who consents to take off his shoes, and pay a small fee.

At Misseri's the firman is the perpetual subject of intrigue, mystery, and cheating, among the motley polyglotic tribe of couriers, interpreters, guides, and waiters, who hang about that great house of monopoly. They beleaguer the new arrivals with stories of the enormous trouble and expense requisite to obtain firmans, which really are as mere a matter of course as obtaining a Windsor ticket at Colnaghi's, and cannot be refused except in special cases. Sometimes after dinner the head dragoman will send round an absurd paper containing a preposterous list of all the sights the firman admits one to, among which I remember were "*Sultan arm*," "*Sultan library:*" "Sultan arm" being a collection of fowling-pieces or "arms;" the "Sultan library" being a small buffet of objectionable books, of which you are shown, very properly, only the backs. This project is the dragoman's own; he obtains the firman after two days, for about twenty-five shillings; then charges some twelve people who go with it a guinea each; the kawass who accompanies him also getting his fees, and probably a dinner in the bargain. I believe, indeed, that an Englishman obtaining a firman through his own consul can get it for a few shillings; at all events, the present system is a dis-

grace to Misseri, who winks at it; and, not content with plundering you himself, allows others to do so too.

Now imagine the day of the firman—a burning bright August morning. For two days past the dragomans have been waiting about at the great yellow building across the Golden Horn, to get the firman papers duly signed; they have sat for hours smoking in matted passages and ministerial ante-rooms, redeeming the time by speculating on their fees; and now the culminating hour has come.

At the great portal of Misseri's and in the narrow street opposite the crossways of Pera and the small Turkish guard-house, three interpreters wait, holding Murray's guide books, sheaves of umbrellas, and slippers for the ladies to put on in the mosques. At a little distance from them, stupid and grand, is the Turkish kawass from our embassy, in his brown frock coat and embroidered belt—a sad type of small pompousness and utter uselessness; for he does nothing all day but walk at our head, like a policeman as he is bringing prisoners before a magistrate. Like all other guides, his object is to show us as little as possible, as quickly as possible, and to swell his fees as high as he can.

Our party consist of myself, the two Snaffles, the Misses Hooper, Lady Quiveller, Rocket, and Windybank. In broken twos and threes, in a straggling, disorganized, incoherent party, we set out, the kawass

and interpreters at our head, down the steep, loose-stoned street, leading from Misseri's to the place of embarkation at Tophana, where we are to take boat for the garden-gate of the old palace of the Seraglio, the abandoned palace of Mahmoud.

I need not relate, after what confused bargains, turmoil, and over-crowding, we crossed the Golden Horn, and landed at the palace gate. We entered the Seraglio gardens, now mere broad tracts of turf, darkened here and there by cypresses, and girt in by an old rampart, which was raised by Mahmoud the conqueror of Constantinople.

This old palace of the dead sultans has been abandoned by the present voluptuary, in accordance with the Turkish belief that old houses are unlucky. The Turk believes that the sins of the past inhabitant hang about old houses, and are visited on the next comer. Besides, they have also a fatalistic belief that old houses should not be repaired.

The seraglio is a purposeless mass of one-floored houses, with long corridors, back rooms, and terraces, full of tawdry, neglected furniture, and more like ready furnished lodgings at Margate than anything else I can think of, with the same mechanical dull look, the same vulgar grandeur. Except one ridiculous picture-gallery, full of shilling French prints of ships and battles, and fac-similes of the Sultan's sginature, and Napoleon's apotheosis, there is nothing I can remember worthy of record. Here and there,

however, there were fountained terraces; and one room, all windows, that hung over the Bosphorus, and seemed to me very airy and delightful, especially delighted Rocket, who said "it was such a stunning, splendid place to smoke a weed in.

I was fairly wearied of the long succession of faded finery in this obsolete Hampton Court of Turkey. I had been through room after room, and had found some spacious, some lofty and cool, some well-proportioned, but nowhere the colour or beauty of the Alhambra—no mosaic of rich stoned tiles—no stalactite roofs, as of ice-caves—nowhere walls blazoned with the colours of humming-birds' wings—nowhere anything but the dull upholstery heaviness of a bygone George the Fourth pavilion. I felt ashamed of myself for coming to see such mere wealth, unelevated by one thought of beauty or one tradition of antiquity. I thought of the palace of the Persian Chosroes, of the silver-columned throne, and the jewelled carpets, and wondered what had become of Eastern greatness.

But this is not my first dream that has gone to pieces like a bubble, nor will it be the last. Shades of Osmar and Orkhan, do ye still haunt such a vulgar spot as this?

But now something comes more adapted to my antiquarian taste and love of the picturesque; for the kawass, after much waiting under a gigantic plane tree in one of the courts, and much sending about for

doorkeepers, drives us over to what was once the ancient Christian church of St. Irene, now called the *Janissary Museum*, close to the principal gate leading into the Seraglio gardens, not far from some great porphyry sarcophagi—probably of Greek emperors, which the Turks have enclosed for protection, in a stray corner of the palace grounds, where they remain monuments of the purple-wearers.

I had always felt a great interest in those wild prætorians, the Janissaries, whose name is so intimately associated with Turkish conquest. I had read from a boy of their blood-red banner, of their huge white turbans, and of the great copper camp-kettle that was their standard and rallying point. I remembered in my old and oft-read favourite Gibbon, how, when Orkhan, in the fourteenth century, formed his Christian proselytes into a superb infantry, a dervish shook the broad sleeves of his robe over their head and blessed them, calling them the "Yani-cheri," *new soldiers*, or Janissaries.

I had read how many sultans they had deposed, and of how, at last, the intrepid but cruel Mahmoud sternly drove 30,000 of them into open insurrection, and on a subsequent June night fell on them in the Hippodrome, with scouring torrents of grape-shot, and slew 20,000 of them; decimating the rest, and driving them into subjection and obscurity. I had been shown their barracks out beyond the walls, and had been offered swords and helmets that once belonged

to them, in the Arms' Bazaar. I had been shown, in the Seraglio, the room with the grated gate and the jewelled four-post bed, where the later sultanas held their levées, for fear of the Janissaries, who thronged the outer courts. I knew how terrible the Janissary swords had been in Hungary and in the Crimea; I knew how terrible they had been at Rhodes and Belgrade; how fatal, but for a Sobieski, Eugène, and Hunniades, to Europe and Christianity.

Here in this museum the 30,000 soup-eaters are, indeed, shrunk to small limits. How are the mighty fallen of whom the Eastern poet wrote:—"The diamond scimitars were changed into hyacinth blades by reason of the blood, and the spears of glittering steel into rubies; the battle-field was converted into a bed of striped tulips by reason of the rolling turbans and the torn banners:"—all shrunk to a few wax-figures, some rent flags, and a paltry dozen of dusty helmets and coats of mail.

The first dim room of the museum contains a collection of ghastly wax-figures, probably nearly forty years old; originally, I believe, made by order of Sultan Mahmoud, father of Abdul Medjid, as records of the extinct turbulent soldiery, and, indeed, as types of the various trades of Constantinople.

There are the boatmen and porters of nearly half a century ago, large as life; and in a case behind a curtain, some richly-dressed and effeminate-looking pages of the court, their faces rouged and whitened,

so that they look like sickly young Circassian beauties. They are supposed to be likenesses.

Remembering that these poor boys, to whom nature had given the fatal heir-loom of beauty, had been Christians and slaves, perhaps it was my imagination that made me think the modeller had, perhaps not untruly, thrown a cloud of sadness over their fair brows.

The stiff-set fierceness of the sturdy warriors bearing the camp-kettle, was as amusing in its Tussaud conventionality of art as the uneasiness of feet which distinguish the cook-soldier who carries the enormous spoon some six feet long, and the other emblems of the Janissary regiments. The white and black eunuchs, too, are eminently characteristic both in dress and face, and are especially interesting when we remember that we soon got tired of the hard wooden faces and the deliberate attributes of our dead Janissary friends. The regimental cooks that had been carrying the regimental cauldron for thirty years, even the standard-bearer with his tremendous spoon, soon ceased to interest us. The painted pages in their blue silk tunics, Turkish trousers, and Circassian hair, cut straight across the brow, soon seemed to us, in the fever of sight-seeing, as stale and unprofitable things of five minutes old.

Even the inner room, with the chiefs of the eunuchs, with their little wizen Voltairean faces and cold, priestly, ascetic stare, we had quite enough

of; but of the mountainous turbans we never grew wearied. There they were, like rolls of white boa-constrictors twining round the heads of the wax figures, representing, I believe, faithfully the costume of thirty years ago. The turbans are large as pillows, and give an extraordinary top-heavy look to the wearer, which reaches the very sublime of the ridiculous. Yet Mahmoud wore such when he slew the twenty thousand Janissaries, and when all the East trembled at his nod. Great and good men have worn them as well as fools. At all events, these figures remain as permanent records of a fashionable folly; and to me, at least, it was a comfort to find that the Turks had known fashions as ridiculous as our own hoops and toupees.

From this curious room, to enter which is like spending an afternoon with a ghost family of thirty years ago, we passed into the actual church of St. Irene, now an arsenal, the walls starred with sabres and muskets, according to the conventions of such places. There are firework figures in catherine-wheels, rushing out into all sorts of crystal angles, constructed of war-axes, and spears, and pistols. Some may have been as far as the Danube; others have spoken angrily, with gushes of red flame, to the Viennese looking from their ramparts. But we soon forget them in the more antiquarian delight of a wall tapestried with shirts of ring mail, that Christian swords have tested maybe a thousand times. Here,

like old veterans, no more to do their wicked work, no more to drink blood, thirsting no more to split skulls and let out brains, hew flesh, and lop limbs, are stacks of halberds, sheaves of swords, and cartfuls of butchering muskets;—no more to do Mahomet proselytizing—but laid here to rust and rot ignominiously, instead of being shattered, or burnt, or chopped in pieces, or broken to atoms, as noble weapons delight to be. To me they seemed the welcome symptoms of an effete and crumbling power.

Indeed, to a thoughtful eye, every object in this armoury was typical; even the magnificent sabre-blades of the rarest temper that were brought us from velvet cradles to see. But nowhere did we observe the ancient scymitar, though we were shown weapons as old as Mahmoud the conqueror. The swords were all of the thin, cushion-slicing, Saladin kind, and were more fit to reap-hook human heads than to sever iron bars or slice sheep in two. They were of thin, bending steel, with circular inside edge, to be used with sleight of hand and a drawing motion, with a sharp heavy drag, and not with mere brute dragoon force.

Up, too, in the same sort of organ-loft, were swords which I longed to try experiments with, to have a slice at that indolent kawass's head, to run out and shear off a halberd stem, to try if I could let daylight into those netted hauberks, to aim a slash

at those thin steel cups of helmets that have been brimful of Turkish gore, I dare say, many a time and oft. But from these vain longings I was soon drawn away by the kawass with his usual insolent spontaneity, exhibiting to us a case which contained the keys of many Asiatic and European cities, which had once been in the possession of the Turk. They were keys of steel and gold, of enormous Bluebeard size, and richly traced in intricate and beautiful patterns. I thought of Bluebeard and his mysterious chambers as I looked at them, and thought how long since the keys had opened those gates they were specially made to open. They no longer hang bright with using at the Sultan's girdle; they no longer lie on the Council Divan, emblems of power and rule, swaying with little rods of steel the lives and fortunes of tens of thousands; but they are now mere little fragments of useless metal, with legends attached to them, that only the Frank cares to remember. The Turk held them firm as he thought, but God gave the word, and lo! the city passed into other hands, and the useless key alone was left to the Turk. Over the ill-fortune of a nation, or of an individual, how could I rejoice? but as a Christian I gloried in the discomfiture of a false, intolerant religion. And now, having seen the Janissaries' museum, and Rocket having asked futile questions as to whether any of the keys were Chubb's patent, and whether the Janissaries knew anything about breech-

loaders, we adjourned to the tomb of the late Sultan, which lay across jolting streets, somewhere near the mosque of the Valide Khan, or Sultan mother; and as by the way we strolled into a Persian khan, and took coffee with some stately Persian shawl-merchants, who smiled good-naturedly at our Frankish barbarisms, I may as well rest a moment on the wayside bench of an episode to describe the nature of a Turkish khan, and its present and past character.

The khan system represents the simple-hearted philanthropy of bygone Mahometanism. The khan was originally a charitable institution intended for the gratuitous reception of travellers, at a time when Eastern cities furnished even less accommodation to the commercial pilgrim than they do now. With the Mahometan, philanthropy and benevolence were always especial virtues: the hospital for fleas at Benares is but a caricature of the lavish charity that has filled Stamboul with wild dogs, that has provided for the wanderer, however poor, street fountains, and for the traveller the ever open khan.

I believe the modern khan is little better now than a cheap inn, for you pay the khan-keeper for the use of your room and for all that your horse eats. The coffee-keeper, in one corner of the quadrangle, supplies you with coffee at his own price, and your food you either buy yourself in the markets that

surround every mosque, or you send out your servant to forage for you. Abstractedly, I dare say the khan is supposed to be open to any one; but I much fear that, in reality, it is only the reasonably well-off traveller that dare venture to use it. In the same way, abstractedly, the Mahometan religion enjoins kindness to animals, as man's fellow-creatures, and on this account the street dog enjoys such privileges in Constantinople; but actually, one way and another, the said dog gets perpetually beaten about from morning till night, and in no city in the world do you see so many maimed, suffering, and mutilated animals. So, abstractedly, the khan is a charity for the poor; actually, it is merely a cheap hotel for the rich, with provisions and lodging fixed at a low tariff.

I went into several khans, at various hours of the day, and in all parts of several Eastern cities. I can therefore describe them accurately, nor is the description difficult, for their structure is simple. Just as the mosque has its courtyard for a market-place, its fountain court for ablutions, and its garden where the tombs of the founders are, so the khan is always a single or double quadrangle, with rooms running all round, and opening into a covered corridor, below which are the stables and store-rooms. Sometimes in the centre of the yard there is a fountain with a trained vine straggling greenly all over it, and there is always a coffee-shop in one corner. There is a gate where the keeper lives,

which gate is heavily chained and plated with iron, in case of insurrections or attacks of thieves.

Those I entered to deal for Persian shawls, or under pretence of cheapening poniards, or looking for Damascus sword-blades, never seemed very full.

When I walked down the long cloistered galleries and looked into the little monkish cells, I generally found half of them blocked with lumber, old furniture, and eárthen vessels, or large tanned skin bags of Syrian tobacco, as I could see, for here and there a brown scorched fragment leaf looked out from where a sample-culling hand had been thrust through a rent in the hide.

I once slept in a khan near Thebes (for the Greeks retain the khans, as they do many other Turkish usages), and I remember that the hospitality consisted merely in a small bare room, with only cracked shutters for windows, though the place was famous for fever, and we were near some fever-producing standing water. My faithful Demetri slept across the threshold, and he lit my fire and warmed my soup, and got me orgeat and tea when I fell ill, as of course I did. I had no other attendance, and no one but my good Demetri came near me. My bed I brought, and on that I sat; table, chair, mat, there was none. In the East the traveller finds nothing in khan, or inn, or lodging, but what he brings with him. But then you can always hire furniture

from the khan keeper, and he will also cook and "do" for you.

Then there is, for an independent, self-reliant man, a delightful sense of freedom and security in a khan: you are not watched and preyed on, as at an English hotel, and the life, though rude and simple, is wild and picturesque; so much, indeed, did it seize my fancy, that I solemnly agreed with Rocket that the next time we visited Constantinople, we would spurn Misseri's, and, shaking off the dust from our Wellingtons upon the threshold of that exorbitant and tyrannical courier of the small conscience and large charges, settle ourselves with trunks and one Turkish servant in the Valide khan, the largest, I believe, of the khans of Constantinople.

There we should not hear the professional story-teller, because, for the last ten years, they have become nearly extinct; nor see the opium-eaters, who some years ago flocked to the coffee-shops round the Suleiman mosque, for the race is now all but dead; or see the slave-dealers with their negroes and Circassians—beauty and its antipodes—because there is no public slave-market now, and slave-dealing is carried on quietly in private houses. I am afraid I should not even see the dancing-girls, for they are not common in Stamboul, and are, I believe, now almost unknown.

But I should see many of those quiet, grave Eastern hobnobbings, those small circular smoking

parties, where there is so much courtesy and so little conversation; and it is astonishing with how little talking one can be social and pleasant in Turkey, the paradise of taciturn people. I should fling down my trunk in my clean swept bedroom, unpack my fold-up iron bedstead, and order in coffee from the courtyard. I should sit up at night over an Arabic book, when the khan gates were shut, and fancy myself the celebrated Sindbad, or one of the Calender's brothers, as I heard the distant dogs bark in the sleeping city.

But I must leave these projects, with other possibilities, and move on with my rambling train of sight-seers, with whom everything is "sweetly pretty" and "exquisite," to the tomb of the late Sultan. There are many of these tomb chapels about Stamboul; and they are nearly all alike. They are lofty, circular rooms, with high windows;—on the floor rest the huge coffins of the dead Sultan, or Sultan's brother or mother, covered with large Persian shawls of immense value, and in this case with the state turban, the plume agraffed with diamonds, hanging upon a support at one end. The slayer of the Janissaries is shrunk now to a six-feet box, a show-thing for staring Europeans, a money-trap for strutting kawasses and whispering, cheating dragomans.

But how can one moralize with Lady Quiveller venturing guesses at the value of the shawl, and

Windybank doing small arithmetical calculations about the work of the diamonds, which sarcastic Miss Hooper suggests are only paste? O beloved country of England! can anything equal the good taste and consideration of thy travelling children, can anything surpass their sociability and their consideration for the prejudices of others?

And now, as our party is breaking up quite tired, I and Rocket leave them, and taking hack-horses from a group that stand ready near the Bajazet mosque, we start for a ride completely round the walls of Stamboul, from the Seven Towers that look out on the Propontis to the old ruined Greek palace of the Blachernæ that looks down on the Golden Horn, where twelve hundred men-of-war could float without jostling.

To understand this ride, the reader must pardon my being duller than usual for a page or so.

I will spare my readers the narration of how, in 688 B.C., Byzan, a certain son of Neptune—that is to say, a certain Greek piratic sailor—rough, hardy, and venturous, arrived at the east beak of Europe, and there founded a sort of fishing town, which was called from him Byzantium. Safe but from the sea, and there not unskilled to fight, these hardy Greeks checked the kings of Bithynia, the far off Philip of Macedon, whose son was so to scourge the East, and drove back the Gauls when they spread over Asia Minor. Then came Pausanias, a Spartan general,

with his oiled and long-haired spearmen, after the defeat of Xerxes, to fortify Byzantium as a watch-tower against the dangerous Persian. Then Xenophon had a halt here, and, indeed, all through ancient history the town figures now and then with fore-grounds of Roman eagles, pilum-bearers, and flying fleets of gilded galleys, victorious or defeated.

As early as Augustus, it had entered the Roman mind to transfer the seat of empire from Rome to Constantinople; to avert which removal, Horace is supposed to have written one of his finest odes.

Three hundred years after, Diocletian revived the imperial idea, which Constantine, 334 A.D., carried out, drawing his mural lines within sight of Scutari (Chrysopolis), where he had defeated his rival. The Black Sea forests gave him wood; the island of Pro-connesus, out yonder in the blue tide of Marmora, gave him *marmor;* Rome gave him statues for decoration; and in 413, Theodosius II. added an enormous angle to the city, taking in all the region of the Seven Towers.

The better to understand the city, leave Rocket with the horses, and come up the Seraskier or Fire Tower, one of the highest spots in Constantinople, from whence we can see all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. Across a great dusty vacant square, and we reach the buttressed foun-dation and the cave-like doorway of the white tower of the fire watchmen.

Up we go in a cool dimness, up the ramps or inclined planes, for the Turks do not use stairs if they can help it. Up, up — holloa! what is that clinking that clashes downwards as from above? Oh, that is a galley slave, employed here by the soldiers to carry water up the tower for their use, and for the use of the coffee-shop keeper, who lives up aloft. Observe, as he dashes sullenly past, with a stolid, helpless misery and ferocity in his face, the chains bracketing his ankles as if he were a wild beast. Up past narrow loops of blue sky, and we are in a large wooden-panelled gallery, nearly at the top of the tower. Nearly all its space is taken up with a divan that runs round the building; and at one side is the coffee-shop, where some slovenly soldiers are smoking and drinking the Arabian drug. Instantly, without any order given, the dirty coffee man brings us little thimble cups of burning black coffee half grounds, and a tumbler of cold water to correct its biliousness, a courtesy for which I shall have to pay ten times as much as those soldiers pay, or as that wanton-looking Perote lady and that gross, stupid Perote merchant, who are staring vacantly out upon the Golden Horn.

Now we can see all the seven hills of Stamboul, though they are as indistinct in outline as those of Rome, and far less glorious. From here, we can discern clearly how the Bosphorus, after breaking from

the Euxine Sea, and winding through twenty miles of beauty, breaks against the triangular promontory of the farthest east of Europe, and parts, on the one side, into the Propontis; on the other, into the Golden Horn that flows between Galata and Stamboul.

The first hill, observe, comprises the beak of the promontory, with the low flat Seraglio and its cypress gardens, St. Sophia and her domes. The second hill embraces the Hippodrome behind St. Sophia, the mosque of Sultan Achmet, and the Osmanea, and bears on its summit the Bezestein, or Burnt Pillar, of fire-blackened porphyry banded with metal. The third hill comprises the mosque of Sultan Bajazet, and the very Seraskier tower we stand on, and reaches from the Valide Khan towards the harbour. Its special crown is the mosque of Solomon, the finest building in the city. The fourth hill begins with the aqueduct of Valens; includes the ground which rises above the old Janissary quarters; ascends to Sultan Mahomet's mosque; and turns by the south side of the Greek quarter, or Fanar, into the valley west below the old Seraglio. The fifth hill is marked by Sultan Selim's mosque, and takes in the whole Fanar down to the Golden Horn. The sixth hill, which is no hill, includes nearly one-third of the whole thirteen miles perimeter of the city, and reaches from Sultan Mahomet's mosque to the Seven Towers and the Sea of Marmora. The seventh and last hill is near the harbour, Eyub way, and takes

in Meribos, Sultana Djami, and the Blachernæ palace, which the Emperor Heraclius first enclosed with walls.

Now the whole city with its domes, flat-tiled house-roofs, and cypresses, lies before you. Over there, in Galata, is the Admiralty Arsenal, the Cassim Pasha that Windybank teases us so much about; and there, out against the Sea of Marmora, is Daoud Pasha that, Rocket tires us with. The Jews' quarter is there by the harbour, and out by Tophana is the tawdry palace an Armenian built for the Sultan.

I look down on the seventeen regions of the city of Theodosius; but their glory is gone. The forums, and porticos, and basilicas, where are they? Still I am in Europe, and I look over into Asia. I see where Darius led his millions, and where Godfrey marched with his Crusaders. In that harbour Genoese Doria crushed the rival fleets; and there a myriad purple-wearers have passed to conquest. Here Zoe and Irene, Basil and the Comneni, have rejoiced and mourned. There, across the water, climbs the hill of Galata, and the old Genoese town; and yonder, facing the Seraglio, rise Scutari and Chalcedon, where the Church once held its council to denounce Eutyches and Armenianism. All the way up the Bosphorus I see on either side the low red houses and scorched house-roofs stretching; and to the south, gemming the Sea of Marmora, the isles of the Princes—the paradises of Perote merchants; and away

in the horizon rise the Bithynian mountains, and old gray-headed Olympus, looking over all their shoulders, curious to see the Turks depart from Europe.

But this view makes me only long to see more, so I ascend a ladder and mount to the higher stories of the tower; passing through three little chambers, before I reach the very apex of the lantern. In the first I find two enormous canvas globes, painted red, which the Turks use to hang out of window by daytime, to indicate in what direction is the fire the watchman observes. By night they light the wicks in those huge pans of grease that I observe fastened into embrasures north, south, east, and west. They were all flaring and blowing out flags of flame a few nights ago, when the great piled lath houses in the Jewish quarter blazed up, and two or three thousand families were rendered homeless in a few dreadful hours.

I pass these chambers and mount an iron ladder nearly perpendicular, and, putting my head out of the topmost green dome, drag myself out by a large iron ring, till I sit, my head and shoulders above the roof, my legs resting on the ladder below. Below in the great white square the turbaned Turks are no bigger than earwigs, and the arabas look like nutshells. Now sea, and harbour, and mountainous slopes of roofs, are all beneath me, and I rule all. I see the columns of the old Greek emperors—the

baths and the mosques. Everywhere gardens and trees mingle with the houses, and here and there I observe the houses huddled together, and leaving great barren squares and rubbish tracts—bare and desolate as in a ruined city. And what especially attracts my eye among the vineyards and melon-grounds, is a line of stalking aqueducts, gray and broken, and here and there covered or tufted with ivy. They must be the aqueducts of Valens.

Now I descend, and mount horse again, to ride down to the side of the Golden Horn, and count the ancient gates of the Greek city. I will not stop to minutely describe their relative degrees of crumble and decay, but just enumerate their special features, to convey some idea of the wealth and grandeur of the ancient city. The gates at the Seraglio Point, and opposite St. Sophia, are no longer used.——

But here I will take advantage of a much better guide than myself, and call in the aid of a most clever topographic scholar, *i. e.* the Rev. R. Burgess, who gives the following minute and interesting account of them:—

"The city is a triangular figure, about thirteen miles in perimeter, along a shore extending from east to north to a distance of three miles, forming one side of the triangle. There were anciently twelve gates which opened upon the port: most of them still remain in their original sites, and retain their ancient names in the present Turkish designations: the one at

the Seraglio Point, called the Porta Eugenii; another, nearly opposite St. Sophia, called Porta Neoria, or Naval Gate, and now, in Turkish, Tchifout Capoussi—are no longer in use. It was from the Porta Navalis that the chain was suspended which (drawn across to what is now Galata) shut up the entrance into the Golden Horn.

"To proceed with our gates. No. 1. Ghemi Iskelè, or the Fruit Gate, called also Zindan Capoussi: it was anciently called the Gate of Boats, and it is at this time the principal landing-place for the caïques crossing the port from Pera. No. 2. Oun Kapaneu Capoussi, anciently the Porta Farinaria, the gate by which the corn was taken into the city: it is now closed. No. 3. Djubali Capoussi, or the Glazier's Gate: I cannot find an ancient name for this. No. 4. Aia Capoussi, the Holy Gate, so called because the people landed there to go to the church of St. Theodosia; and it is remarkable that the Turks should have annexed the Greek adjective *aia*, holy, to their Turkish substantive of Capoussi. We come now to the Fanar, which is the quarter of the city that has been inhabited by the Greek princes and nobles ever since the fall of the Greek empire. The heroes, descendants of the Cantecuzene and Palæologi, who went forth to fight for freedom in 1820, were principally Fanariotes. The Fanar Gate is still called by the Turks (No. 5) Petri Capoussi, or the Gate of Peter. Indeed, the whole district

was named after the Apostle of the circumcision. The Regio Petri is celebrated in the siege of Constantinople, 1453. When Mahmoud II. had transported his light ships overland from the Bosphorus, not being able to force the chain drawn across from the Porta Neoria, he launched his boats nearly opposite the gate of Peter. Notaras defended the gate with great valour, but his abject submission to the conqueror afterwards, tarnished his renown. This gate, like all the rest on the port, is narrow and low, a mere opening in the curtain of the wall: just within it stands the house of the Greek patriarch, and the patriarchal Church of St. George, to which we shall again recur. No. 6 is the gate which leads to the Jews' quarter, called Balat, which, in all probability, is a corruption of Palatium, for the gate formerly was the Royal Gate, leading to an imperial residence, of which there are some remains. No. 7 is Haivan Hissari, anciently called Cynegeton, or the Gate of the Vivarium, the place where wild beasts were kept for the use of the amphitheatre, which was situated at this extremity of the city. The Chiloporta, at the very angle of the city, is closed. Before leaving the enclosure of the Balat, we have the Egree Capoussi (No. 8), anciently called Charsias. Towering above the city walls, we see the structure of a building which is called the Palace of Constantine, but ought rather to be called the Palace of Heraclius, for we are now in that portion of the city

which was added by that emperor in 620. From hence we strike across the continent to pursue the line of walls which stretch from the Perami Canal to the Sea of Marmora, a length of about four miles, and forming the base of the triangle or harp, to which may be likened the form of Stamboul. No. 9, the Edrene Capoussi, or Hadrianople Gate, anciently Poliandron, may be considered as the first that occurs in the walls of Theodosius.

"These walls present a triple line, and have retained, in a great measure, their original appearance. The inner wall is the highest of the three ranges, and it is strengthened by lofty towers, indifferently square, circular, or octagonal. The second, or middle wall, is much lower, and the towers are less, being generally circular; and the third, or outer wall, with batteries running along the top, serves as the barrier of the ditch or fosse that runs before it. 'The intervals between these walls are eighteen feet wide, and are in many places choked up with earth and masses of fallen ramparts.' The materials are almost invariably stone and brick, in alternate courses. The towers in some parts are completely clad with ivy, in others half ruined and half overshadowed by the fig-tree, which has caused the rent, 'mala robora ficus.' The solitude beneath these ramparts is as complete as it is in the vicinity of the walls of Rome, and it is saddened by the melancholy groves of cypresst-rees which stand over the Mussulmans'

graves. Passing the Edrene Capoussi, we must stop for a few moments at the next, No. 10. It was called St. Romanus: the Turks now call it Top Capoussi, or the Cannon Gate, on account of the great event which took place in 1453. It was here that the last of the Constantines bravely fought and fell before the overpowering force of Mahmoud II.: his body was found after some days under heaps of slain, and was only recognized by the silver eagles upon his slippers. The great struggle will be at the Top Capoussi: there the assailants would be beyond the reach of war vessels in the ports, and the heights of Scutari are too distant to afford protection: in short, the whole line of wall, from the Blachernæ to the seven towers, would require to be covered, if 50,000 Russians should ever cross the Balkan. A little further, and we arrive at the Mevlanè Yeni Gate, No. 11, called in former times Melandisia. It bears upon the long lintel, which rests upon two consols, a Greek inscription, and the following in Latin:—

> 'Theodosî jussis gemino nec mense peracto
> Constantinus ovans hæc mœnia forma locavit,
> Tam cito tam stabilem Pallus vix conderet arcem.'

Nos. 12 and 13 are respectively the Selivri and the Kapaneu Gate, anciently the Porta Quintii and the Porta Attali. We now arrive at the enclosure which surrounds the Golden Gate, and the Yedi Kouleler, No. 14, or Seven Towers. Considering the Seraglio Point, where the Sublime Porte exists,

to be the seat of government, we are now at the farthest extremity of the city. Behind the trees which hang from the walls, and flanked by two large square marble towers, is discerned the Porta Aurea, or Golden Gate: this was, in fact, a triumphal arch built by Theodosius, to commemorate his defeat of Maximus. Compared with similar monuments at Rome, there is nothing remarkable in it for richness of ornament, or elegance of construction: on the top of it stood a statue of Theodosius, which, after being thrown down by an earthquake, was replaced by a statue of Victory. The inscription upon it, which is still legible, is this—

> 'Hæc loca Theodosius decorat post fata tyranni,
> Aurea sæcla gerit qui portam construet auro.'

In the time of the Greek emperors there was a fortress at this extremity of the walls: it was called Cyclobion. The Latin armies who attacked Constantinople by the Golden Gate destroyed it. John Cantacuzene rebuilt it, but it was in ruins when Bajazet threatened the city. Mahomet II. the conqueror of Constantinople, finally rebuilt the fortress on the same site, and added several towers. The Greeks called them Heptapirghion; the Turks, Yedi Kouleler, the seven towers. I could only discern four rising conspicuously above the outer walls of the city; in one of these, that nearest the Golden Gate, the foreign ambassadors used to be stowed whenever they displeased the Sultans. The times are changed,

and perhaps the Sultans might find a lodging in the same tower, if they chance to displease the foreign ambassadors. This may be called the Bastille of Constantinople. It was within these gloomy walls that Brancovan, Prince of Wallachia, with his wife and four sons, were put to death; while Demetrius Cantemir, who had betrayed the unfortunate prince, was satiated with the favours of Sultan Achmet. During the French wars, a Russian ambassador, Count de Bucaloff, was imprisoned here for nearly two years; also a French ambassador, Rufin, who was severely treated. Even as late as half a century ago, Sir John Arbuthnot was threatened with a lodging in the seven towers. We have now to run along the third side of the triangle, which extends from the seven towers to the Seraglio, and is washed by the waters of the Propontis. The first gate that occurs is the Gate of the Bombshells, Narleu Kapou. The second retains its Greek appellation, Psamatia, or the Sandgate, and it gives the name to the quarter of the city to which it immediately leads, in which there is a considerable population of Greeks and Armenians. It contains churches dedicated to St. Nicholas, St. Polycarp, and St. Basilius; it is probable that St. Nicholas is the least popular at this moment! The walls now recede from the line of shore, and form an angle at the Gate of Daoud Pasha, probably the ancient port of S. Emilianus. From here begins a valley which runs across to the Perami, and divides

the City of Constantine from that of Theodosius. It is a thinly inhabited quarter, with a towering mosque. Gardens, not warehouses, occupy much of the space, and the whole has the appearance of a Turkish village. The next, that is, the fourth gate on this side, is Yeni Capoussi, or Newgate. We next arrive at Koum Capoussi, another Sandgate; and from here to the Seraglio we obtain in our circuit glimpses of the original work of Constantine, patched by Genoese and Venetian construction,—towers built upon rows of columns inserted lengthways, and fragments of marble starting out of crumbling heaps in admired disorder: this portion of the line of wall which ends at the Tchatladi Capoussi, is a faithful representative of the Turkish empire. Like these walls, it is built up of heterogeneous materials, and fragments kept together by cement got by foreign aid, capable of little resistance, and presenting a motley sort of construction of the Arabesque order. The last gate, Akhour Capoussi, or the Stable Gate, so called because it leads to the stables of the Harem, and from it begins the enclosure of the Seraglio. With these mysterious walls we round the promontory which forms the eastern extremity of Europe, and represents the apex, somewhat flattened, of the triangle whose perimeter we have now measured. Bondelmonte reckons from the angle at Blackernes to the Golden Gate 180 towers; from these to the Cape S. Demetrius, 110; and he makes the whole circuit

of the walls eighteen miles; but this must be meant to include Galata, on the other side of Perami,—a suburb of Constantinople we have yet to describe. In order to proceed with this, I must take you in a light caïque from the Seraglio Point, Serai Bournou, across to Tophanè, and we arrive at Galata, to which must be added Pera. These two suburbs, separated from the Stamboul of the Turks by the Perami Canal or harbour, were possessed by a colony of Genoese. After the holy wars had ceased, at the end of the thirteenth century, they obtained the suburb as a fief from the elder Andronicus, and they surrounded and fortified it with walls. The Venetians attempted to wrest it out of the hands of their rivals, but, in 1352, the Genoese were victorious. They engrossed the commerce of the East for a century, and their wealth enabled them to overawe the enfeebled power of the Greek empire. They made a struggle against the formidable Mahmoud II., but were involved in the general ruin of Constantinople. The walls of their city have stood unto this day. They run from the artillery barracks of Tophanè, to the Mariners', near Cassim Pasha, along the shore of the Perami: they ascend the hill in a zigzag line to the tower of Galata, and descend to the vicinity of the grand mosque of Mahmoud. They are built of small square stones, with numerous fragments of antiquity filling up the voids. The towers are round or square, as it happens, and it appears the colony was governed by a

Podestà. I copied this inscription—"*Spectabil Nobil Ilarius Imperialis Potas Pere,*" but I know nothing more of this respectable noble Ilarius than this inscription. I found the dates 1433—1447 upon the towers, and it was only six years after the latter date that Constantinople was taken by the Turks. This district, now known as Galata, was anciently called the *Regio Sycarum,* or the fig-trees: in the ancient *Notitia* it is registered as the XIII. Region; and it bears about the same relation to Constantinople proper, as the Trans-Tiberine Region at Rome bears to the Seven-hilled City on the left bank of the Tiber. The Emperor Honorius built a forum and theatre here, and there was a temple of Amphiaraus, and another of Diana Lucifera. The Emperor Justinian joined this region to the main city by a bridge thrown across the harbour, and he gave it the privileges of a municipality, with the name of Justinianopolis; but the name is now only to be found in the pages of Procopius. A few broken columns employed in the Genoese houses, or lying in the corner of the streets, are all the vestiges that can be found of the ancient monuments."

Now I must not let the reader suppose that I effected the complete circumnavigation of the city at this particular ride. The towers on the Bosphorus side, with the old broken columns built in a little above the foundations, I had seen on previous days, when coasting in steamer or in kyak. I had seen

the picturesque ramparts, now defenceless, with the fishermen's huts studding them like barnacles—sails now hung where banners once waved—and out of the arrow-holes and loops in the towers, ragged people's heads protruding as the stranger's boat passes.

The citadel of the Seven Towers, originally but four—Mahomet added three—is situated at the angle where the land walls and coast walls meet. It is half in ruins, but still has its resident Pasha governor, who is always at prayers when you want the keys to go up to the sea tower, where the Turkish tradition is that a spirit sits with a mirror in its hand, in which are reflected the shadows of any eight enemies that are preparing to endanger Stamboul.

The three lines of walls on the side where the Turks broke in, and through which, as their own legend goes, they will some day be expelled, always reminded me in their eyeless, crippled condition, of a collection of the ruined castles of England, drawn up for review by the great monarch Time himself; or rather, as they sleep in the sun, like a street of old castles spending their old age, pensioned off, in alms-houses. But here my metaphor hobbles a little, though it still expresses a certain feeling. There are nearly three miles of them from the Seven Towers to the Castle of the Blachernæ. On one side is the narrow paved road that follows the line of rampart, bordered by melon and leek gardens, orchards, private houses and burial-grounds. Even the old moat of

the city is choked up with plane and mulberry-trees, or bristles up with Jerusalem artichokes and sun-flowers. Here and there in the towers you see a tract of stone cleaner and newer than the rest, and then perhaps a tablet of inscription, with, in one place, lions passant regardant over a doorway. Some of the towers lean as if but yesterday shaken by a gunpowder earthquake; others are beaten in as if with battering rams or the fiery shock of cannon.

And here on the rolling slopes of turf by the Blachernæ palace, near which some camels are resting, we come suddenly upon a Greek festival, young Greeks are wrestling among the graves, some Turks looking stolidly on with that Quaker composure that is irritating to a laughing Englishman; and there are some pretty children in loose pink and yellow dresses, and with braided hair in long tails.

I have elsewhere described the antiquities of the Hippodrome, with its twisted snake columns eleven feet high, its ruined stone pyramid, which Constantine plated with bronze, and the Theodosian obelisk, with its massy bas-reliefs and Greek and Latin inscriptions. I should not forget to mention, before I quit the subject of Stamboul antiquities, that the horses of St. Mark's that the Venetians took from the outside of St. Sophia, once stood in the Hippodrome, probably over the Porta Pompæ, by which the processions of horses and charioteers entered the circus that Septimus Severus first originated in Byzantium. I little

thought when I saw their gilded collars last in Venice of where they had been reft from.

Of the triumphal columns in Constantinople, the topographical antiquarian, I have before quoted, says :—

"There were several triumphal columns in Constantinople, one in honour of Theodosius, which stood on the seventh or most remote hill, and on each side were the statues of Arcadius and Honorius. These are no longer existing, except in the pictures of Gentile Bellini; but near to the Avret Bazaar there stands a pedestal sustaining the torus of a column's base, and this was the pillar of Arcadius. Not far from the Shah Zadi Dgiami, or mosque of the sultan's son, stands a column called by the Turks 'Kistash,' or the Virgin's stone: the basement and pedestal are of marble, the shaft of granite, and it has suffered by fire: on the upper plinth we can still decipher the three words *Quod Tatianu sopus;* but the English traveller, Wheeler, read the whole inscription. It was erected to Tatian, by the Emperor Marcian, who ascended the Byzantine throne in 450. The capital is a ponderous weight of marble placed on a tall shaft, and it would require all the skill and knowledge of this Institute to explain the winged figures and the monograms which appear on the capital and the pedestal. Such caprices generally mark a period of decline in art and genius, not unlike some authors, who, for want of originality, fill up

their pages with inapt quotations, and try to conceal the theft. The aqueduct of Valens is best seen near the At Bazaar, or horse-market; its origin, no doubt, is Roman, but its conspicuous rows of arches are chiefly the patchwork of the sultans. The next object of antiquity worthy of notice is the Burnt Pillar, which has attracted the special notice of travellers; it is of porphyry, the shaft composed of several pieces, the jointures concealed by garlands; it is now bound in several places with iron bands to keep together the calcimnated pieces loosened by the fire; it is said to have been brought by Constantine from Rome, and on the top was a statue of Apollo; on the upper part is an inscription bearing the name of Manuel Comnenus as the restorer. When Mahmoud II. entered Constantinople, the Greeks had a prophecy, that when the invaders arrived at the Burnt Pillar they would be stopped by the destroying angel; but the prophecy did not come true. Pocock observes, that Arius died near this column; very near to it are the subterranean cisterns, two of them now dry, and only used for spinning silk and making ropes; in one of them, I counted five divisions supported by thirty-two granite columns of perfect symmetry; the second is said to have 1,001 columns, which is just the number of stories in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments;* but I did not take the trouble to verify the number. There is a third cistern, which still serves the original purpose: it is called Batan Serai, and

Gyllius counted in it 336 columns; it best explains the nature and objects of those large works made by the Greek emperors for supplying the city with fresh water: they appear to have attracted the attention of our countrymen more than any other object of antiquity; and I can conceive a practical engineer, or even the commissariat, preferring the Cisterns to the Burnt Pillar or the Twisted Column. The rest of the antiquities of Constantinople must be sought for in the walls of mosques and in the gardens of the inhabitants; fragments of marble are frequently turned into stepping-stones in the street, and pieces of statues inserted into houses; you occasionally stumble over a broken shaft, or you may hurt your shin against the corner of a votive altar; you may fancy you have found an inscription which is to throw light upon your topography, but approaching to read, it turns out to be a verse of the Koran, or Mahomet is his prophet. There is yet, however, much that an antiquary, if he had time and a pickaxe, might evolve out of 'the double night of ages and of ignorance;' and perhaps this new sort of a column into which English, French, and Turks are twisted now, may lead to some excavations that will bring to light a work of Phidias, or one of the oboli dropped into the begging bag of Belisarius! I did not profess to attempt any account or description of the modern buildings of Stamboul,—not for want of matter, but for want of time; but before I conclude this paper,

I will venture upon two specimens of existing objects respectively belonging to the religion of Turks and Christians."

It is some days after that I and Rocket investigate the aqueducts and the water supply of Stamboul; but, for the sake of unity, I append here my notes of what I saw. Those stone pyramids that stand at the corner of so many streets contain the water-pipes; and here and there, when half-broken down, they disclose them as a wound in a limb discloses the arteries and hid vessels.

The fifteen great sources of water that supply Stamboul yield a daily amount of 12,267,532 kilogrammes of water, giving each of the 600,000 inhabitants a daily supply of 2,044 kilogrammes. The well-masters or *Sir Jaldshi* have the whole administration of this supply, and of its conduct and distribution. There are 400 men at present in the corporation, and of these, 100 are Albanians, from five or six villages of Dinopolis in Epirus. These people have always been, even in the time of the Greek emperors, the hereditary well-masters of Stamboul; and the head of them is the *Sir Nasari*, or water inspector, who is nominated by the Sultan, and is generally one of his subaltern couriers. His salary is 3,000 piastres, besides the revenue of the twelve villages, Belgrave, Pyrgas, Ponte, Piccolo, Zitras, &c., where the chief water cranks are situated.

But I must now conclude my antiquarian chapter and the day of the Firman, by describing the two subterranean tanks that I visited.

They are the works of the great emperors in the city's royal youth.

The first reservoir we descended to, somewhere near the Horse Bazaar, from an enclosure like a barren common—rubbish heaps tufted scantily with grass—a sort of place where cats rot, beggars come to sleep, children to play, and dogs to die. Here and there, there were holes in the grounds like the half filled-up apertures of old wells, and through these issued strange sounds, as of busy life and a whiz as of wheels.

We descended the dirty cellar stairs, and were instantly confronted by a miserable-looking, villanous, insolent Turk, who talked several volumes, and demanded piastres, never seeming satisfied, though we half filled his dirty claw with copper autographs of Abdul Medjid. We descended lower, and found ourselves in an immense dark hall of pillars, lit scantily from above, and full of barefooted children, who, clamouring for alms, ran backward and forward to adjust the almost invisible silk threads that stretched like cobwebs from one end of the place to the other, screaming out in shrill anger, as, confused by the fitful light, we got entangled in the silken net. Vividly before me now comes back that dark chamber, with the glistening threads, the shreaking spin-

ners, the click and buzz of wheels, and the cross wafts of sunlight slanting from above, from the well-holes where weeds grew green and transparent.

Our next descent was in quite a different part of the city. In a retired street, it lay out of a crowded neighbourhood, not far from the Hippodrome. The place was shut up and paled in; but, breaking through a jungle of nettles and flowering weeds, we clambered over a paling near the padlocked gate, and found ourselves in a rank-grown enclosure, like a deserted garden, and descended some steps into a sort of cave of Montesino's, passing into a cloister terrace, with a dark chasm, supported by graceful pillars, the nearest of which had basket-shaped capitals, and were green with mould. We should have had blue lights to burn here, for the boat is now removed, and we could only throw in stones to hear the splashing Stygian echoes that indicated the presence of water.

I suspect Stamboul will prove a mine of antiquities when Christians reconquer it, and fairly and intelligently set a-digging. In many parts of the city, I noticed slices of old columns serving as door-steps; and in a long street near the Fanar, I remember stumbling upon an immense porphyry chest of a sarcophagus turned into a fountain. As for the old walls, they are entirely built up, in places, of masses of older works.

The Suleimanea mosque, it is well known, was

built with materials taken from the ancient Chalcedon across the water; and could stones speak, no doubt half the mysteries of ancient art could be readily explained by the existing relics of Constantinople.

Just as our caïque touched at Tophana, the Sultan passed, followed by his guard and the arabas of his ladies. He looked as melancholy and hopeless as the debauched king of a worn-out empire well could.

CHAPTER XII.

AN EVENING AT A PERA HOTEL.

If after dinner was wearisome at Misseri's Castle of Indolence, after coffee was insupportable.

Misseri is too much of a monopolist to care much about how his guests are amused. There is no Cæsar in Pera to appeal to, there is no higher tribunal where King Misseri's sentence of "unmitigated dulness" can be reversed. He, the tyrant landlord, who allows no one to whistle within his court, and who once actually dared, during dinner, reprimand Dr. Legoff for venturing during that sacred ceremony to glance at a Dutch newspaper—he cares not to provide a billiard-table; cards, I believe, he denounces; and I am not sure if gallant officers from India have not been trounced for playing at vingt-un after curfew in their locked-up, inviolable bedrooms. Indeed, there is ample room for a rival to King Misseri—a rival who would charge moderately, give three instead of two meals a-day, and provide honest and civil guides and dragomans; who would establish two or three

billiard-tables and a card-room; who would occasionally start private theatricals, who would found a private library of some thousand volumes; who would, in fact, not treat you as a mere sponge to be squeezed, a mere money-box to be emptied; who would supply information about the Turkish city and manners, and who would keep some half-dozen boats, with European boatmen, ready for the use of his guests; who would, in fact, consider that, as a landlord, he has duties to perform in return for nearly a sovereign a-day paid into his royal exchequer. Oh! how it would lower the pride of bishop and M.P., admiral and colonel, were they all clearly taught early the inevitable lesson that they are paid only on condition of performing certain duties;—duties that sooner or later must be performed, or the breach of their performance bitterly, perhaps *bloodily*, atoned for.

But I much fear, for the sake of brother travellers, that the day of retribution to King Misseri will come some time hence—perhaps when he gets older, less active, and more extortionate—more eager to take, less able to retain. At present there is no other hotel but a dingy one half-way down a steep, dirty street that leads to the water's edge, where no one but small business men go; and Armenian lodging-houses, where the Christian is cheated and half starved. Misseri buys up his rivals, and, for all you know, owns the very dog-hole that the rash or violent fly to, to escape

him. Over in Stamboul there is nothing but the khans, and a man must be a Burton or a Burckhardt, a Bruce or a Wolff, to venture on them.

I think before I arrived at Misseri's I had never felt an hour pass slowly. But there the gap between dinner and bed—not long, say from nine to eleven—was intolerable. The ladies were gone, with a rustle of silk, and a gliding of little feet, long before we left our coffee and came into the inner drawing-room from the dinner table. They are by this time asleep, upstairs in their bedrooms working, or writing home. If they had ever waited on those carpeted divans, or round the central table, which is strewn with French and English newspapers, the conversation would have been of a mere damp firework kind, running round in knots and transitory flashes, like the conversation in a first-class waiting-room at a railway station, when the different groups do not know each other.

Then if we were to go out, the gates are shut down by the tower of Galata—the old Genoese tower—we cannot, for the Turkish soldiers, pass, over into Stamboul; and if we did, we should see nothing but bare dim streets, and we should get bitten on the heels by the wild dogs we trod on; or get beheaded by some suspicious Turk as a prowling robber. Nor is Pera much more inviting. Certainly there is that horrible Doum theatre, with its ballet of "The Three Graces,"—one Grace four feet high,

another enormously fat, and the third tall as a giraffe, with skeleton legs.

Then, delightful as billiards are, and unceasing as the variety of the red and white game is, we cannot always be playing at pool; and besides, the Greeks here generally play the Russian game, or the French *carambole*, at a small table without pockets. It is dangerous, too, to walk up the great Pera street beyond the horse stand, or the Turkish barracks; and there is nothing to see in the narrow street but here and there a small provincial shop—a chemist or a tobacconist—open and dimly lit.

So the result is, that after some little fractious struggle, the new comer gives in, wishes neither for concert nor theatre, and does as the rest do. Wine after dinner there is none, for Misseri gives only *vin* very *ordinaire*, and that is removed with the table-cloth. Good wine is scarce and enormously dear; and besides, the charges are generally so high that no one, not even Russian princes, care to order any more; so, just before the ladies go, coffee is brought round (once), and we content ourselves with that—and cigars.

It is shameful and a reproach, but so it is, that directly ladies rise to leave, everyone at Misseri's draws up his chair cozily, pulls out his tobacco-pouch, and prepares his cigarette tube for a quiet, pleasant chat. The German baron twirls his thumb-ring and strokes his beard, Rocket makes

a little white funnel for his flaxen Turkish tobacco, Windybank looks more chairmany and statistical than ever, Legoff describes the last case of plague he saw at Cairo, and relates the horrors of the Aleppo button that comes on the end of the nose. (Rocket, who has a nose without end, looks anxious, and squints down it as you look down a rifle for the sight.) Men proffered each other tobacco; the flaky Cavendish was bartered for the treacly strong pigtail that sailors chew when their heads are turned, as Hood once said; the German canaster for the eye of the Bristol bird; the Syrian Gibili for the Turkish saffron thread; brown scented Havannah for the flat tube from Manilla; while here and there a good trade among the dozen or so of us was driven in little innocent cigarettes, whose burning shrouds were white, generally speaking.

About an hour or two after the seven o'clock dinner, Misseri's waiters begin to break out of their ambuscades, and move uneasily and anxiously about the room—a sure sign the king thinks that we have sat long enough. The waiters do not say anything, it is true; they are not impertinent—no head wags or finger dares to point; yet that unmeaning jostling of coffee-cups, that lowering of gas, and putting back of superfluous chairs, announces that the irrevocable fiat has gone forth that the house should divide.

The particular night that I recall, we were mutinous and would not go to bed as usual, like good

boys, but adjourned to the terrace outside the dining-room window, where we talked and smoked, singing and laughing, as we attempted English songs, and burnt away our red glimmering cigars.

It was on a terrace-roof of loose planks that we sat, under the shadow of that huge yellow palace that the Russian consul is said to have built in anticipation of his royal master's wants in case of conquest. The Bosphorus dark lay below us. Stamboul, with its black rank and file of mosques and towers, was right before us. Now we could see it no more than the gloss of the leaves of the orange-trees that grew in green tubs upon the terrace. There was no sound but our own voices in the darkness, and every now and then the howl or yelp of a wild dog beaten by a watchman, or some late wayfarer, at once angry and timid. Here and there a star shot across the sky like a fiery bullet shot by some angelic Minié or some satanic revolving Colt. Here and there across the dark water a kyak with a lantern at the rowlocks darted like a flying glow-worm across a dark meadow.

Some of us were great at talking, others great at silence. But our pleasantest chatterers were two Indian officers, Tiffin and Pawney, both great conversers, both pleasant and gentlemanlike men. The one was fresh from an engineering expedition for a railway at the mouth of the Danube, the other from some years' sporting in Ceylon, among the coffee plantations and in the elephant country. Tiffin was

the engineer, Pawney the sportsman; the one a thin yellow man, with bilious eyes; the other a strong, broad-chested man, with red beard—a sort of man who could have knocked a bull down dead with his fist. Tiffin was a keen, sour, inquiring Scotchman; Pawney a rather bragging, blunt, energetic, hardy, frank man, of Irish extraction. Alone they were tiring; the one exhausting, the other wearying; but together they were pleasant as lemons and whisky.

The report was that Tiffin had discovered a new planet, but would not disclose it except in his will; while, to prove Pawney's daring, there was a story that, to harden himself, he had gone to Aden simply to lie all day with his bare head exposed to a Red Sea sun.

Tiffin was full of Costanji, a place near the Black Sea, and close to where Ovid was banished. It was here that well-nosed voluptuous poet lamented the stern climate, the thick-ribbed ice, and the savage people, having no skates, being born in soft Italian air, and not of a missionary turn of mind.

"We have found many relics of the city of the poet's exile," said Tiffin, hoarsely, through the darkness, "but not any ruins of the poet's century, I presume because Constantine afterwards rebuilt or enlarged the place and gave it its name. We have dug up some copper pieces of Diocletian, some pedestals for statues, and some pigs of lead five hundredweight each."

"Apropos of pigs," said Rocket, who was always irrelevant, striking in, "do you get good bacon there?"

"Not a rasher," said Tiffin, unmoved; "and that reminds me, Rocket, to tell Pawney about your killing the agent's tame vulture, and thinking you had hit a real wild one."

"Fie, Rocket!" said Pawney, "when you have pelicans on the Danube, and can have flying shots at them at a thousand yards with a Whitworth."

"You are always talking of your thousand yards," growled Rocket; "but it ain't so easy, my old boy. I believe, Tiffin, that Pawney was the fellow who persuaded the cockney editor that a Whitworth gun had killed a wild goose at eight miles—a most shameful and cruel hoax."

"Have the excavations at Costanji, Mr. Tiffin," I said, "helped to throw any light on that all-important question to modern architects—the ingredients of Roman cement?"

"The best cement for the Romans is Italian liberty in unity," said Rocket, venturing a joke; but he was instantly silenced, for Misseri allows no jokes, as we represented to him.

"I should be obliged," said Tiffin, in a stately way, "if Mr. Rocket would reserve his jokes for a more suitable place.—Yes, sir, the Roman cement is composed chiefly at Costanji of powdered brick."

"Don't you find the Turks great loafers, Mr. Tiffin," said Rocket, to show he was not snubbed by the pundit.

"They are not so energetic," replied Tiffin, "as the more northern people; but they are very strong, and their porters carry burdens our men can scarcely lift, they bear the sun better, and eat one-third less. It's no use hurrying or abusing a Turk. If you do, he either flies at you, or rolls up and spikes outward, like a hedgehog. You must humour them, be firm yet kind, and not rub their fanaticism against the hair. No flippant raillery, Mr. Rocket—no loud voiced-anger, Mr. Pawney."

"Why, Tiffin, you are as bitter to-night as the aloes that only bloom once in a hundred years," said Pawney.

"The aloes are bitter, yet they heal sick men," said Tiffin, who was grand and stern to-night.

A discussion now arose as to the most dangerous beasts to hunt.

Rocket said, "a bore," looking towards Tiffin; for the moon just then slided from behind a cloud, and showed its face, like that of a saint's corpse radiant with miraculous glory.

Tiffin blew his nose so loud and angrily, that all Pera seemed to shake to its very foundations.

Pawney said, "By Jove, sir, a grisly bear, that's your queer customer—that's your *bête noire*—that's

the mote, sir, in a sportsman's eye. Here, waiter, bring me a brandy-and-soda."

"Two brandies and sodas," suggested Tiffin.

"Make it three, if you could, without distressing yourself," said Rocket.

"The grisly bear, sir, chases you along the open, up trees, anywhere, and nothing but death will throttle him off. He'll run about, sir, with his head half off his body."

"I don't think much of bears," growled Tiffin.

"Don't you, by George!" said Pawney; "then you never saw any, sir, but Ursa Major from Greenwich Observatory."

"I hate 'em," said Rocket, touching my foot, and asking Tiffin for a Vesuvian.

"The sloth bear," stormed jollily on Pawney, "in Ceylon, for instance, is an awful brute—will carry off in him a boxful of bullets."

"Describe him," said Tiffin.

"Black body, white face, long claws ——"

"—— and spectacles," added Rocket, in a low voice, meant only for me.

"They never kill him, simply ——"

"—— simple enough," swore my impulsive young diplomatic friend Rocket.

"—— because they use too small bullets and too light guns; small bullets——you might as well fire on a grisly with ——"

"Soda-water bottles," suggested impatient Rocket.

"—— with boiled peas," said Pawney, riding down Rocket, and shouting everybody under foot.

"They should use iron bullets," I mildly suggested, looking beamingly through my spectacles; —"iron, as the French lion-killer does."

"All a cursed ignorant mistake," roared Pawney. D—— bad brandy this is. Waiter, another six, if you please. Iron cuts clean through the bone like a punch, goes out again, and escapes; but lead—lead, by Jupiter, sir, injures the cerebral substances, and flattening the bones ——"

"That wall in a vital part ——"

"Exactly; lodge there, and help to cause death; which is exactly what we want. The fact is, people are such born idiots, such poor, cripple-minded beasts, that they use No. 15 bullets, when ten to the pound is the real slaughtering thing, take my word for it."

"People differ about these things," said Rocket, scratching his left ear.

"But," said Pawney, "I think I ought to know, who have shot elephants ever since I could run alone."

"That was precocious," said I, smiling.

"It *was*, said Pawney, frowning; and that, bedad, is why I mention it. By Jove, sir (waiter, some more brandy!) common things you can hear of any day, but elephant adventures only from Major Pawney, of the Madras Native Infantry, the man who, I

am not ashamed to say, once took a Sikh fort single-handed—yes, single-handed, sir. Three well-aimed shots from a mortar did it, sir. The first burst on the royal palace, the second destroyed the whole of the garrison, and the third, sir, was too much, by Jove, for the powder magazine.

"It seems to me, Major," said I, "that, as the garrison were all slain, you might have spared your third shot; and may I ask of how many the garrison consisted?"

"Three men,—two matchlock-men and a deserted drummer. By George, sir, I gave them their gruel! I'll tell you what, sir, you may think me brave, but there are many men in the three presidencies just as brave; but, by St. Patrick, if you find an eye as keen as mine, and a hand as strong, I'll give you leave to put me on the spit and truss me for roasting. I dare say I shall astonish you when I tell you that there is no danger in wild beasts."

"What!" three of us said at a breath, "ain't you lame for ever, Major, from a tiger bite?" The Major's was a daring and startling assertion.

"Lions?" suggested Rocket.

"I'd as soon face them as poodles, with a heavy rifle and No. 10 bullets. It is cruel to shoot them; it is like firing at sheep that come down to a pond to drink. Keep cool, let them come close, wait till the barrel all but touches them, then pull, and down they go."

"Unless you miss," said Rocket; "then you are a gone 'coon."

"Miss!" roared Pawney, so loud that the head waiter himself came to see if we called for anything. "Bah! Only schoolgirls miss."

"Let him go on," groaned Tiffin, studying a star, that was listening to everything we said, like an angel eye at one of heaven's keyholes.

"I tell you what I have done," said Pawney, growing warm, and therefore more circumstantial. "I tell you what I have done. I 've gone out in Ceylon, and followed a tribe of elephants, sir, till I have shot *every* man Jack of 'em, and gone home dragging the last cub by the tail"—(Oh! who will shoot the Irish bull, that illogical, unclassified animal?)—"and half of them were, too, what they call 'poonajahs,' or *rogue* elephants, as dangerous as a tiger, or an alligator who has once tasted human flesh—killed the whole herd, sir, every man Jack, and two-thirds of them females with young ones. Rocket, what do you say to some punch?"

Rocket had something to say in favour of the beverage, so pleasant, but so retributive.

"Be dead in a week like that," pleasantly said Tiffin, who travels for sunny memories, and discountenances all travellers who write experiences.

"Filled a cart, sir," went on the indefatigable sportsman, "with the tails as trophies, for the flesh

is useless, and the skin is like warm asphalte pavement——"

"Or soft india-rubber," said Rocket, suggestively.

"Right, my dear boy; or soft india-rubber, as you say. By George, sir, though Major Pawney has faced death on many a bloody plain, as Tom Moore says, and is ready to do it again——(Waiter! some more whisky. 'Pon my word, I'm as dry in the throat as if I were at Madras, where you can cook a chop in the palm of your hand by sunlight—fact), it would have made almost any one lose heart but a regular sportsman, to see those he-elephants, twelve foot high at the shoulder, come bearing down like land-ships, or mountains broke loose, upon you; crushing trees like straws, and making the dry jungle smoke again: yes, sir, *smoke* again!"

"Take another cigar," said the incorrigible Rocket.

"And how do you think I did it?"

We gave it up.

"Why, I killed each elephant with two shots. First, as they came raving towards me, trunk lashing the air, I put a bullet——"

"No. 10?" said Rocket.

"Yes, No. 10, in the trunk; and then, as my fellow lowered his trunk and head to rush at me and get me on his tusks, I always put another bullet in the exact centre of his forehead, and laid him dead at my feet."

"Another David," said I.

"Exactly," said the Major, smiling at the compliment, and taking a long and exhaustive pull at his fourth wine-glass of whisky punch."

"Punch is certain death, if you catch cold after it," said Tiffin.

"If it is a deadly cold you catch," said I, moving, as an amendment, the insertion of the word *deadly*.

"The rifle is all very well, if it is heavy—length of barrel is no use alone," said Rocket; "but all I say is, curse those Eastern matchlocks, ten foot long, and so unbalanced and heavy that a man with a delicate wrist might as well try and hold out an eighteen-pounder. When I was in the Land of Promise——"

"Not of performance, I should think," muttered Tiffin.

"Tiffin is in a draught. Tiffin, you should return to England; the climate begins to hurt your liver," said Rocket. "As I was saying, when some troublesome person interrupted me, I had to face a boar on the banks of the Jordan—where, by-the-by, I was nearly carried away while bathing—"

"God be thanked for that escape," said Tiffin, bitterly; but then it was Tiffin's cue to be bitter—people expected it of Tiffin.

"I have faced many boars since; the matchlock I borrowed of a beast of an Arab hung fire—hang it!—four times running. I was very near

coming to grief, Tiffin, I can tell you; but Heaven preserved me to be tormented by you."

"You may reckon once in four times," said I, "for an Eastern matchlock; and then they require a rest: but they carry hard and far; and, perhaps, after all, our own riflemen may have to come back to the heavy piece, and the portable rest of Cromwell's musketeers."

Here Pawney, *indocilis* to endure unmerited silence, broke through our ranks, and launched out into a long story of how he once, in Ceylon, made a solemn vow to destroy a leopard that had broken into his stockade and killed an ox; how he slung his hammock between the posts of the stockade where the cattle were; and how, at last, being aroused by a scuffle and roar, in the middle of the night, he promptly fired in the direction of the sound; and when "*his people*" (a favourite expression of Pawney's) came out with torches, they found that he had shot his most promising bull-calf, and the leopard was gone clean away."

Upon this, a sallow man, with black beard and heavy jowl—I think, a planter from Demerara—who had been hitherto silent, broke covert, and told us some stories of shooting in South America, of ball practice at the condor, that monstrous bird whose wings are as large as a windmill's sails, and of cayman-killing. On one occasion, he (Yellowball let us call him) was in a dug-out, or canoe hollowed

out of a solid tree-trunk, with three negro boatmen and his own servant Ardjid, an Ashantee man. They were paddling up a reedy river, having just shot a large cayman, and thrown him into the bottom of the canoe apparently dead. He (Yellowball) was smoking, thinking of the price of sugar and the coolie question, when suddenly, to his horror, he looked back and saw the cayman lift himself up and stretch his great saw-toothed jaws towards Ardjid. The boatmen all leaped overboard instantly, and a grapple ensued between Yellowball and the cayman; which ended in his stunning the beast with an axe, till he had time to reload his double-barrelled rifle, and clap a brace of bullets into the monster's brain.

Tiffin, next roused by the fever of competition, volunteered some Indian snake stories—particularly of once at a bungalow, where he rested while they caught the fowls for a dinner, when a small venomous snake dropped out of the leaves of a book he took up to read. It was just in the act of springing, when he seized a tamarind-tree switch that luckily happened to be standing in a corner of the room, and, striking it across the spine, killed it in two blows. Another time, at a station, when he opened his bed to look in, he found a black snake about five feet long. On a third occasion, at a pic-nic, a bunch of eight or ten snakes were found under a tree trunk on which his sister had been sitting.

Yellowball here chimed in with a story of a fight between a boa-constrictor and an alligator, and of a boa he had himself killed, and found the antlers of a deer in its stomach.

A slight episode, about the excellent and innumerable herb teas of Hungary, and the Dutch skippers greasing their apple-bowed boats in rough weather, brought us to Tiffin's third snake story; which, for horror, was what Rocket called truly "a stunner."

Tiffin related it thus:—"It was at Poorunjah, that one night I went to sleep as usual in the hammock I always used; I slept well till daybreak, when I was awoke by a cold, slimy substance passing over my left cheek—my right was on the pillow. I was wide awake in a moment, and knew it was a snake; he was twined round my left arm, his tail touching my face, his head near my right knee. Had I moved an inch I should have been dead, for I saw at once it was the 'massalipooram,' or devil snake, the deadliest known in the south-west of India. I instantly seized it behind the head, and with a jerk tossed it out of the hammock, at the same time shouting to my servants, who were outside, 'Come! come!—snake! snake!' They came and killed him; he was four foot one inch long. But, after all, these are exceptional cases; and they always try and frighten the griffin, at first with snake stories, which, at all events, help to put them on their guard."

Here Pawney took up the ball, and told a story, not worth repeating, of how he shot six mouse deer in a patch of lemon-grass in Ceylon; of a flying leech that he taught to follow him like a dog; and of a Ceylon cow that, to defend her calf, kept a leopard at bay all night, and eventually gored and pounded him to death, in a stockade into which the leopard had leaped, but out of which he could not contrive to escape. "Waiter, your brandy is very good; bring me another glass," said Pawney, as he finished his narration.

Upon this Rocket up and said he had heard how it was the joke to rub the sides of the vessel with cinnamon water when the ship approached Ceylon, to take in the griffins; but he wanted to know if it was [true, that on mountain sides in Ceylon your horse's feet often dislodged rubies and emeralds from the rock.

Pawney said, to a degree, it was true.

Rocket said he was glad to hear it, as Cantelupe, of the Third Native Infantry, had given him some valuable rubies that he had bought from a Ceylon fellow that came off to the ship.

"Sorry for you," said Tiffin; "for it is well known to all men of experience that the jewels of the bum-boat fellows are all made in Birmingham, and sent out to Ceylon in barrowfuls, to take in foolish young travellers."

"Get out of that!" said Rocket, inquiring for *gin-*

sling (in pewter or silver?) which Misseri, on being referred to, had never even heard of.

At this juncture the conversation shifted and fell on knives and swords. Upon this we all arose and went into the light, that at first dazzled us, and proceeded to produce our bazaar purchases of the morning, vaunting, lamenting, bartering. Some in long rambles in the Arms Bazaar had bought spear-heads, others yataghan blades, some had hunting knives and poniards of rare virtues and fabulous value.

"Here," said Rocket, "is a knife that I will bet a fiver and a new hat goes through three five-franc pieces at one stroke, without the point turning. Observe the ripple water-mark on the steel, that proves it to be real Damascus. Only gave thirty francs for it, would not take two hundred for it."

There was a roar of laughter, as Pawney drove it at a crown laid on the floor, and the blade snapped in two, three inches from the point.

I offered to lay five francs with Tiffin, that a Damascus spear-head I produced would go through a franc without flawing.

Pawney poised the Damascene steel and brought it down the next moment with a savage, well-aimed dig. It was through as if the silver had been pasteboard.

"Look here," said Pawney; "it is all very well you fellows calling every bit of steel rubbish you buy pure Damascus, when everyone knows a good

sabre-blade of Damascus is worth 50*l.*, and even a common one without a handle, 10*l.* Why, these fine blades were heirlooms, and presents from kings. I had rather have this little dull butcher's knife no one bids for, than all your trash. That spear, Thornbury,—Damascus? Why, those javelins are made by thousands in Russia, and sent from there to Armenia and Persia for hunting. They put strong cane handles to them."

"Oh! that's their little game, is it?" said Rocket, in a tone of disgust. "Who's for vingt-un? I and Trumpington are going upstairs to play a bit."

Pawney said he only wished he had his English hunting-knife here; it would cut all our trash in two like radishes; it would cut a pig through, bones and all, as if it was cutting a cheese. Perhaps we had heard of the Nepaulese swordsman beheading a buffalo at a single stroke? It was a trick—all done by having the beast's neck in a state of tension by tying him fast with ropes. It required a heavy drawing stroke, not a chop or slash.

Upon this provocation, Tiffin retaliated by capping Pawney with Russian stories. He had once been stopping with Prince Kuthemoff,—the Lion of the Caucasus, as he was justly called,—and the conversation turning on swordsmanship, the prince sent for one of the Circassians of the Guard. At the first stroke this fellow, by Jove, sir, cut through a leaden sash-weight; at the second, he severed a two-inch

cable; at the third, he cut in two a felt cloak that had been placed upright on a table. "These dogs, sir, could slice off limbs, cleave men down to the waist, and cut through chain mail."

Like two jugglers contending which can throw most somersaults, Pawney now remembered a story of a wild-boar hunt of his in Ceylon. Apropos of hunting-knives, he had one that would cut pennies in two, as if they were lozenges. He once made a blow with it that astonished even himself (Pawney). He was hunting an enormous wild boar, that came to bay near some wild gooseberry-bushes, that formed a sort of jungle in a valley. The dogs knew that, once in that, their enemy was sure to escape; a bold hound pulled him, therefore, by the ear, while another dragged the opposite way at his thigh. He was drawn out tight, with all the muscles on a stretch. "Just at this moment I came up, and struck full at him behind the shoulders. The flesh gaped as if I had cut him in two, as I had nearly done; for when I came to examine him, I found the ribs clean severed and the liver cut right through."

Then, upon this crowning story, the conversation grew wild, and we discussed two-handed swords, the thin bending German *Schläger*, and that thin reaping-hook, the Oriental yataghan of Khorassan or Damascus,—the crescent spreader of that fanaticism that is not yet dead. From this we turned to precious stones, and we discussed the opal of Hungary, the

turquoise of Persia, and the agate of Egypt. Tiffin, who knew as much about stones as he did about arms, praised the huge crown diamonds of Russia, but lamented their being drilled; and summing up about the koh-i-noor, and the bad cutting of valuable antique stones, we broke up for bed.

CHAPTER XIII.

GOING UP MOUNT OLYMPUS.

It was after much diplomatic coquetting that my dear, kind, eccentric medical friend Dr. Legoff consented to go with me up Mount Olympus. It was about nine o'clock, and those dreadful jackals on the wooded skirts of the mountains were just opening up their screaming howls, that the Doctor pushed back the bottle of Medoc as if impelled by some irresistible impulse, tightened the broad, shining, black belt that held his revolver, and announced his determination of accompanying me nine thousand feet up into the lonely region of perpetual snow.

"There is a slight fur on my tongue, my dear child," he said; and there is a slight want of tone about the mucous membrane, which I attribute partly to those hatfuls of peaches I ate yesterday. Still, *Teucro deuce,* I will go—deuce take me if I don't. To-morrow at seven.

"Horses and Achmet to be at the hotel door at seven."

"On his head be it! Yes, in the name of God, it shall be so!"

That night everything was arranged—loaves and cold chickens for the saddle-bags, wine for our flasks—everything was ready. Rifle, in case of bears, to be slung behind the laborious Achmet; telescope to see Stamboul with from the frozen summit; pistols in case of wolves, as we return at night; cloaks and plaids in case of rain. I am to have Potiphah, the flea-bitten grey, a strong-flanked mountain climber. Legoff is to have Bajazet, the hot roan.

Anxious for the weather, with a long look-out at the stars, that winked as if they were sleepy and longed to turn in, we ran to our several beds, so resolutely determined to sleep, that the very earnestness of the resolve kept us awake for a full hour.

I tried every recipe. I fancied smoke rising from my nose. I imagined a bird perched upon my nose, and I stared at him. I imagined night a great negro, and I looked steadily at the stars which are his eyes. I counted several billions. I repeated Watts's hymns and long shreds of Shakspere. I thought of long processions of kings, from Sesostris to George IV.

At last I thought of reciting the most soothing scraps of Tupper, and this instantly succeeded. At once, out of some cave of the dark world of sleep, velvet-footed, soft, fat black goblins leaped out, and smothered me with feather-beds.

I dream of the mountain ascents of long ago, before

I began to climb up the greasy pole of public approval for the fly-blown leg of mutton of success.

I am trampling through the loose grey boulders half-way up Snowdon, a Welshman talking of Glendower and the Druids at my elbow. Suddenly a chill, seething wall of white mist rolls down and laps us in, and the under world is hidden from our eyes.

I am upon Parnassus, with my dear old Demetri, hearing stories of Klept and the war with the Turks; suddenly a cloud seems to open, and all Greece lies before me lapped in a golden radiance, as if I were looking in through a window at heaven.

I am on the Spanish sierras, the Sierra Nevada; and through the lessening fire of the sunset, I see calm, purple dells leading up to the perpetual snow, and ghosts of Moorish kings sitting up there playing at skittles with their own heads—a crown the game. I am on a mountain near Friburg, sleeping on shavings in a châlet, while a herd of drunken watchmakers from Geneva roar the "Sieur de Framboisey" and "Le Petit Homme Gris," and dance the "cancan" till daybreak, in the room below. I am on the summit of an Alp, watching the avalanches split and smoke, and seeing the sun consecrate the snow and kiss its pale cheek, before it leaves it to Death and Night—its mourners. I am woke by the clatter of restless horses' feet under my window. I shout, and Legoff answers by firing his revolver off as a sort of *feu-de-joie*, to

welcome the curdling sickly day that seemed so loth to rise.

Our breakfast was that sort of hurried one, which landlords give as a sort of *bonus* to early risers. Too early to cook chops, too soon to get butter, no time to procure fish. Ugh!

But what care we? We were going to realize an ideal, going to do what we never should have an opportunity of doing again—going up Olympus to picnic—with the eternal silence, with the spirit of the snow, with the Divine Essence that lingers round mountain peaks; to kiss the foot-print of Astræa, whose last step ere she rose in air was on a mountain-top. We were going up to be shown by Satan all the glory and splendour of the world.

I have an eccentric friend who goes down in sewers to collect new gases, who rides habitually to Dover at night on an express engine, who descends in diving-bells to collect anemones and other tulips of the waves, who goes up in balloons to practise rifle-shooting at cathedral weathercocks; but who never will go up a mountain, because, although a lion in all other things, he has a superstitious fear of dying of apoplexy, from breathing the rarefied air of a mountain-top. But I and Legoff have no such fears—not we.

Going up a mountain does one good; it shows one how small a thing the earth and all its cares and joys must appear to the angels. From a balloon

men appear like ants, omnibuses like Barcelona nuts, horses like maggots; the Thames like a silver horseshoe, and all the streets like so many white-trod rabbit runs.

Go far enough from anything, and how small it becomes! Go away from London, and the great writer appears a mere ephemerides—born to-day, to die to-morrow. Honest country people don't know who you mean. O magazine wonders! O leaders of pedantic cliques! O oracles of small spouting clubs! —what maggots ye seem twenty miles from Babylon the Black! Go farther still, to the Danube or the Euphrates, and how small even England looks! Millions know nothing of it. Its Shakspere, its Newton, its liberty, its enemies of liberty, its heavenly-gifted aristocracy, its trade—how small they seem! The reason is, distance has made you wise, has given you the true historical point of view, the calmness, the atmosphere, the indifferentism. You now look at England as posterity, bone-grubbing in the London Pompeii, will do, forgetting the press, and hurry, and greedy selfish scramble of this scatter-brained age. The angel thinker can always get his point of indifferentism: if Mars is too near, he can fly to Saturn; if Saturn be too near, he can hie him to the belt of Orion, or the eye of Aldeboron. He can go to where the earth looks like a silver cricket-ball, to where the sun seems but a gilded pill; or he can, with ten strokes of his ambrosial

wing, ascend to where, through inner hearts of fire and light, and music and love—the very core, in fact, of the great Rose of Sharon, whose every leaf is a system of worlds, and every pore a nation—to where the earth is but as one drop of quicksilver, and the moon like a glow-worm's head. A smoky German philosopher once tried to give me some idea of Fichte's system, by impressing me with his (Sommervogel's) view of omniscience.

"There are," he said (taking his pipe out of his wide mouth), "Herr *Fremdling*, stars, sporades of light, so distant from our poor little earth, that the rays which emanate from them take thousands of millions of years to reach our *schmutziger* globe. There are sporules of stars so distant, that the light (though light, you know, travels railroad fast, *Fremdling*) sent forth by them on the first day of creation has not yet reached this poor Germany we are now smoking in——" (Here Sommervogel breathed forth like an angry kiln, as if vexed at the force of his own singular argument.) "The earth's light, therefore, must be equally long in reaching them, so that the light and the corresponding image that it prints on the susceptible plate of the human retina of the vision of creation has not yet reached our antipodic sporule: —do you follow me? In this way, a great angel, by going back and choosing his distances, could look as through a telescope, and see any action or deed that has ever been done in the world. For if, remember,

there are sporules that thus, while we have now been smoking and speaking, have just received intelligence of the deluge of Noah, there are others to whom that spiritual postman—Light—has not yet brought news of even the first moulding of our globe out of fire essence, chaotic froth, and star dew, as Hegel says in his sixteenth——"

But I need not follow the dreamy professor and his black teacup of a meerschaum further; suffice it to say, that all these lessons, and thousands of others, may be learned from going up a mountain.

We started in a thick dropping mist, and under a canopy of sulphurous brown clouds, from which now and then broke whip-lashes of fire and growling bellows of thunder, that seemed to uncement the very walls of Broussa.

But gradually, as we left the narrow, noisome streets, where the perpetual butcher bends over the murdered body of the perpetual goat, and left the red houses with the low roofs and latticed windows, the sun shot a golden arrow or two at us, and suddenly breaking through the van of the cloud phalanxes that pressed "boss on boss and fiery spear on spear," threw his broad golden buckler before his face and shone out, the very god to light us up the mountain, where perhaps once the Magi worshipped him at daybreak—this very hour.

Now we begin the ascent along winding mule-paths, rough with stones and dangerously steep and narrow,

so that we have to ride and scramble up in single file. In those tamarisks and plane-bushes there are wolves asleep, and jackals lurk under those tufted shrubs; but they are resting after their night wanderings, and have no crave for us now. Already the sweat breaks from us in beads, as we reach a level spot and gaze down on the dwindling town, with its dark watchful cypresses looking like sable eunuchs guarding a beauty, on the meadows round the hilly town, greener and fresher here than in Asia Minor generally; on the countless brown roof-tops of the human hive; on the great jungle of a plain, with its miles of leafy mulberry-trees, and its broad sand tracts, and beyond on the purple cleft mountains; nearer, on the little summer-house of a mosque, at the foot of the mountain relic-chest of that matchless treasure, the *Prophet's slipper*—"a genuine article, I assure you, ladies and gentlemen,"—and beside its wall a white-veiled Turkish woman, a water-wheel, and some mounted travellers, with their matchlocks behind them. No sound—no sound; but the hope and promise of morning—of the day's childhood, of the new-born day—is around us, and hushes even Achmet's song and Dr. Legoff's medical theories. The daybreak and the sunset are sacred times, and should be devoted to religion, and to confessions of pure love, to reflection and to chastening memories.

Below us the white mist still brewed and boiled, while here and there a July shower slanted across

the sunshine. On the horses struggled—Potiphah and Bajazet—over the loose, rolling stones, with straining haunch and tugging neck; we swaying and bending with them; now saving them a fall on a smooth slab of rock, now pulling them over a gap of earth where the trees came thick; now under great crimson-berried bushes of arbutus, and bending almost to the saddle to prevent being brushed off our seats. Higher—higher;—lower grows the town—a toy town now; the cypresses are no bigger than those frizzly green ones the Dutchmen curl for children; the Asiatic mountains a mere chain of molehills.

Now, far above us, we hear bells jingling, and presently come down horses and asses laden with split wood, and driven by barefooted woodmen—such men, that we were half inclined to ask them if they knew anything about the Forty Thieves. The wood they carry is fresh from the axe; the sap is in it; it is of the fresh brown and white of recent cleavage. Jingle! jingle!—with a *Salamet*, down they go—with a clatter of stones and a cheery shout;—down, down—a sense of home and work done in the boys' dark eyes, as they leap down the rough path, clashing the flanks of the pack-horses with fresh-torn boughs of arbutus, crimson thick with strawberry-like fruit.

Up we go—up, and more silent now; bracing ourselves to more prolonged exertion, to rougher

clambers, that require more care, and an unceasing vigilance of eye and hand. Our horses' ears turn back timidly, ready for our words of command, the reddening whites of their eyes turn also back towards us.

Now the thick shoulders of the mountains, with their dark coverts of bushes, slowly change into woods of pines, and into more open regions of white sand and small lakes, the higher plateau from which the peak rises.

And here Achmet, closing up, began to be less anxious and more communicative, although we had still occasionally to scramble over huge slopes of slippery stone, and to ascend narrow gullies barred with pine-roots.

He told us how, some three or four years ago, "an Irish sultan" (I suppose he meant gentleman) ascended Olympus with a sulky, ill-tempered fellow—one Omar—for guide. The Irish sultan did not know a word of Turkish, nor Omar a word of Irish; but, furnished at the hotel with horses and provisions, up they went at the usual hour. What happened in the ascent is not known; but it is supposed that, on the summit, Omar, afraid of losing his way if it got dark before they got down, insisted on at once descending. The Irish sultan, vexed at five hours' toil for nothing, wanted to wait for a blink of sun; knowing that would be as if an angel's hand had suddenly flung open a palace door: or, to a beggar,

in the darkness, had suddenly cast wide a heavenly entrance. Words ran high. Omar cursed in the name of Eblis the stupid Irish sultan, who could understand nothing. The Irish sultan, I can imagine, "spotted" Omar as a d—— cheating, funky son of a Turk, "who might go to heaven if he liked." So *they* scolded, till the very gunpowder ran out of the heels of the Irish sultan's boots, and he gave Omar a push and told him to go to Jericho.

Upon which the slow yet inextinguishable Turkish fire blazed up in Omar's heart too, and the gunpowder ran out of the heels of his boots likewise; and, lighting his pipe at the hut fire (for there is a hospice hut up there), Omar shook his fist at a cloud, and then at the calm snow-peak of Olympus, and, leading his tired horse, strode angrily downwards, leaving the Irish sultan sitting on a bit of rock, chipping it geologically with a boulder.

An hour after, as he flung stones at the hut, considering it as typical of Omar, and patted his horse (the worst), suddenly the sun lifted up the curtain of mist, and showed the Irish sultan in a polite way Stamboul, compact and radiant as a golden casket, its topmost ornament the crescent of St. Sophia. Shadows lengthen, it begins to be time to go down, for it is rough and risky, *very* risky riding. Which way? By those bearded wavy pines, or round by that hill, white with a whole

wood of blighted skeletons of trees, dead and barked? He scarcely knows;—the fact is, with a guide, one does not trouble one's head much about the way, having, indeed, a living map bound in ass's skin with you. "Hang him! let him go. This is the way; and yet I scarcely remember this heap of gray, rock-like druids' graves. Murder and Irish! if this is the way—no—yes—no—yes, it must be—I can remember, I think—round by this little lake, now red as currant juice with sunset . . . ."

Let us not follow the embarrassed and bothered Irish sultan farther. Suffice it to say, that Omar got down about nine o'clock that night, safe and sound, and, telling some plausible story about the Irish sultan's riding off to Ephesus, was paid and dismissed. No one thought, in fact, anything more about the Irish sultan. Two days and two nights had passed quietly, when, lo! who should appear, tired, and lean, and worn, on a horse also tired and lean and worn, but the Irish sultan! He had been left on Mount Olympus by the guide Omar,—he knew not, not he, the Irish sultan, why,—and had been living two days on handfuls of snow, and arbutus and juniper berries. He was not fatter, but otherwise this wonderful, enduring Irish sultan, seemed well and hearty,—better indeed than even his horse. Bears he had seen none, though he thought he had heard them, and the wolves and jackals had not come near him. He had contrived at last to escape from that dreadful

death, and that cold high life, by taking the hut as a centre point, and trying every path round it, till, at last, after two days and nights, he found the real one. It was a thousand to one he had not died of hunger—it was a miracle the bears had not come out and eaten him, as they did the children that mocked Elisha; "and it would have served me right," said the Irish sultan, "for being an obstinate fool, and not going down with Omar."

That night, when I returned to the hotel, I looked for the Irish sultan's name in the visitors' book, and thought better of him when I found a brief notice of the affair in his own hand-writing,—not breathing out fire and slaughter against Omar, but frankly confessing, with infinite good-nature and manliness, that no doubt the whole thing arose from his own ignorance of the guide's language.

By this time we had reached a pine-wood where the trees were heavily bearded with fleeces of gray moss, and beyond this we came to a sort of open heath, where stubby trees grew espalier-like upon the rocks, and where the juniper shed everywhere its dry brown coffee-like berries. Suddenly the stone hut, where travellers rest, appeared before us, with its doorless entrance, its shaky, storm-riven roof, and haunted, comfortless rooms.

We soon had collected some white calcined-looking juniper roots for our witch's hut, and a good heap of that barked lightning-struck drift-wood that is

generally to be found in the neighbourhood of forests.

We struck a match; soon our Parsee sacrifice flamed up, in quivering red and yellow tongues. It was quite the temperature of England—raw, cold, and rheumatisy—on that Asiatic mountain, after the fiery heat of the plains of Bithynia below. We rolled out ourselves, tired of the saddle; and letting our horses graze outside, basked in the pleasant, cheerful heat. The fowls we unwound from their paper shrouds; the salt we unrolled from its secret lurking place; the wine ran, laughing and beading, into the cups; we lit our cigarettes and smoked. Achmet, in the background, irritated the fire, where the billet hissed and seethed, and did what a poor Turk always does when he has nothing else to do—unrolled his red rag of a turban, and then he bandaged his head again with artistic skill and care.

It was time to be moving. We were on the last plateau of the mountain. The crater and peak, sprinkled with snow, lay before us. It was our pleasant pain to scale that rugged Malakoff. Achmet himself "did not seem to see it," as Rocket says, on such occasions; so he sat down on a stone at the door of the Robinson Crusoe hut, like an umpire, and nibbled at the pink merrythought of the deceased fowl.

Off like rival athlètes started Legoff and I, picking our way over steep rocks and juniper bushes,

down among which the snow had drifted. We dragged ourselves up rock after rock, resting every few minutes, for they were very steep and stepless. The mist struggled round us. We were looking out from our place of 'vantage on a witch region of air—a home for Lucifer, a place for wandering voices and beguiling spirits. We could see nothing but a cloudy chaos. Suddenly Achmet below threw down the merrythought, and gave a yell of delight.

For an instant we saw a little golden fairy city on the shore of a golden sea—a city such as Lilliput, but beautiful exceedingly, and glorious as a goldsmith's dream. It lay on the sea-shore, like a little service of plate some genie had brought and spread upon the strand as a present to the first Christian sultan. Legoff, a keener-eyed man than myself, declared he even saw the crescent of St. Sophia, twinkling like a young moon turned to gold.

Again the hand of Satan waved and all was cloud—a blurred, shapeless, "demd" miserable, muggy world. So we tumbled down the rocks and mounted again for our descent into Broussa.

I have no room to relate the casualties of our descent. It was like riding down a well; it was like performing Astley feats on untrained horses down the dilapidated stone staircase of a giant's castle. It was a dreadful, anxious sliding on haunches, a stumbling, and striking flying glow-worms of fire out of slabs and lintels of rock. It was a scramble of

horses' legs down dry torrents, where rolling showers of stones and volleys of dust followed your uncertain passages from one firm place to another firm place.

Twice Achmet the stolid fell and rose with his horse; twice he lost his way among sycamore-trees and likely places for bears; twice our horses snorted and trembled, as if they smelt wolves; twice Achmet got among pathless precipices, and frankly confessed he did not know where we were. Much I feared the fate of the Irish sultan was to be ours.

To the last, however, the amiable doctor kept up every one's temper, by singing Dutch songs, even when, after about nine hours' riding, and after dark, we had to dismount and hold our horses by the bridles, and, sore-footed and tired, to follow Achmet in Indian file, dragging Potiphah and Bajazet down dreadful stumbling places and small ravines, where it was a mercy we did not go, a cataract of horses and men, clean to the bottom, and all at once.

It was nearly nine when we wound round the last rocky spur of Olympus, and saw the lights of Broussa, numerous as glow-worms, among the cypresses. The cicalas were going, thousands of them, as if they were so many busy spinning-wheels, and the whole world was one gigantic silk-mill.

The street dogs barked furiously as we threaded the sleeping town. At the door of the hotel we found a friendly guard of honour drawn up to welcome us.

CHAPTER XIV.

BACK BY THE DANUBE.

The *Royal Addlehead*, the boat that bore me to Turkey, brought me also homeward. Captain Schwartzochsen enjoyed the privilege, which I am afraid he did not correctly appreciate, of guiding me both ways.

We were at Galatz, having traversed the Black Sea with great *éclat* and some sea-sickness. We had explored Varna, and seen the place where the English encamped, and were decimated by some disease that had been bribed over to the Russian interest. I had set my foot on the crumbling ramparts, where the wild gourds spread out their little yellow parasols of flowers, and had faced all the various sects of stenches in that strong Mahometan town.

Coming back into life is so different from going. Returning from a walk is quite a different thing from starting for it. The beginning of a campaign is quite unlike the end. One goes to a friend's marriage a year after one's own with very different

feelings from those with which one led Seraphina or Cherubina to the altar. So was it with me. The things that startled me, and half drew my eyes out of their sockets, when I came out, now scarcely rouse me, and I find myself insolently pitying the provision clerk fresh from Leadenhall Street, who frets me with ejaculations of delight.

The white-veiled Turkish women, looking like perambulating corpses looking for a decent spot to be buried in, are now to me dirty scolding jades, who worry Achmet, and slap little Aladdin. Their orange-stained nails, and the burnt sienna palms of their hands now disgust me not. The squashed melons rotting at the street ends, the dead cats, the wild dogs, are now stale to me. I have seen them all better elsewhere, and to Constantinople Varna is a mere Margate. Even the great rushing, boiling up of stinging flesh-flies in the narrow meat market no longer disgust me, for I have seen more loathsome things elsewhere. The ox-carts, with tireless wheels, no longer strike me as barbarous; I have now seen more barbarous things elsewhere. The baggy breeches, the broad sashes, the red fezes, even the turbans, rouse me no longer.

But we are at Galatz, and I must not go back to Varna, for it is the Danube, and not the Black Sea, I am writing about. Must I say that Galatz, that great depôt of corn and timber, is a horrible place, worse even than dull, dusty Odessa? It is full of

great storehouses and dirty cafés, where provision merchants play at cards; and, but for a certain suburb of pleasant villas, is a horrible purgatory. But there is one charm about it; that is, a strange Babel of a place is always crowded by the people of half a dozen nations.

Go into a billiard-room, where there are no lamps, but where a half-savage runs about after the red ball with a stinking guttering candle. The chief player will be a Russian colonel, who knows Woronzoff, a lank, yellow, gentlemanly man, with a white cap, like an unbaked cake, on his crafty head. Go on the quays, and you will see Moldavians splitting wood, and wearing huge black broad-brimmed hats, big enough to cover the circumference of a small cart; you will see beside dark pools of tar half-naked children sticking wet bull's-eyes all over their bodies for amusement; and perhaps a Bulgarian roasting coffee in a long black tin with handles, shaking it over a picnic fire. Close by are half-stripped men loading wheat, or sifting it in great pyramids through huge sieves. Jews, Turks, infidels, heretics, and heathens, fill the muddy sloughs of streets.

The shops are very primitive, and everywhere barbarism and civilization go hand in hand. Here, under an acacia-tree, are ranged, upon blocks, some caps of white curly wool; and next door, in a sort of stable, visiting cards are printed, for the place is a

Typogrofia. Here comes a Greek, swinging out his full white petticoat kilt; and here a Turk, with a black pound of blue tassel depending from his musty red fez. Here comes a public conveyance lined with hay and sheep-skins; and here, entering a church with a metal dome, strides a Greek priest, with square cap and veil. Here are men fresh from the Balkhan passes, and brigands just arrived from Bucharest.

The principal hotel is a dirty place with a slough before the door; so that the stranger, unless he has friends here, must get lodgings. Tired of the dirt and dust, the cafés and soldiers' dancing-booths, I go aboard and find the sailors, with their red sashes and knives, busy at a mess of potatoes, rice, and prunes. Some huge timber-rafts, impelled by huge oars made of long flexible planks, are floating round us. There is a Turkish soldier praying on the quarter-deck; and in the second cabin the Russian travellers are drinking tea mixed with wine, and playing at forfeits. The fat German lady, returning to Vienna, sits with much gravity, holding her cards, with her face disfigured by black corked mustachios. Professor Katchenousky, of Kharkoff, is looking on philosophically, waiting for the Odessa steamer. The ship next us, bound for Constantinople—the *Kaiser Elizabeth*—has on the quarter-deck a huge sort of hencoop. It is a long crate of wooden bars, and is full, not of doves or fowls, but of Turkish women,

the wives of Turkish officers going back to Stamboul. The officer in the blue frock coat, and who bows, and bends, and kneels, and thumps his forehead on the deck with such grave earnestness, has on his fez the round gilt plate that distinguishes the Turkish officer. Look towards the white ghosts in the coop, where the water jars and sabres are, and you will see the other Turks touch their poniards.

Ha! how well I remember here, at this very place, some months ago, how the captain treated us all with champagne because it was our *dernier jour*, and we changed boats here for Stamboul. How we waltzed on the quay, the red-bearded first mate, and the pretty little actress from Mayence, and the Bohemian baker who got drunk and lost his passport, and then basely blubbered, and was all but left behind; and how the grave Turks looked on as the gay young Smyrniote clerk sang us a Servian battle song, all about Kara George slaying the Turks, with a burden of—

"Brats-bratom,
Rod-s-rodom;"

which means—

"Thee (God) with us,
We with thee."

And do I not remember how those who stayed too long on shore at billiards found the quay-gate locked, and guarded by gray-coated soldiers, who were with difficulty prevailed on to let us go on board.

But now that sunset, with all its burning ambers and crimsons, had changed to orange, with a gray base that gradually faded to a cold mistiness; and the moon, mounted upon her silver throne, stretched forth her beams like the shadows of silver sceptres. My whole attention was taken up with a cargo of Jews we had just taken on board: Polish Jews—pilgrims returning, with wives and children and baggage, from Jerusalem, where they had found it impossible to end their days, as they had wished. There were types among them of all the Jews that ever existed. There was Shylock, a cankered old man in a dirty green pelisse lined with fur, and with grisly dirty beard: he was a deck passenger, and his only pillow was a black bolster. Then there was Judas, always rocking over his Pentateuch, with little greasy black curls all dangling round his shrivelled cheeks. Then there was Absalom; and Ahab, a well-to-do man; and Jael's wife, and several poor Pharisees with phylacteries, like small nutmeg-graters, continually tied with bands to their foreheads. It is some great religious festival; for they keep lighting candles and rocking over their great Hebrew books all day.

It was off Sulina bar,—that dangerous entrance to the choked-up river, just where the yellow sand, rolling back, like the line of dust on a street crossing, suddenly turned to green sea-water and from green to blue—where wrecks bristled upon the sea like sharks' snouts,—that we waited for the Austrian

pilot, just where the half-sunk ships, with broken bulwarks, were lying thick and warningly around us, that those Jews, of the wandering foot and hollow eye, began to chant some psalms in the most horrible minor key that the genius of melancholy ever devised, so that every one in the cabin put his finger in his ears, and exclaimed pathetically,—

"O die Juden!"

Then all the other Jews shook their greasy curls and their fur caps, and their dirty, filthy robes, and began to light candles and rummage in their old-fashioned clothes' chests for newer robes. And then Abraham bestirred himself, and Sarah put down the bread and onion and *wurst* she was devouring, and fell to at the rocking and shrieking, which so astonished the grave, cross-legged, smoking Turk from Rustchuk. Then arose Absalom from his sea of dirty bedding, and Ahab from his seat on a coil of wet rope, and Jonah from looking over the ship's side in a feeble way; and Lot, Omar, and Haman, and Shimai, and the rest.

Churn, churn—chop, chop—swish, swish—went the steamer.

"*Do, la, fa, sol,*" shrieked dismally the Jews; Abraham not stopping to dress, but gracefully tying a dark pair of drawers round his old ape-neck for fear of catching cold.

Rock, rock—shiver, shiver—a long trail of white effervescence following at our wake. To me the Jews

were lamenting their exile, and deploring their Cain-like fate. A glimpse of low willowy shores seen by flashes of lightning, like the waving of the sword of Eblis, and I turn in. I left Shylock & Co. a wallowing mass of sleeping bundles.

It was scarcely daybreak, when a hand I resented shook me up. It was the German steward.

"Haben sie immer die Heuschrecken der Donau gesehen?" ("Have you ever seen the locusts of the Danube?")

"Yes—no," I said, springing up, throwing on my great coat, and going on deck. Every one was there, even that stolid Dutch captain who had lost his vessel, *Der Goede Vrow*, "The Good Woman," off Sulina.

There were the locusts, flowing by us in the sky over a bank of sallows. They looked fifty yards deep, and took more than half an hour passing us. They were a close army, and seemed to smoke up from the land with a velocity and power and multitude that really conveyed to me somewhat of Egyptian horror. Many drove against our steamer's rigging, and falling stunned on deck, with their verminy legs, and broad, blank, dark-lanthorn eyes, were instantly secured by us to amuse the ladies. They were loathsome, livid-looking things, of a putrid pale blue on the stomach, and elsewhere of a dirty brown and green. Their pulpy, fleshy bodies and their horny resisting legs, their sturdy nippers

and gauzy wings, seemed adapted to render them dreadful scourges to the country they might honour with a visit.

Shall I ever forget those long hours in that Austrian steamer, as the *Royal Addlehead* ploughed up that great tawny river;—those long hours of passing between low earthy shores, gray with willows, or rough with undermined and half-falling trees, hours most of which I spent lying in my little cabin, trying to think, yet achieving nothing but a sense of the monotonous.

Rattle, pound, swish — rattle, pound, swish of the paddles, whizz, frothing, and the continuous pulsation and progress of the tireless vessel, while we—foolish, helpless creatures, the passengers—smoked, grumbled, and slept.

I remember those lonely hours after dinner was cleared away, and the only sound was some cheery cry or call or trample overhead as I lay watching the red curtain, drawn across the opposite berth, change from dark blood red to sunny crimson, as the light from the lifting porthole fell across it. I remember, too, the roundel of light that some aperture above my head cast on the floor, gliding in fitfully as the vessel pulsed onwards.

I remember, too, the familiar sounds, now grown into parts of a poem in my mind; the cling-clang of the brazen ship-bell, as the watches changed, and fresh men came up for their "tricks" at the wheel. I re-

member the creak and run of ropes through pulleys, as we sped past huge timber rafts and clacking mills, where half-naked men stood watching us, or dragging in nets. I remember the Turks in white drawers, paddling in their boats, past drift snags, and rising banks with grassy tumuli-graves of some bygone Danubian chieftains, Huns or Tartars, rising on their margins. Then forts, with gathered towers and bulbing red domes; and herons, tax-collectors among the fish.

Shall I forget, too, those Rhine-like portions of the river by the Iron Gates, where we wound under cliffs amphitheatred with trees, under rocks where we could still trace the square mortice holes, where Trajan fixed the road for his Romans; just by the beautiful valley where Kossuth buried the Hungarian crown, and where the eagles, with brown frayed wings, bore down so close to our heads.

Through lamplight glows of moon, through sprinkled drifts of stars, through orange and purple sunsets, through muddy shadows of funnel-smoke, through spume and churn and froth, we passed Bosnia and Servia, and stood face to face with Wallachians and Moldavians; past sallows and pelicans, white towers and red bulbed domes, past mills, and fishing stations, and timber rafts.

And—over and above all rise memories of Turks, with crafty wrinkles and faces unacquainted with smiles; of dirty, clever Russian professors; of pretty

little German girls, of good-natured Galatz merchants, of the beautiful Paradisaical doctor's daughter from Bucharest; now arise some last visions of those Jew pilgrims, rocking over their greasy little leather books, whose vellum leaves are dark with thick black Hebrew characters; how the old Sarahs and Hagars peeled the onions the while the prayers went on, and how at certain intervals the old performers seemed suddenly taken worse, and gave out the psalm in a more intolerable nasal, high-pitched whine, at once aggravating and ear-piercing. Those of my readers who have seen Mr. Holman Hunt's wonderful picture of "Christ in the Temple," will know just what a hard-hearted, bigoted old purblind formalist the old Abraham who led them was. His pale, flaccid underlip, his seamed face, his half-dead eye, united to a certain habitual worldliness, were all seen in this patriarch of the Danube. While his companions were thin, elderly men, with greasy, grey curls, and worn, limp, black gaberdines, who, it seemed to me, must have spent their lives in cheapening combs and razors about the back-streets of Silesian country towns.

At last we are at Pesth; torches flare and move upon the quays, two regiments of Hungarian infantry on their way back to garrison are drawn up on the land. Forgetful of defeat, they are as full of wild gambols and laughing tricks as boys. Through the darkness I hear their dances, songs, and their rich-voiced choruses.

Tramp, tramp—battle, rattle, with a long-drawn scream and a warning puff of white steam, we tear away through the darkness to Vienna. The Jews I leave brooding over their red boxes that are daubed with garlands. I fall asleep, and dream that the Wandering Jew is stoker to our train, and that he feeds the fire with trunkfuls of soldiers' legs and arms that the Hungarian soldiers have brought in their crimson-slopped waggons from gory Magenta and sulphurous Solferino.

A stream of morning Austrian sunlight flowing in at the carriage window awakens me to a sense of half conscious happiness.

Wien! Wien!! Ding-dong, ding-dong, puff, puff. *Wien!! Wien!!*

We are at Vienna.

O pleasant city of Maria Theresa—of great soldiers and great musicians—of great tyrants and great Jesuits—those never seemed to me so pleasant as on this winter morning, when I drew up in the *fiacre* at the gate of the Kaiser Elizabeth hotel! How gay were the many-coloured shops, with the German and Magyar inscriptions; how merrily along the Prater rattled the busses from Schönbrunn!

How pleasant, after some days of fag and restless travelling, is the firm fixed house—the clean hotel! Everything in that city, to my good-tempered eye, seemed now piquant and pleasing, from the Molda-

vian girls, with naked feet and loose white sleeves, to the smart Tyrolese buglers, with light-blue pantaloons, who chatted round the street fountain—that great street fountain—a pyramid of saints and heroes, crowned by the Virgin and a gilded halo. I liked even the slow *fiacres*, with the little looking-glasses with plated frames stuck up inside them. I liked the gaiety of the Prater, and the tall green-columned poplars that rose in the ditch just at the foot of the wall, over which shook the baneful black and yellow banner of blighting Austria. I liked the chocolate and orange, the cherry-colour and blue, the blue and gray of the countless uniforms that filled the streets. I liked St. Stephen's better than ever, with its wondrous external tabernacle work, and its idol-images stuck with artificial flowers, and tied up with tinsel and bows of pink ribbon. I liked even the hackney-coach drivers with their green Tyrolese hats and venerable meerschaum pipes.

But I forgot it all, and a thick black curtain fell before my eyes; when, suddenly, at a turn of the glacis, I met, entering the door of a military hospital, a train of thirty waggons, bearing a painful instalment of the sufferers from Italy. There were the plaistered heads and bound-up eyes, the lame knees, the bandaged arms, the shattered feet; the crutches, the tourniquets; all the rusty reverse side of Ambition's medal. There were young men, pale and wan, ready to give up the ghost; and old men

groaning ruefully as the waggon jolted unfeelingly and mechanically on, with its hairy knapsacks, broken and bent muskets, its cooking pans, chests, pioneers' tools, and bedding.

We hear too much, I thought, of the plumes and trumpets that make Ambition virtue—too little of the hospital and the surgeon's knife; too much of Cæsar's triumphal car and the ride to the Capitol—too little of poor Milo's painful death-bed and Hugh Callaghan's ride to the hospital.

APPENDIX.

TURKISH ART AND ARCHITECTURE.

I APPEND some admirable notes of my friend Mr. W. Burges, the architect of the new memorial church at Constantinople, on these subjects—notes which are valuable from their sagacity, and are not too technical for the general reader.

Mr. Burges says:—"The mosque of Sultan Achmet, erected in 1610, is doubtless one of the finest buildings the Turks ever produced: it is the only one that has six minarets. The Osmanea, built by Osmyn III., is also worthy to be mentioned. The Validè, built by the mother of Mahomet IV., is another of the chief Turkish temples; but the mosque I shall take as a specimen is the one I obtained access to, the Solimanea. The Sultan Soliman XIV., Emperor of the Turks, was fully entitled by the laws of the Koran to erect a temple, for he had subdued provinces in three out of the four quarters of the world; he was contemporary with Charles V., and struck terror into the European sovereigns. Returning from his conquests of Rhodes and Bagdad, he reared

this stately mosque, where the rules of Mahometan architecture are strictly followed: it was mainly built out of the spoils of the ancient Chalcedon. A fine quadrangular court, like the cloister of a monastery in form, is supported by ancient columns of granite and porphyry: in the midst is the fountain for the religious ablutions of the Mussulmans: the whole magnitude of the interior is displayed to the eye of the stranger at his first entrance. There are no nefs, or subdivisions, to obstruct the full comprehension of the whole space enclosed. The dome, supported upon four splendid granite columns, covers the whole space on which we stand, and, Pantheon-like, gathers and eats up all the air around it. The lamps suspended and crossed in all directions, add as little to the simplicity and dignity of the interior, as the innumerable wax-lights and festoons of the Romans add to their basilicas. On the side opposite the entrance are several stained-glass windows, reported to have been done by some artists from Persia: the colours are rich, but generally much deeper than in our cathedrals. The Keblè, or Caaba, is on the same side: here the chief mufti says his prayers: on his left he has an elevated pulpit, from which he expounds the Koran: opposite this are the seats of the mollah: these are arranged as systematically as any of our modern sedilia. On the right, but not conspicuous, is the Sultan's seat whenever he chooses to pray at the Solimanea: behind the pillars, and in the recesses of

the walls, are seen the worshippers, some praying and others reading the Koran aloud, copies of which, as our bibles used to be in days of scarcity, are chained to the walls. We walk round the whole of the interior with shoeless feet upon smooth matting (the Caaba only is carpeted), and a mollah keeps an eye upon the Giaours and their piastres, as they dare to violate this sanctuary of Islamism. Near to this mosque, in a garden, is the mausoleum of Soliman and his relations, an octagonal building covered by a neat dome. The number of imperial mosques are seven in all,—a remarkable coincidence with the seven basilicas of Rome: these (I mean the mosques) are St. Sophia, Sultan Mahomet, Sultan Selim, the Solimanea, Sultan Achmet, the Osmanea, and the Sultan Bajazet. Except the one of Sultan Achmet, they have all four minarets each, and large groups of cupolas.

"From the various fires we read of in history, I think it might be safely concluded that the common houses of the city always were built of wood. In the present day, so frequent are the fires, that it is seldom a fortnight elapses without one. The three first questions asked of a morning by one inhabitant of another are: 'What is the exchange?' 'Who is the prime minister?' and 'Where was the fire last night?' For the exchange is always going up, the minister is always going out, and the fires are always going on. The consequence is, that there is very

little to be observed concerning the houses of Stamboul, beyond the fact that they are very slightly constructed of thin scantlings of oak, nailed together, boarded outside with fir, and painted red. The upper stories project, and are supported by curved strutts, the ends of which are sometimes moulded. But we should have a very wrong idea of these houses if we imagine they are anything like those which have come down to our own time in England and France, from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, for these latter, built of solid oak, and put together with wooden pins, count their age by centuries; but a Stamboul house, on the contrary, if not burnt down in ten years, will perhaps last for sixty years. The ceiling was boarded, and upon it a pattern was formed by nailing on small pieces of moulded wood; both these and the interstices were coloured and gilt. The upper part of the windows (which were generally all grouped at one end of the room) had stained glass, like that in the Mosque of Suleiman, but, of course, of a smaller pattern, and with less projection of mullions. In this case, also, the outer and inner glazing were only about six inches apart. The lower part was single glazed, and opened inwards, being provided with shutters. A board projected at the junction of the upper and lower parts of the windows, both on the inside and outside,—the former to support the curtains, the latter to keep off the rain. One house I saw at Pera had all the woodwork

coloured and gilt. The furniture was completed by rich carpets, divans, and even shawls, hung upon the walls.

"I say *was*, for I am told that all the old fashions are rapidly going out, and that the Turks delight in furniture and clocks from France, and printed cottons from Manchester, and even neglect their own incomparable carpets for those of England and France, which, however good they may be in their fabric, are more than equivocal in their patterns.

"The Stamboul of the middle ages must have been a glorious city, rich in colour. At present there are just sufficient remains to enable an antiquary to recompose it; but a few years hence everything will have disappeared, and the city will have become as dull as Paris or London.

"If we may believe the plates in Grelot's work, the Stamboul of the seventeenth century presented a mass of pinnacles, minarets, &c., equal to that presented by any of the cities of the middle ages. He tells us that the Sultan's caïques or boats were all coloured and gilded, even to the oars. I have no doubt but that the prevailing Turkish colour was red, as we even see it at the present day. Another glimpse of past times is afforded us by the collection of the costumes of the ancient Janissaries, preserved in a marble kiosque in the grounds of the Seraglio. Nothing can be more gorgeous than these wooden figures of warriors clothed in the actual dresses; it

is astonishing how much they resemble in physiognomy the Turks depicted in the 'Abiti Antique' of Andrea Vercellio, and it is equally difficult to recognize them in the present apparently mild and apathetic soldiers in European uniform.

"The ladies and the clergy are almost the only classes which have entirely preserved the ancient costume, and there are few sights more picturesque than to see a group of women clad in every imaginable colour. Their walking dresses and veils are not unlike those worn by the ladies of the thirteenth century; but the men, on the contrary, wear dull-looking European trousers and coats, and hardly appear as yet to have completely mastered the management of the buttons. As they live in a hot climate, where the head and eyes require to be sheltered from the sun, they have disused the turban, and replaced it by a fez of a bright red colour, of course without any brim; but then again they carry a gingham umbrella, generally of the Gamp description, which gives them the appearance of great respectability; and for the same reason that the fez has been adopted, the more advanced delight in patent leather boots, exceedingly comfortable on a hot day for walking upon a pavement consisting of large round blocks of stone about the size of a man's head, with very wide interstices, so that the walker is sure to slip into dust or water, or a fine stiff mud.

"The interior of the Seraglio is redolent of the

days of Lady Wortley Montague, and European upholsterers. The most amusing thing of all is the Sultan's picture gallery, consisting of illuminated ciphers of his name and titles, together with very funny drawings, apparently by native artists, of men-of-war and steamboats, with all the guns going off, and with a most liberal allowance of smoke. The collection is completed by some coarse lithographs of the capture of the brigand, the brigand's death. In fact, the civilization of the Turks is very like their costume. You will see a man with an enormous turban, a long beard and pipe, and a furred pelisse, finished off with a pair of white stockings and costermonger's boots.

"The great attraction of Stamboul to strangers is the bazaar—a collection of passages, covered with stone barrel vaults. On each side are wooden erections, like very large wardrobes, only they open in the middle horizontally. The merchant, when he comes to business, after unlocking, pulls up the upper half of the doors, which forms a sort of canopy over his head, and can be used for the suspension of choice articles. He also lets down the lower half, until it is supported by some posts in the ground, and then sits down upon it, surrounded by his wares. This is only one description of shop, for their developments are very numerous. Sometimes they open at the side—sometimes they open both horizontally and vertically; in fact, there is no end to the contrivances.

Sometimes the bazaar has an aisle on each side; in this case there is, of course, an arcade, supported by pillars, and the aisles are covered by quadrupartite, ribless groining. Both the capitals of the pillars and the groining, which is a parallelogram on plan, very strongly resemble the arcades on either side of the streets of Padua. The shops in the bazaar, with three aisles, are *bonâ fide* vaulted rooms, on each side of the aisle wall, with a door and window opening into it. The bazaars are the great depôts for merchandise. Thus there is the drug bazaar, the slipper bazaar, &c. The trades are generally congregated in one street, as with us in the middle ages. Thus, near the Mosque of Sultan Suleiman, there is a row of sheds, tenanted by the makers of inkstands and penholders. Near that of Bayazid, another occupied by the braziers. The mosques, indeed, appear to be the centre of civil and religious life. This system of aggregating the members of one trade has of course the disadvantage of making you go to some distance whenever you want an article, but at the same time the purchaser enjoys the advantages of competition, and he can go all down the street inquiring the price, and examining the article at each shop.

"Another remarkable feature in Stamboul is the number of fountains, of all shapes and sizes, from a simple arch on a wall, with a boarding above to keep off the sun, to the elaborate affair, like that near the

Seraglio gate, consisting of a square edifice, with circular towers at the angles, closed with grilles. The use of these towers is to enable a person outside (generally a dervish) to supply cups of water to the passers-by. The more important fountains are generally covered with a coating of marble, and decorated all over with most delicate surface ornament. This is sometimes conventional, sometimes natural. Where in Western art we should use figures to break up the monotony, the Turks employed representations of vases filled with flowers, or dishes with fruit: a very clever ornament is made of a dish of pears. Now these fountains, when carved in stone, were coloured and gilt all over; but when of marble, had only a little gilding, and very little colour indeed; for the Turks, like the artists of the middle ages, and like the Greeks (who, by the way, were far more mediæval than we are), when they had a beautiful material, liked to show it, and did not cover it with a thick coating of paint, so as to hide it altogether, as some would persuade us the architects of the Parthenon did. The eaves of these fountains have a great projection, are boarded, and decorated with painting. The roof is composed of a series of domes. The most beautiful of the fountains are to be found, firstly, outside the Seraglio; secondly, at the Pera side of the second bridge; and, thirdly, at Tophana. The second is, I think, the most perfect; the last has had all its domes removed and replaced

by a flat roof with a neat compo parapet, and cast-iron railing, exactly the same as you would see placed over the back premises of a linendraper in Tottenham-court Road; so that it is very evident that the Turks are really becoming civilized, now that they are spoiling their public monuments.

"The fountains in the courts of the mosques are generally enclosed in a sort of iron grille springing from the top of their lowest basin. Over all is a dome, supported by pillars and an arcade.

"From Stamboul we can cross over to Galata either by the bridge of boats or by caïque. The first plan is very fatiguing on account of the crowd, the horses, and the footway, some of the planks of the latter standing up about three inches above the others. In fact, whether in Pera, Galata, Stamboul, or on the bridge, a passenger never walks—he hops or jolts himself from one stone to another. If a boat be taken, the passage is more easy, but considerably more dangerous, inasmuch as the caïques, having no keel, are exceedingly liable to be overset by the swell of the almost numberless steamboats which are continually going out or coming in to moor at the bridge. Almost the only traces of the old Turkish art are now to be found in the carving on the inside of these boats; it is true, it is very often in the Lady Wortley Montague style, but occasionally one sees interlaced geometrical patterns, and in one instance, I discovered a decidedly Arabic pair of lions, each with a paw

raised, regarding a conventional tree in the middle. The whole arrangement was exactly like what we see on the few textile fabrics of the middle ages, principally of Sicilian manufacture, which have come down to us. Another curious resemblance was, that these lions had conventional ornaments on their haunches. I made inquiry and found that the artist really was a Turk, and I do think that there would be some hope for them yet, in an artistic point of view, if they were only let alone.

"From Stamboul our caïque has transported us to Galata. Now, what Oxford is to England, Nuremberg to Germany, or Assisi to Italy, Galata is to the East, viz. an almost perfect city of the middle ages. Again, like all mediæval communities, the inhabitants had a more than doubtful story of their descent. As the Britons and Paduans were the descendants of the Trojans, so the inhabitants of Galata claimed descent from the companions of the renowned Brennus who destroyed Rome. They were Galatians, hence Galata. Some even went so far as to assert that they alone were the Galatians to whom the Apostle of the Gentiles wrote his Epistle. More sober authors, however, tell us that the name simply signifies a place where milk is sold. Although a suburb in the time of Justinian, it owes its importance to the Genoese who settled here during the Latin occupation. When the Greek

dynasty was restored, they held it as a fief from the emperors. Then they alternately assisted and bullied their benefactors, but having no fortifications, were obliged to knock under, until at last, happening to be on the right side against the Venetians, the latter burnt the town. The consequence was, that the Genoese got permission to fortify it. Then they increased it with more fortifications. Then they got the whole of the trade of the Black Sea into their hands. And when the emperor refused them a further space to be fortified, the entire population turned out and worked at the walls, and enclosed the space without his permission; in fact, they went on very much as the East India Company did in India during the last century. I am afraid their conduct during the siege by the Turks will not bear examination. History accuses them of trying to make a separate treaty with Mahomet, and with neglecting to intercept his ships when they were hauled over dry land from the Bosphorus to the Golden Horn. However, Mahomet dismantled their fortifications; and of the three parts into which the walls divide Galata, one is now entirely inhabited by the Turks.

"The walls are even at the present day exceedingly perfect; they are about eight feet thick at bottom, and six feet at top, where a broad space is got by means of arches supported on corbels. Many of these corbels are fragments of ancient columns,

showing the haste of their erection. All parts of the walls contain inscriptions, with coats of arms, telling us the date of the building, so that their whole history might thus be collected. The walls are flanked at short distances by square and round towers. The most conspicuous of all was the large tower placed on the highest point, and forming the citadel.

"Within the walls the most observable thing is the immense number of old stone houses. As to the churches, they have entirely disappeared; the only exceptions are, first, St. Peter's, which preserves its entrance gateway, probably of the time of the Latin occupation, judging from the mouldings, which are almost French. The central tower is also original; all the rest of the church, having suffered by fire, was repaired by the liberality of Louis the Fourteenth of France. The other church has also a square tower, with a stunted spire covered with lead. Upon close inspection it appears that it is now a mosque, the only remains of antiquity being a few carved strings, evidently of Byzantine workmanship; the church itself has been entirely rebuilt. The modern churches do not show at all; a passenger might pass them fifty times, and never know that they were churches. The great Armenian church, built only a few years ago, is surrounded by an immensely high stone wall, secured by iron doors. In fact, it has been the policy of the Turks to make

the Christians hide their churches as much as possible; but it is to be hoped that that day at least has gone by.

"Nothing can be more effective, but at the same time more severe, than the houses built by the merchants of Galata. With the exception of corbels, I do not think that a single yard of moulding could be found in the whole of them. The oldest house is the former Palazzo del Podesta, with round arches, and a very few remains of Byzantine ornament inside. This building is evidently anterior to the Latin conquest. The ordinary houses, which are probably all posterior to the destruction of the city by the Venetians, have their upper stories supported on massive corbels; sometimes these corbels are far apart, and support arches which take the wall of the first story. Now, as in by far the majority of cases there is no superincumbent weight to keep down the tails of the corbels, recourse has been had to iron bars, which are passed through them, having been fixed previously to a course of masonry a good distance down the walls. The expedient has been perfectly successful, for in very few cases did I find that the corbels had given. Another peculiarity is, that generally the first story does not project parallel with the ground floor, but at an angle with it, so as to get a window at the end to look down the street. The walls are sometimes built with layers of brick and stone, with very wide tuck joints. Thus, the height of the brick

will be one inch, that of the joint two inches, and that of the stone from three to five or eight inches. Occasionally a brick is placed between each stone, or there are two courses of brick to one of stone. The mortar is what is nowadays called *corazan*, composed of lime and pounded brick, but with the addition of small pieces of linen when used as an external cement for the whole wall. The tuck joints formed of this cement received a one-eighth pointing of fine marble lime; the bricks themselves, being of bad colour and quality, were painted with a mixture of lime and red earth.

"Sometimes the house was entirely plastered over and covered with tuck joints of the marble lime, imitating masonry. In this case the plaster was painted of a grayish colour, and the joints left white. In another the plaster was left white, and the joints painted light red, or the marble line was reddened by a little pounded brick being added; but in both these cases certain courses had bright red colour applied between the tuck joints, which were made to assume an ornamental shape, so that these courses did duty for moulded strings.

"The examples just mentioned, as well as those in Italy, where ornaments are procured by putting two different coats of plaster one upon the other, and scraping away the upper in certain parts, show what can be done even with plaster. I am afraid that ugly buildings are referable to the architect or the

client, rather than to the material, however vile it may be.

"The roofs of these houses are always formed of tiles, placed upon a few spars: these latter are supported upon the high, square, domical brick vault, which invariably covers the upper rooms. The vault does not go up to a point, but butts up against an oblong flat slab of stone, which forms the key.

"The windows are simply two horizontal and two vertical travertine stones, with square jambs. Above is a discharging arch, set about one and a half or two inches back from face of wall. A double row of tiles placed on the estrados bring the superincumbent wall to the general surface, and, like the moulding we observed in a similar situation at Stamboul, does duty as a label.

"Every window is defended by a wrought-iron grille. The doorways are as plain as the windows, having segmental arches sunk back an inch from the general surface, in the same manner as the discharging arch of the windows. I should mention that these latter are generally four-centered, while those of the doorways are segmental. Only one sculptured figure remains, a small bas-relief in the High Street, representing St. George, in Byzantine costume.

"Now, in Galata and Stamboul, but more especially in Tophana and the older parts of Pera, there

are to be found an immense number of pierced iron door-rings and knockers of a most mediæval shape. I must confess that I am perfectly puzzled to account for them. Some of my friends have suggested that they were Genoese importations; for my own part, I am rather inclined to believe that they are of native manufacture, considering how very mediæval the eastern metal-work is, even in the present day.

"Concerning Tophana, little need be said beyond that it contains the great landing-place for all building materials, excepting wood. The red pipe-bowls are made there; and I have before mentioned the fountain.

"The slave-trade also flourishes at Tophana, witness the numerous Circassians, who, I believe, are often the relatives of the ladies on sale. When I say the slave-trade flourishes, I do not mean to assert that it takes place publicly, for the sultan has prohibited it in an edict, beginning, 'Whereas all men are born free;' but it still goes on in a private manner, as will always be the case, where there is a demand for an article, and purchasers willing to give large prices.

"Pera, the last division of Constantinople, may briefly be described as containing nothing good, except the hotel. It is almost exclusively inhabited by Europeans, whom, with a few honourable exceptions, no one would wish to select as the represen-

tative men of their respective nationalities. Pera, indeed, as to its inhabitants at the present day, perfectly answers to the description given by Gibbon of the Latin inhabitants of Jerusalem during the time it was held by the Crusaders. Its architecture is, for the most part, upon a par with its inhabitants; in fact, it is the most disagreeable city to inhabit, it was ever my lot to come across. It likewise enjoys the reputation, in common with all Constantinople, of being the most expensive place in Europe after St. Petersburg, the principal difference being that in the latter capital you do get something for your money, but in Pera every article is both dear and bad.

"The cost of building must be put down at, at least, one-half as much again as in England; for not only are building materials very much more expensive, but every artisan is paid at least five shillings a day, and does hardly one-half the work of an Englishman. Most Europeans here lose a portion of their energy when they have been any time in the country, the only exception that I knew of being our ambassador.

"The principal buildings at Pera are the Russian, French, and English embassies.

"The Russian is a very large and plain affair, built between the years 1836 and 1843, by M. Fossati. It is constructed of rough blocks of the Macricue limestone, plastered over. The cost was 40,000*l*

The architect informed me that nowadays it would take three times that sum to erect it.

"The French palace, by no means so large, and built in 1838 and 1845, is faced with Malta stone, a material by no means to be praised for resisting the damp: indeed, parts of the carving are already disappearing. The style is that indescribable rendering of the Renaissance so popular in France under the *régime* of Louis Philippe. The amount was 35,000*l.*

"The English palace is in much better taste, being taken from the Florentine edifices; but inasmuch as these latter were meant to be seen from a narrow street, while the building under consideration is in the midst of a garden, it naturally loses some little of its effect. The material is the very soft limestone from St. Stefano, known as the Azattee stone; it is tolerably durable when well chosen, and placed in a dry situation, but always liable to perish in parts facing the north.

"The Sultan's palace at Dolma Bagdche, near Pera, is a most wonderful production, the details seemingly being taken from those impossible French lithographs which profess to be aids to the designing of jewellery. The architect is an Armenian,—the Turks, as a general rule, preferring to employ them to Europeans. I was informed that until a few years back the Armenian architects used to draw their plans upon a most mediæval system, viz., placing an

elevation of a door or window on the place shown for it on the plan.

"I will now conclude by briefly recapitulating a few things which I think I learnt there.

"1. The mosques teach us the importance of massing ornament in certain places, and not to distribute it over the whole surface, and thereby cut up all breadth of effect.

"2. That where a column is wanted to do real work it should be massive, and not like a tobacco-pipe, and that this column will not look the worse if it be diminished, or if its capital be connected with that of its neighbour with a tie-rod.

"3. The houses at Galata teach one that a very excellent effect can be got without the employment of a single moulding, except on the edges of the corbels, many of which are simply rounded.

"4. That with a good artist even plaster can be made to look well.

"5. That the present state of coloured decoration among the Turks teaches us how important it is to be surrounded by beautiful colours, such as costume and hangings; for, although not a nation of artists, while they wore a coloured costume their decoration was well coloured; it has changed very much for the worse with their costumes.

"From the stained-glass and ancient work generally, one perceives the excellent patterns produce-

able by the putting of one pattern or diaper on the other.

"And, lastly, from the whole city generally, that the very thick walls to keep out the heat, and tie-rods to bind them together in case of earthquakes, are the just requisites for building well in a hot climate.

* * * *

"The mosques at Constantinople are exceedingly numerous, but all follow the same plan, which is this:—First of all, there is a large enclosure very often occupied by shops and stalls. Within is an oblong mass of buildings, consisting of an arcaded court with a fountain in the centre; this court is called the harem. Then there comes the mosque proper, which may be briefly described as an Arabic copy of St. Sophia; while the third division, called the garden, is a walled space containing the tomb of the founder and that of his wife within very rich and beautiful buildings.

"Now, it is strictly allowed to sultans only who have been conquerors to erect mosques, in order that their subjects should not suffer on account of their taste for architecture. No one, therefore, had a better right to build than Mahomet II., the conqueror. Accordingly, there is a large mosque, known by his name, which has a very fine interior, and containing a good many fine monoliths, said to

have been brought from sundry Christian churches. However, there is nothing particularly remarkable about this mosque, as it has had the misfortune to be damaged by an earthquake, and beautified and restored during the last century.

"But by far the most beautiful of all is the mosque next in order of chronology, built by Suleiman the Magnificent, between 1550 and 1553; and, had it the advantage of possessing the mosaics, I should be inclined to prefer it to St. Sophia. It contains four of the largest columns in the city, which were anciently used to support statues. The dome has the same diameter as that of St. Sophia, and, being higher, appears to my mind of a better proportion, looking more like a dome and less like a ceiling. It is in this mosque that we find the beautiful stained-glass windows, which I shall notice further on. Another large mosque, which owes its erection to Bayazid II., is very nearly as beautiful as that of Suleiman. The court or harem, with its porphyry and verd antique columns, its incrustations of marble, its fountain, its trees supporting lattices covered by vines, and, above all, the large flock of pigeons fed by the alms of the faithful (for the Mahometans are excessively humane to all animals except man), make it one of the most delightful scenes I have ever witnessed. The only thing at all approaching it is the west front of St. Mark's, at Venice; but there we are painfully impressed with the want of verdure. Here, on

the contrary, we have all, the architecture, the coloured marble, the murmur of the fountain, the trees, and pigeons, besides the bright costume of the women.

"The other two great mosques are those of the Sultan Achmed, and of the Sultana Valida. The former, situated close to the ancient Hippodrome, being remarkable for the immense pillars, cased with marble, which support the dome. The latter, although erected about the middle of the seventeenth century, is quite as pure in its details as that of Mahomet II. or Suleiman, for arts and costume change much slower in the East than in the West.

"Now, from the architecture of these mosques there is a very useful lesson to be learnt by the architect, and that is how admirably the details are simplified, and how great an effect of breadth is obtained by restraining the ornament to a very few places, such as the caps and cornices, and not covering the whole with reedy mouldings and fizzy crockets, and still more fizzy pinnacles. There is not much to be read about bases, which are generally composed of a few mouldings, the uppermost being, as I said before, of bronze. The shafts are generally taken from old buildings, and, consequently, diminish, a point upon which I would venture to think the classic architects were in the right. The cap is round at bottom to suit the column, and square at top to suit the arch.

The surface is covered over with the icicle-work, so peculiar to Eastern art. Here we see the ornament concentrated, and very sparingly used; but it is the very finest and most careful of its kind. The abacus has a hollow moulding, with a square nosing, and the arch very often comes very nearly flush with the outer edge of it, so that none of the height of the arch is lost to the spectator. In large arches and columns, however, as with us, the arch corresponds with the face of the bell of the cap. The arches have no mouldings at all, but simply plain soffits, and occasionally the voussoirs are of alternate differently coloured or painted stones. There is no label, properly speaking; but the whole of the spandrils overhang the arch for one or three inches, according to the size of the building. In small edifices this soffit is left plain; but in great ones there is a moulding, which, at a distance, gives all the effect of a dripstone, without the disadvantage of depriving us of the view of any of the spandril space, as our Western labels do. The effect is to make the whole affair more massive, and to give the arch the idea of having more work to do. I should mention that there are three sorts of arches employed, viz., a stilted drop arch (such as we find used during the thirteenth century in Europe), a sort of four-centered arch, and a segmental arch. The latter is generally used for doorways.

"The spandrils of a large arcade, and their sustain-

ing mould, are generally of marble, while the centre of the spandril is often occupied by an exquisitely carved projecting boss, or three circles of inlaid marble, with a little projecting knob in the middle of the whole. Now the carved boss is not an affair of a lot of leaves going out anywhere and in all directions, but a stilted half-sphere, with a rigorously kept surface, indented with a bold and deeply carved conventional ornament.

"As to the cornice, it is formed of a rich icicle ornament, with very little projection. Upon this, if the eaves project, they project very much, so as really to give some shade, and are boarded on the under side, and decorated with paintings. If, on the contrary, the architect used a parapet, he pierced it with an ornament which, at first sight, looks very complex, but which can generally be resolved to the superposition of two or more geometrical figures. Each bay of an arcade is covered by a dome, protected from the weather by lead. In fact, where we should use quadrupartite groining, the Orientals use a dome, and it is for this reason that we see so many in every view of an Eastern city. The dome is finished by a kind of finial, often gilt; but as I was never able to get close to any of them, I am unable to say whether they are executed in stone or wood. As to the minarets, they are nothing but corkscrew staircases, standing alone. The *winders* go right through the walls, which are about six inches thick. Near the

top is a gallery, supported by corbelling, the ends of the corbel stones being kept down by the superincumbent weight of the upper part, which is merely a repetition of the lower portion, covered with a high pointed wooden roof, leaded. Some minarets have as many as three galleries, and sometimes the corbelling-out is cut into icicle work. Other minarets are made entirely of brick, plastered, and some even of wood; but as I was not able to go inside them, I cannot speak concerning their construction.

"There is no feature upon which the Mahometan architect has devoted greater cost and attention than on his doors and shutters. One of the most elegant that I have seen is at present attached to a tumble-down house at Pera. It consists of two valves, each one foot six inches wide, made of fir, and covered with massive carving. The panels, with Arabic letters, form the principal feature, and work in very prettily; but in the great mosques we find much more elaborate work. Here the doors are panel-framed; but instead of the space between the rails and styles being filled with a single panel, it is filled up with a multitude of small rails and styles, enclosing minute panels of different-coloured woods. In the richest doors these little rails and styles form intricate patterns; and their panels are carved, and occasionally made of ivory, to break the monotony. Marquetry work, of wood, ivory, and silver, is occasionally used, but very sparingly, and generally

round the great panels. The doors are all strengthened behind with a strong skeleton framing.

"The furniture is bronze, chiselled over with minute patterns, and gilt. Where the plate is pierced, the wood behind is painted red, as in the Suleimanyah, or has a piece of red cloth behind it.

"A different decoration with regard to the wooden furniture of the mosques was adopted. The desks for reading the Koran, the chests, &c. are made of walnut-wood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl and thin stripes of bone. The art is still practised by the Armenians, who, like the craftsmen of the middle ages, have a street all to themselves. At present, however, ornamental furniture is made by entirely covering the wood with mother-of-pearl and tortoise-shell. The pulpit and the more massive furniture, on the contrary, are composed of marble, and decorated with gilding—in fact, as marble always was decorated in the middle ages.

"The windows we find filled by round pieces of glass, set in the middle of a plaster framework, about four inches thick; this framework being set nearly flush with the external wall. Now, within this, and flush with the internal wall, is another window, composed of small pieces of very thin glass, fastened by means of lime and white-of-egg to the back of a very intricate plaster framework. Nothing can be finer than the effect of colour produced by this description of stained glass; indeed, I am not quite

sure but that our most famous windows of the middle ages would suffer by the comparison. The excellence is due, firstly, to the double glazing, which subdues and diversifies the light; and, secondly, to the internal framework, the mullions of which are very narrow, but exceedingly projecting; so that a new effect is produced by every step taken by the spectator, for by reason of the projection of the mullions some pieces of glass are hidden and others revealed.

"The only mosque retaining its stained glass windows is the Suleimanyah. Some say, but I do not know upon what authority, that they were made by Persian artists brought to Stamboul by Suleiman after his Persian expedition. Unfortunately, the mosque of Mahomet, the earliest of all the great mosques, has been so repaired that we cannot expect to find any of this most fragile work. But still it was excessively common in the upper parts of the windows of private houses, and is to be found in Syria and Egypt equally with Persia. If the art was introduced from Persia, it must have ended by becoming indigenous, as there are men who profess to make it at the present day. Upon the whole, I rather suspect that it arose in the imitation of the pierced marble windows in St. Sophia, which are supposed at one time to have been filled up with stained glass. Now, although marble is a very good material for simple geometrical forms, yet the

labour of piercing an intricate curved pattern, as at the Suleimanyah, would probably be an inducement to execute it in plaster, while the fragility of the new material would be protected by the double glazing.

"The patterns of these windows, although to the eye excessively complicated, can be explained by the same principle as the parapets, for there are several patterns placed one upon another; but the principal pattern to which the most attention was paid was the white. Now, of all the colours employed in decoration, white is the most powerful, and should be used most sparingly. Sometimes the white takes the form of a thin flowing line bursting out into leaves of pearls. In the other and more intricate window, of which I have drawn only the centre portion, it is applied as a powdering of flowers more or less frequent in various parts. The same principle is carried out in the frescoes at Assisi; there the white is used only in thin lines, and forms the true division of the pictures. Those who have seen these windows will confess that Aladdin's windows of jewels are no fable, but simply an exaggeration.

"I should observe that the lower windows of the mosques, which are very few indeed, are not glazed, but simply protected by an iron grille, and a shutter to shut at night: the sun cannot enter, as they generally open into the arcade.

"At Stamboul, as in Italy, all arcades have a thick

tie-rod of iron at their springing. This may be justified in a constructional point of view, as tying the buildings together in countries subject to earthquakes. It also enables the builder to dispense with buttresses, which are very often fatal to all breadth of effect. I must confess to admiring the rods in an artistic point of view, as they appear to connect the capitals one with another, and to define the springing of the arch.

"Some doors leading to external arcades, &c., are closed by bronze grilles, often of the most intricate patterns, but which pattern may still be explained on the same principle as the parapets or the stained glass. A good deal of bronze casting is done at the present day in the street round the Suleimanyah.

"The last thing I shall mention concerning the mosques, is their excellent and economic method of lighting. Iron bars are suspended from the ceiling by means of chains, the links of which are simply thin iron wire, twisted round several times, and covered with red rosin. The iron bars form various figures, such as intersecting triangles, octagons, &c. Sometimes they run round the building, sometimes between the pillars, and thus define the plan. To these iron rods are hung innumerable small glass lamps, and ostrich eggs, &c., and inasmuch as they are very numerous, and hung very low indeed, the whole effect must be that of walking under a sea of

light. I am afraid in our modern buildings we do not light up quite enough, and when we do, it is with flaring masses of gas, which blind the spectator whenever his eye happens unfortunately to catch them."

THE END.

NOTES.

"THE GREAT CIRCASSIAN EXILE."—Chapter II.

Under the playful sobriquet of Major Edwardsky, I allude to my old and valued friend, H. Sutherland Edwards, Esq., who translated from the Russian, "*Captivity of Two Russian Princesses in the Caucasus.*" Smith, Elder and Co. The fullest and most authentic account of Circassian manners extant, but much coloured by Russian prejudice.

"OVER IN SCUTARI."—Chapter VI.

The most valuable book on the Scutari hospitals and Miss Nightingale's heroic labours by far is "EASTERN HOSPITALS AND ENGLISH NURSES: *the Narrative of Twelve Months' Experience in the Hospitals of Koulali and Scutari.*" By a Lady Volunteer. Hurst and Blackett.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY SMITH, ELDER AND CO.,
LITTLE GREEN ARBOUR COURT, OLD BAILEY, E.C.

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